

MCCALL'S

MAGAZINE

October
FASHIONS

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Pastel by W. D. Benda

THE McCALL COMPANY

September 1919

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“The pretties, the dainties, the flimsies”

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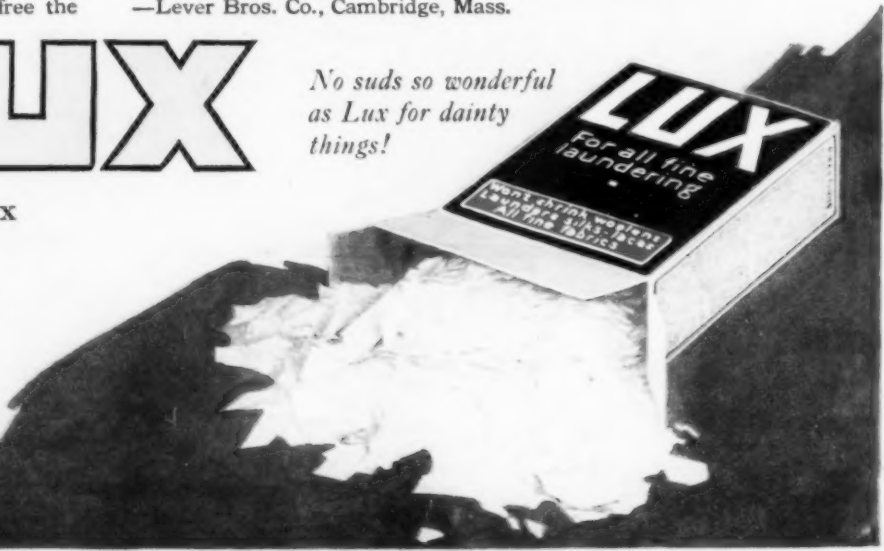
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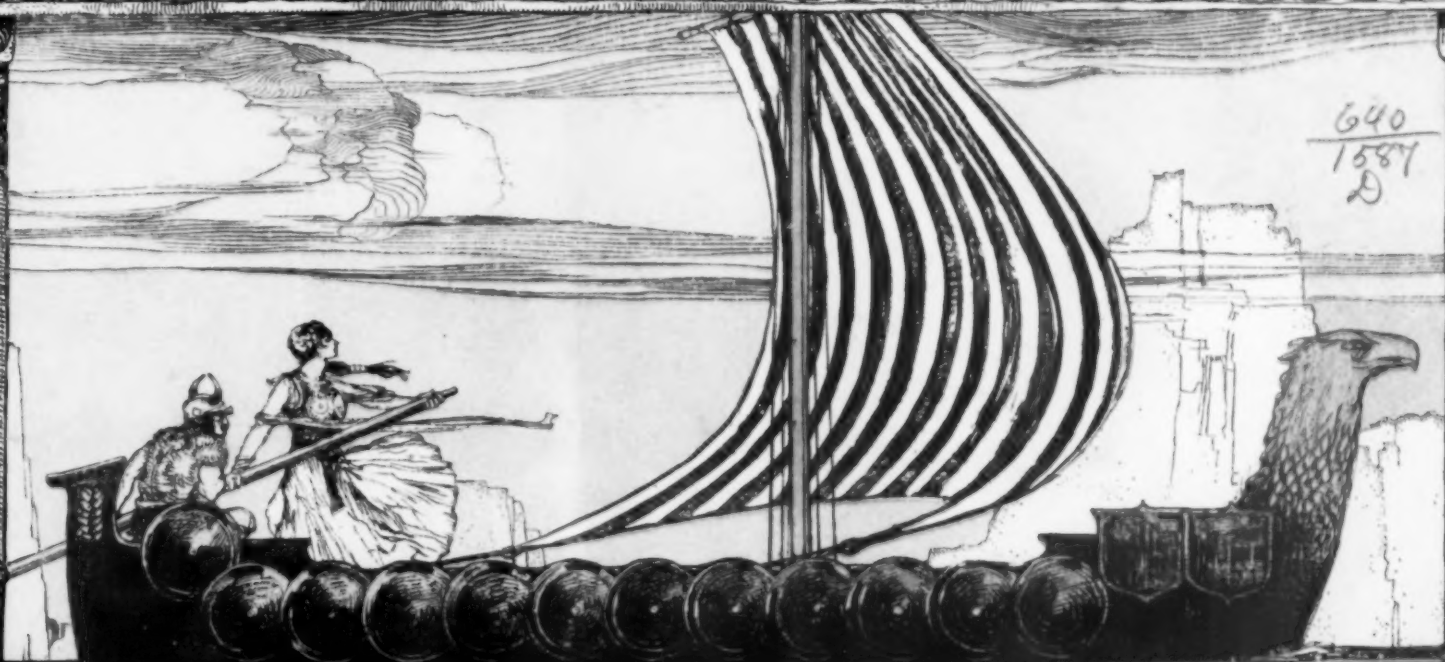
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Voiles	Silk Underwear	Men's Silk Shirts

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SEPTEMBER McCALL'S MAGAZINE



It's a Gift

I WALKED with a builder of bridges across the two-mile length of his newest bridge. Suddenly the purpose of its perfect symmetry, its sturdy strength flooded me. I turned and looked at its conceiver. He was an iron man of fifty. He was a product of many technical schools. He was a laborer; he had trod, not lightly, but with grinding firmness, every rung of the ladder of his achievement.

I went into a great building to hear a world-loved musician. The vast auditorium was hushed save for a soft sensation of exquisite melody that throbbed and throbbed until the very air itself seemed to be singing. Then it stopped and infinite peace was there. Later I found my way to the great man's side. He was sixty, small of stature, with a face of delicate ivory, and strong hands. During twelve hours of the day, he told me, he saw his friends; he ate, he slept; the other twelve he spent at his piano, playing—scales and other things.

I stood before a great mural painting. It had been on exhibition all over the world and now had come to the greatest of all cities to symbolize, in the hall of a beautiful temple, the ideal of a great people. The man who painted it stood beside me. He was seventy. His hair was nearly white. But his body was upright, vibrant, sensitive. This work crowned a life filled with books, travel, study, work. Always work.

And to each I had breathed, "What a gift!"

And each had smiled, "Yes a gift," but I fancied that the eyes of each traveled down the years of his endeavor.

Choosing

THEY were young goddesses of a pagan religion, the Valkyries of the North. They were women, strong and free. Their very name comes from *kuren*, to choose.

Are the Valkyries come again? The women of England, Russia, Germany, and Austria have won the vote—the right to shape their countries' histories nearer to the heart's desire.

We women of America, too, are fronting the world of political responsibility. Gone are the good old days when we could sit in comfort by our firesides and blame men for the pain and maladjustment and unloveliness in this crashing world.

The fault will soon be ours if the world is not a happier place for the human race.

How shall we go about it? What have we learned about legislators in these fifty long years of patient struggle? What have we learned about divine impatience?

As voters, will we forget how many times anti-suffragist senators have said, "It can't be done. Suffrage will never come"? Will we take their same old "No, it isn't possible" for our answer, when we want some abuse corrected? We must help men remember that "neither laws nor kings are divine." They need not be endured a day after they cease to promote happiness, comfort and justice. The laws men have made can be amended, they can be changed. We must never let the "servants of the people" rule over us.

Good voting housewives, we must make them clean house. We want our new broom to sweep clean the dusty streets, the muddy mines, the dark factories where our men, women and children have earned tired looks as well as wages.

The world is not going to be suddenly fair and shining just because women vote. We are blundering humans like the men-folks of our families, but at least it is a partnership job.

We are going to know the joy of much effort, the bitterness of some defeat and the triumph of a few successes. Always we are going to know that, in the end, there is no validity to the phrase of the politician: "It can't be done." We may never be Valkyries, but we are aboard the ship of state steering for happier shores.

Third-Rails

THE electric train roars into a station. The brakes shriek and grind, the doors clatter and slam, and hurrying passengers alight. Then the train pulls out again. Blue flashes of light spring apparently from the ground. The wheels emit crackling showers of sparks. The roar decreases and dies away. There, lying innocuously enough in front of us, are the empty tracks and the third-rail.

The sparks, the blinding blue flashes are gone, yet, sleeping in that harmless-looking iron thread is a mighty power. On it depends the whole transportation system. In itself, insulated from its surroundings, the current is helpless, but flowing through the motors it is irresistible.

Few of us are able to produce alone the power on which we travel. We must keep in contact with the energizing circuit. The power from the great generator of massed human effort is transmitted to us by a third-rail—the interchange of ideas through books and people.

We have to make good and constant contact with the source of power if our own induced current is to maintain the pressure necessary to convert the energy into work. To live only within oneself is to be as a train trying to run on its own momentum. Without the stimulating contact we slow up and eventually stop.

Independence is well enough but there is something in inter-dependence, too, something human and warm and vital. We can't afford to lose contact with the third-rail. We are not self-sufficient. We need constant attachment to the great generator.

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SEPTEMBER, 1919

VOLUME XLVII, NUMBER ONE

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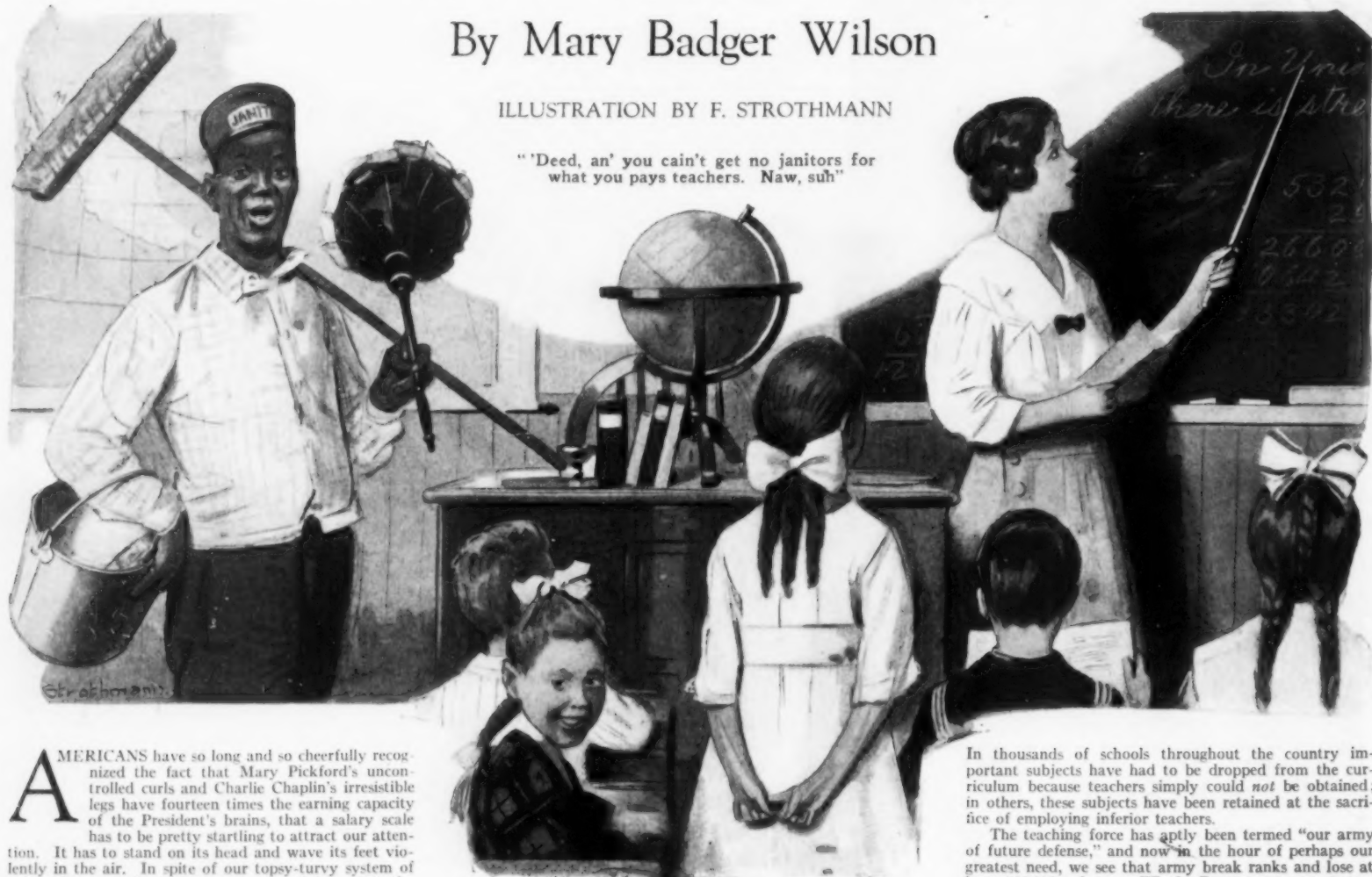
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What About Teacher's Pay Envelope?

By Mary Badger Wilson

ILLUSTRATION BY F. STROTHMANN

"Deed, an' you cain't get no janitors for what you pays teachers. Naw, suh"



AMERICANS have so long and so cheerfully recognized the fact that Mary Pickford's uncontrolled curls and Charlie Chaplin's irresistible legs have fourteen times the earning capacity of the President's brains, that a salary scale has to be pretty startling to attract our attention. It has to stand on its head and wave its feet violently in the air. In spite of our topsy-turvy system of values, however, few of us are prepared to accept the theory of the old paradox: the cabin-boy should earn a larger salary than the captain of the ship. The cabin-boy's job is so much less interesting, it is argued, that he must be compensated for his boredom by a large income. It still appears to most of us that the captain should be compensated for his years of training and experience and for the responsibility he accepts.

But in 1918, the Bureau of Education reported the average salary paid teachers in this country to be \$630.64. This is \$243 less a year than the average wage paid to scrub-women in a United States Navy Yard. Of course, the scrub-woman's work is hard, and like the work of the cabin-boy it undoubtedly has moments—nay, hours—of boredom. But there is this to be urged in behalf of the teacher: that, while the scrub-woman, like Topsy, "just grewed," the making of a teacher is a long and expensive process. Frequently a teacher has to borrow several thousand dollars to pay for the specialized training and education necessary before he or she can be a teacher at all; and this money must be paid back out of future earnings. Also, there is a considerable difference in the responsibility involved in the two jobs. The scrub-woman has very little responsibility and, too, she has a definite job and definite hours; as a rule she scrubs along a beaten path. The teacher, on the other hand, has to find and make her path and lead ever so many little children along it.

During the past two years, when manual labor has commanded "war prices" and teachers' salaries have remained on their low pre-war basis, many of the profession have had very amusing tales to relate. In Chicago, a teacher hired a man to clean her little apartment, shake out the rugs, varnish the floors and put up the curtains. At the end of the day when she came to pay him, she found that his charge was just twice what she had earned for her day's work! In Washington, the school authorities encountered considerable difficulty in getting janitors for the schools. One good-natured negro in refusing the position, said cheerfully, "'Deed, an' you cain't get no janitors for what you pays teachers. Naw, suh.'" At an experience meeting held during a teacher's convention, one Normal School teacher claimed that the little Greek who blacked her shoes once a week, actually earned more money than she did!

PERHAPS a reason for the persistence of the low salary scale in the teaching profession is the fact that since the

Civil War it has been practically a woman's profession. With few exceptions it has been the only professional door that stood wide open to women. But, in 1917, when the war temporarily opened an amazing number of occupations to women, there was a most significant rush of teachers into other work. The Professional Division of the United States Employment Service received, literally, thousands of letters from women who held positions as teachers, but who were eager to get some other opening—"any other opening" they frequently said. The United States Employment Service finally had to draft a form-letter to send these applicants, reminding them that it was their patriotic duty to stick by their jobs. One recipient of such a letter remarked: "Why can't I be patriotic at a munition factory for a thousand dollars a year, just as well as at this school-house for six hundred a year. I had rather be a volunteer patriot than a conscript."

That she was not alone in this preference, may be seen from the following cases taken at random from a report of the situation in the center of the Philadelphia ship-building district. A fifth-grade teacher, who had had ten years' experience and was earning a salary of \$682.50 a year, accepted a clerical position in a ship-building establishment at \$1,144

BETTER salaries, better working conditions, better teachers, better education and better America—they are all related.

We cannot educate for a better America so long as we value the teacher's services to the community at a lower rate than those of the scrub-woman and the janitor.

We cannot secure better teachers until we pay them adequately for their years of training and for the responsibility they accept.

Teacher's pay envelope is at the heart of the problem of our national education.

—The Editor.

a year. A special teacher of drawing in the intermediate grades, whose annual salary was \$682.50, and who had been teaching for fifteen years, secured a position in a ship-building establishment where she took charge of the payrolls. Her entrance salary was \$900 a year and she was promised quick promotion. Preparation for her work as a teacher had required years of specialized study. Her only preparation for her business career was a brief course in a business school and two summers spent as a bookkeeper at a summer hotel.

A supervisor of drawing, of nine years' teaching experience, and earning a salary of \$1,050 a year, secured a position with a large chemical concern at a salary of \$1,250 a year, with an annual increase of \$200 promised her. Another woman, who possessed the qualifications not only of a teacher but also of a social worker, had taught for ten years in the Italian section of the city where she was greatly beloved by the children and parents. Devoted to her work, ambitious, she attended the summer session of a Normal School at her own expense for two years to secure a higher certificate. Although anxious to continue teaching, she found it impossible to live on her salary of \$577.50, and very reluctantly accepted a position in the office of a ship-building concern, at an entrance salary of \$1,040 a year. Her duties are lighter in the new work, and she is under no strain or responsibility comparable to that of a school-room in a crowded foreign section of a manufacturing town.

These instances were duplicated over and over again in all localities where war work was in progress. They were duplicated in all railroad centers. Some railroads even sent registration blanks to teachers, asking about their qualifications for railroad clerical work, and also asking, "If satisfied, will you remain in the service of the company?"

Perhaps the most startling conditions were found in Washington, where large numbers of teachers entered the Government service to do clerical work. They passed easily the civil service examinations, which gave them the guarantee of permanent employment and jumped them overnight from salaries of \$500 to \$1,000.

Such desertions from the teaching profession were multiplied by the hundred-thousand, so that now the shortage of teachers in the United States is variously estimated at one-sixth to one-third of the number employed before the war.

In thousands of schools throughout the country important subjects have had to be dropped from the curriculum because teachers simply could not be obtained; in others, these subjects have been retained at the sacrifice of employing inferior teachers.

The teaching force has aptly been termed "our army of future defense," and now in the hour of perhaps our greatest need, we see that army break ranks and lose at least 100,000 privates. Why? Because we pay starvation wages, and an army fights on its stomach.

Many of the men and women who have left the teaching profession have left it for all time. In most cases, they have made good in their new positions. Their training makes them especially desirable; they are better educated than the average employee, they do not expect to maintain excessively high standards of living, they are dependable and accustomed to accept responsibility. So far as possible, their new employers will keep them on.

But the salary question is not the only consideration that will prevent the return of these "prodigal" sons and daughters. Even if we kill the fattened calf and serve enticing salaries by way of welcoming them back, many, many of them will still turn away sorrowing. For they have other just grievances.

Our teachers are overworked. They are really tired. And doctors are beginning to consider fatigue as one of the most dangerous of our modern diseases. Dr. Herbert J. Hall, in a series of lectures at the Boston School of Occupational Therapy stated: "Mental fatigue in its milder forms apparently does no harm. Mix worry, discouragement and fear—together with some unknown factors of poor resistance—and you have the ingredients of serious nervous breakdown in which fatigue and the sense of fatigue may figure largely."

THANKS to the large classes in modern schools, and the long hours of "pupil pressure," as it has been so vividly called, teachers suffer from basic fatigue. Then, "worry, discouragement, and fear!" Those are the ingredients which teachers have to mix with their mental fatigue. Worry is amply supplied by the daily problem of keeping up a good appearance on a totally inadequate salary.

Fear is furnished by the "uncertainty of tenure" which the majority of our teachers have to face. In most of our cities and country districts, a teacher's appointment is for the school session only; at its close she is automatically dismissed. Her reappointment may be held up by objections from members of the Board of Education. Such objections are not necessarily based on a teacher's record; they may be purely personal. In many states the teacher may be dismissed without presentation of charges and without a hearing. As membership on a board of education is usually a matter of political appointment, the dangers of such a system are self-evident.

An arbitrary system of this kind will often destroy itself by some very manifest act of injustice. In June, 1917, on the last day of the school session in Chicago, the Board of Education summarily dropped sixty-eight teachers—teachers who had efficiency ratings of Good, Excellent, and Superior. The President of the Board took the position that it was unnecessary to give reasons for the dismissal of teachers; it was sufficient that it was his decision. But such wholesale injustice was bound to cause a definite reaction. Public opinion was so deeply aroused that the Board of Education was dismissed, a new board installed, the teachers reinstated and a law enacted by the Illinois legislature, granting to the teachers of Chicago permanent tenure after three years' probation. During the same year a similar law was enacted by the New York State legislature. But most states in the Union have no protective laws of this nature.

Discouragement, the third ingredient of dangerous mental fatigue, is a familiar spirit of the teacher, through the very nature of her task. Dr. Hill, writing on mental fatigue, cites the case of an old shoemaker whom he knows, to illustrate the value of joy in one's work. This man is one of the few survivors of the old system of making the whole shoe from the start to finish. He works a great many hours

[Continued on page 24]



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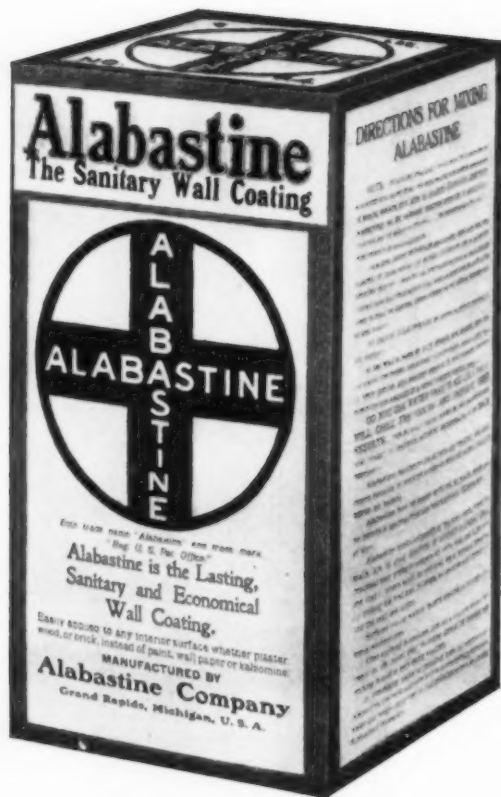
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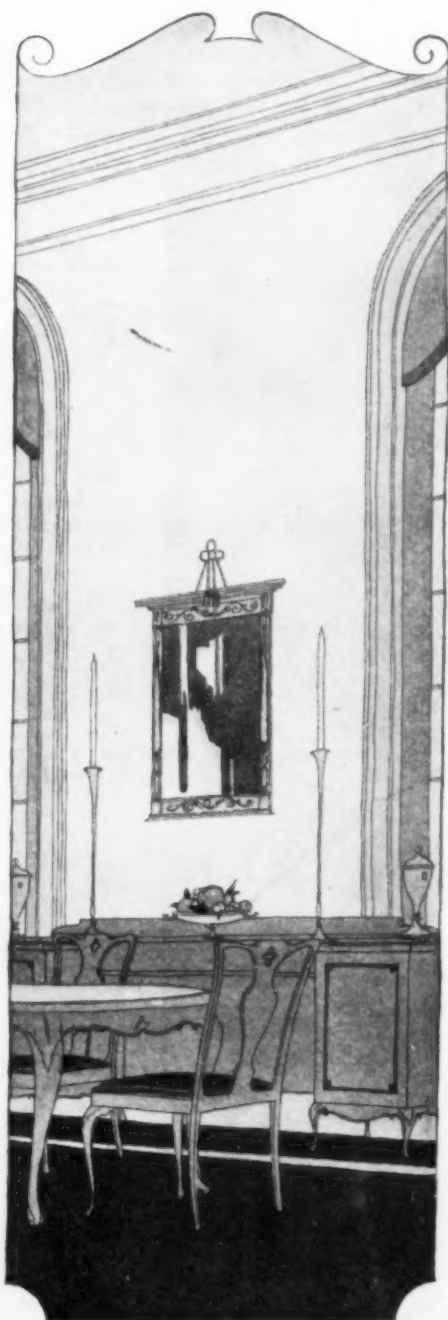
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McCALL'S MAGAZINE

Bessie Beatty, Editor



'Tis the Way of Women

By Mary Synon

ILLUSTRATION BY CLARK FAY

MY mother was sewing, I remember, in our shabby, low-ceilinged living-room when old Joanna Connors came in, without knocking, and seated herself on the slippery horsehair sofa that testified to my grandmother's pioneering splendor. She gave me a dour look as I glanced up at her from the pages of *The Lost Heir of Linlithgow*, and nodded to my mother her desire that I be banished from the room. My mother laughed and shook her head. She would never send me away when her visitors gossiped, believing perhaps that life was a book that I would read the better some day for having glimpsed its pages early. She smiled reassurance at me and tolerant welcome at old Joanna, and I slid down into the lumpy depths of the winged armchair.

Without reluctance I closed the book upon fiction's adventitious woes, since Joanna always harbingered more enthralling realities. Ever since I could remember she had been the Jeremiah of the Jaffreys, chronicler and prophet of that household, which furnished thrill upon thrill for our neighborhood. A big house of towers and turrets, queerly repellent for all its immaculacy of white paint, it always seemed a stage for drama rather than a home for Clement Jaffrey, his wife, and his son. Strange, nebulous hints of stories that had transpired within its walls haunted us children of the humbler houses that backed down a side street from the avenue the Jaffrey house faced. Time and again I found myself the center of contemporaneous interest because of my acquaintanceship with Joanna Connors, that bombazined gorgon of frowns and mutterings who dominated over the Jaffrey servants. As housekeeper, she knew the marrow of the bones of those skeletons which rattled in the Jaffrey closets. As my grandmother's friend and my mother's inheritance for kindness, she made free of our home whenever events in the big house at the corner went past her ability to swallow them without rumination. It was through her innuendos, her sighs, her imprecations, all uttered in scornful disregard of my ability to understand her import, that I came to know that Clement Jaffrey was evil and his wife unhappy. In that knowledge I watched them even as I read novels, surreptitiously, breathlessly, with the passionate intensity of sympathetic curiosity for the outcome,

of loyal devotion to the heroine, and of deep hatred for the villain. Old Joanna was always lifting the curtain to let me glimpse the play, and because she had already played Greek chorus to this first human drama of my witnessing, I knew, even before my mother did, what the old woman presaged when she settled her bonnet, folded her hands, pursed her lips, and said, "She's going."

Instantly I knew that it was Margaret Jaffrey who was to go, and I seemed to see her slow descent down the wide stairway, never once looking back. I was picturing her husband's dismay when he should find the note upon her dressing-table, and listening to Tom Jaffrey's grief when someone—Joanna perhaps—should tell him that his mother was gone forever. Clement Jaffrey and his son were vague in the picture, but Margaret, going out from wealth, from luxury, from home, was terribly, almost heartrendingly near to me. For years I had felt to her as only a romantic girl-child can feel to a beautiful woman. I had noticed her first, although I had known of her through Joanna's mention, when she had paused in front of our veranda one summer afternoon. I had been reading, as usual, and she came across the narrow lawn and took my book in her hand. "*Ivanhoe*," she said. "It's a long, long time since I read that story of a shining knight. Do you like it?"

"I like stories about real people better," I told her.

She laughed at that, a little rippling laugh that seemed to end in a sigh. "When you're as old as I am now," she said, "all that you'll ask of books is high romance, and all that you'll ask of life is the happy ending."

She lingered for a while, talking of books, while I kept thinking that she herself was as lovely as any heroine of my thrice-conned tales. Not until years afterward did I come to know that Margaret Jaffrey was counted a great and famous beauty; but the quality of her loveliness radiated

through the soft sunshine of the city afternoon and made me her partisan even as I was champion of Rebecca, of Jo of *Little Women*, and of a noble and suffering Lady Violet of a certain pink and forbidden story-paper. Perhaps I sensed the heroic strain in her, as those who were older than I, but younger than Joanna, did not. Perhaps I had seeped in some idea of Joanna's whispers about her. At any rate, watching her as the slow horse-cars jangled past and children played desultorily on the sidewalk, I became Margaret Jaffrey's worshiper.

THROUGH that worship I came to feel, rather than see, how strangely she was set in the life through which she moved. We lived in that part of the lower West Side that had become the residential district after the fire that had rebuilt the city; a solid, conservative neighborhood, with only a hint of the ramparting factories and the swarm of foreign peoples that were to inundate it within another decade. For all its solidity, however, it had a lighter charm, for its axis was the avenue that housed the Kentucky colonists who had come northward to better fortunes wrecked by war. They had brought the liveliness and color of a civilization gayer than the stern non-conformity of our other neighbors and our own lingering Celtic sense of being alien to the land of my grandfather's adoption. They had transplanted traditions of big, open houses, good horses, pleasant ways and pretty womankind, a taste for good liquor and gentlemanly politics—but they had also brought Clement Jaffrey, and he almost counterbalanced their virtues and their social position. In turn, they resented him bitterly, and even I, child though I was, knew that he was the reason why his wife was ostracized by women who should have welcomed her. She lived, it seemed to me who studied her out of my knowledge of story-books, altogether in herself and in her boy, daredevil, reckless, lovable Tom Jaffrey, leader of every wild schoolboy exploit of the district, and object of my vivid angers and hidden adorations. The knowledge that is born of sympathy inspired me to a strange understanding of Mrs. Jaffrey's unhappiness.

Old Joanna was only rolling up the curtain on an act whose prolog I knew as, forgetful of me now that I was out of her sight, she answered my mother's startled question.



"A man may make love to a hundred women, and love just one. I love you. Will you come back to me?" . . . "I can't; it is losing my soul."

"Who else but Margaret Jaffrey?" she muttered. "And what else can she do?"

"But—"
"But what can there be, woman, to keep her tied to himself?"

"You ought to know, Joanna."
"If you mean that I held to a man who drank—" I could almost feel her bridle—"you're making no comparison. Sure, Malachi Connors may have been a drinking man, but if drinking were all that Clement Jaffrey did—" She paused to let the significance of her implication soak into my mother's mind.

"Where is she going?" My mother's query held only polite interest in Joanna's statement, and none of the curiosity that had rushed over me.

"That is for her to tell you, the where and the when."

"To tell me? Why, I've never met her."

"'Tis no matter."

Joanna was heralding royalty's approach with magnificent disdain of conventionalities. "Herself is coming to see you at eight o'clock this evening, if you'll be at home."

"But why?"
"How should I know?"

"But, Joanna—" Her protest grew determined.

"'Tis none of my doings. I only know what she told me. She wants to talk to you before she goes."

"I can't understand."

With that uncanny trick of my youth, that queer gift of seeing the story from the viewpoint of one who lived it, I could understand. Margaret Jaffrey had made this choice for her confidence because my mother was, for all her gay friendliness and her quick sympathies, never of the neighborhood cliques. Keeping apart from them all in spirit, even as she touched them with the gay wings of her cheerful passage through life, she was just the woman to be chosen. Joanna knew this, for she arose with the comment, "I will do her no harm to talk to you, and you no harm to listen."

"But I don't want to interfere in Clement Jaffrey's affairs."

"'Tis no interference." She stalked majestically to the door. Bernhardt never made finer exits than Joanna. "Has she no rights?" she demanded from the dimness of the hall, predecessor of all the feminists I was to know in later days. Then the door banged upon her going.

Huddled in the chair I kept quite still, already planning to be within earshot when Margaret Jaffrey should talk to my mother, but well knowing that the merest hint of my intention would send me off to bed when dinner was over. After a little while my mother put down her sewing and went to the kitchen. I knew that she had forgotten me. I looked from the glowing coals of the fireplace to the sad-eyed Beatrice Cenci of the chromo on the wall above me and thought with a thrill that I had come at last to that point of contact with tragedy which is the beginning of the living of life.

I had chosen the stairs for vantage when Margaret Jaffrey came. For a moment she stood in the hall below me within the gleams of lamplight as my mother welcomed her. I had expected her to come swathed in veiling and bowed with grief, as befitted a woman about to leave her home and her child. Instead, she was rigid with pride and determination. Her eyes blazed, and her head was flung back defiantly. She gave my mother a long, appraising glance that I almost resented until it softened and grew

pleading. She put her hand upon my mother's arm, and they moved out of my sight into the living-room.

The murmur of their voices came to me, too low for hearing their words until I moved down the stairway. Then I heard Mrs. Jaffrey say, "But it's not to relieve my feelings. I don't need that vent. I'm not a talking woman, nor a weeping woman. I could go away without a word to anyone if it were not that I know that I must set myself on record for Tom's sake. Someone must know the truth."

"But why do you choose me?" my mother countered, divided, I knew, between sympathy for another woman and fear of unpleasant complications out of this confidence. "Aren't you putting a deep trust in a woman you do not know?"

of piety, but in my loneliness there were times when I thought seriously that I should become a Catholic and enter the order. They were cloistered, too, the Sisters there." Her laughter did not ripple now like water over rocks. It was hard like glass. "But I married Clement Jaffrey."

"I was visiting a schoolmate in Lexington. The races were on, and he came to them. He was quite the gayest, and handsomest, and most daring of all the men I'd met, and out of my schoolgirl associations I had built up a standard of good looks, and daring, and gaiety for manhood. He had them—he has them yet—in full measure. He fell in love with me. I was the new girl. I loved him. And because it was May, and moonlight, and Kentucky, and his horse had won the Derby, he asked me to marry him. Reason enough, wasn't it?"

"Men have asked women," said my mother, "and women have taken them for less reason."

"Don't think that I didn't love him." Her voice deepened in earnestness. "I did. I adored him. I believed that never, in all the world, had there been anyone like him. Why, I never once thought of praying for his welfare. He was above the power of my supplications. All that I asked of God was that Clem would keep on loving me. We all do that once in a lifetime, don't we?"

"We were married with all the trimmings of bridesmaids, and dances, and music, and mirth. I suppose that plenty of people shook their heads over our chance of happiness, but I didn't hear any of the forebodings."

"It's lucky that we don't."

"Perhaps. Well, we went honeymooning as if life were a race-course and we were running neck and neck to the goal of happiness. We ran it bravely enough while it lasted. Then Tom was born."

"I wanted a home," she went on, "Home to me meant a wide-verandahed, rambling, frame house in some cheerful, slow, old Southern town, a house where neighbors would run in and out during the day, lending and borrowing, gossiping and laughing. The girls I had visited lived in homes like that. You know them."

If my mother didn't, I did. Mary J. Holmes and Augusta Evans had led me through their portals and into their cool, spacious hallways. With Margaret Jaffrey I could yearn for the charm of mint-juleps on the sideboards and jasmine in the gardens.

"We might have had one, and our lives might have been otherwise, if Clem hadn't entered a horse in the Washington Park Derby the year after Tom came. He won. He had forty thousand dollars cash that night. He gambled it against Courtney Fennell. He won

again, and Fennell had to pay him with his house, the house we live in."

"I know," said my mother, and I had a sense of having been cheated out of hearing the history of the house.

"Joanna told me once that Courtney Fennell cursed the house as he left it. He need not have troubled. We brought our own curse with us. For Clem had lost more than he had won. You know what Court Fennell was, a weak, vain, reckless gambler. Clem knew it, too, and men knew that he knew it. He's never played the game quite straight, you see. He doesn't cheat, exactly. It's only that he always plays against weaker men, knowing their weakness. Men would forgive him all the other things, his drinking, his

[Continued on page 18]

ON WRITING DETECTIVE STORIES: BY AN AUTHOR WHO HAS NEVER WRITTEN ONE

Being an Apology for "The Dark Mirror"

By Louis Joseph Vance

IN the course of a tolerably long apprenticeship to the art or trade (or whatever it is when I practise it) of writing, it has been my lot to acquire, unsought, a label. It is: *A writer of detective stories*. I recall but one book of my many that was not greeted by reviewers in general as a detective story. Even then advantage was taken almost unanimously of the occasion afforded, to express surprise that such a story should come from the pen of one who had already been put in his place as a *writer of detective stories*. Whereas the truth (amusing to me at least) is that I have yet to write a detective story—unless this latest, *The Dark Mirror*, be such. I am by no means sure.

A curiously methodical, yet impatient people, we Americans adore pigeonholes and labels. Everything that comes into our ken must forthwith be docketed and filed. And if the appropriate pigeonhole or label be not immediately at hand, the next best must do. So I am a writer of detective stories because, although they seldom have to do with detectives save in wholly subordinate and commonly ineffective rôles, they do, as a rule, deal with mystery and romantic adventure.

Now I delight in real detective stories; those in which the murder is discovered in the first chapter and the superhumanly endowed sleuth hounds the perpetrator to his well-earned fate by the simple process of pinning the guilt to everybody else in the cast till each proves himself innocent. A formula naïve and jejune, perhaps; then the greater triumph of the story-teller when his art brews witchery from components so obvious and overused, through processes so inflexibly conventionalized. I have always hoped I might some day write a detective story and make it a good piece of work. That I delayed so long in making an attempt was due in the main to inability to invent a new sauce for so old a dish. For it requires some such earnest to induce an author to commit himself to that servitude—the creation of a novel.

Opportunity to test this latent ambition and, at the same time, earn honest title to my label, came at length when the story of the dream-life of Priscilla Maine, which I have told under the title of *The Dark Mirror*, took shape from a suggestion first offered me by my son, Wilson, and subsequently amplified and modified by thoughts which grew out of my



NEXT month we are to give you the first instalment of "The Dark Mirror," Mr. Vance's latest, and in our opinion, his greatest novel. In this curious "apology" he has permitted you one fleeting peep into that shadow world where Priscilla Maine has her mysterious dwelling. It is the merest tantalizing suggestion of what is to come. Dipping into that strange science of psycho-analysis, it is startlingly different from all those other books that made his fame.

beginning; vistas of charming byways open off, tempting the explorer, only to lead him up a blind alley; and when one is jogging sedately along and is contentedly unapprehensive, of a sudden, the beast will take the bit in his teeth and bolt as if a devil had entered into him; so that not infrequently one's destination proves to be far removed from the point of one's first objective. And then, only too often, it turns out that the journey was not worth one's trouble.

As to that, you will decide. With you likewise rests the decision whether or no I shall ultimately come to rest beneath the truthful epitaph:

Here lies, of course, a writer of detective stories.

Louis Joseph Vance

"I don't know any woman," Margaret Jaffrey said. There fell a silence in which she and my mother must have studied each other, I fancied. Then Mrs. Jaffrey spoke again. "Will you let me go back a long time and a long way? You don't know anything about me, do you, except that I'm Clement Jaffrey's wife? Well, there isn't much more to be known. Did you ever go to a convent school? Then you know my youth—only the convent was in New Orleans, and it was the only home I ever had. My father's sister paid all the bills to keep me away from her home. Can you imagine how lonely that sort of life may be for a girl? I came to think that no one in the world would ever care for me, that I would never know what home could mean. I was a wild, reckless, daring girl with little enough

again, and Fennell had to pay him with his house, the house we live in."

"I know," said my mother, and I had a sense of having been cheated out of hearing the history of the house.

"Joanna told me once that Courtney Fennell cursed the house as he left it. He need not have troubled. We brought our own curse with us. For Clem had lost more than he had won. You know what Court Fennell was, a weak, vain, reckless gambler. Clem knew it, too, and men knew that he knew it. He's never played the game quite straight, you see. He doesn't cheat, exactly. It's only that he always plays against weaker men, knowing their weakness. Men would forgive him all the other things, his drinking, his

Revelations of a Woman Lobbyist

By Maud Younger

ILLUSTRATION BY F. STROTHMANN



FOR three years every politician in Washington has been followed by a relentless feminine shadow. She was that new thing in politics—a woman lobbyist—a smiling, persistent, determined woman in pursuit of a vote. For three years she has kept a discreet silence. At last it is broken. Now we are to hear the story.

—The Editor



"Well, we've killed Cock Robin"

HALF a century has passed since the struggle for woman's right to a voice in her government began in this country. Fifty years of effort that seemed powerless, of hope that seemed hopeless, of courage that could not be broken, lie between that time when a few women set out to conquer a vast, cynical indifference and this moment when a great army of women has won the fight they began.

In those fifty years women have learned much. No one who fights injustice can avoid receiving an extensive education. There was a time when many women felt that equal suffrage would end most of the great wrongs in American life. Now we see the suffrage fight as only a preliminary skirmish in the great battle that must still be fought to make our country the land of justice and equal opportunity that we want it to be.

Because my own experience shows, as in a small mirror, this change in woman's attitude, and because I was brought into contact with many things outside the usual woman's life, I have been asked to tell about it.

When I had passed through a happy childhood in California and come out into a life of dinners and tennis and dances, I had not the slightest idea that I would ever be a lobbyist. Politics and business were something sordid that I should never meet. They were supposed to have no connection with the leisure, the lovely clothes, and books, and pictures, and travel that were woman's existence.

I was so happy and so rich in joys that I longed to share them. Every girl feels that longing, I think. Knowing no one else upon whom to spend it, my yearning went out to the benighted Africans. I secretly yearned to carry to the poor black races the blessings of our civilization, but the hedges of conventional life were impassable for me. So the missionary desire spent itself in teaching a Sunday-school class, decorating the altar and praying ardently for the heathen.

One day I chanced to hear of missionary work in the slums of New York. I persuaded a friend to take me down to see the slums. The sight filled me with horror. The crowded, dirty buildings; the long lines of push-carts filled with cheap goods, with food exposed to street dust; the haggling crowds arguing over pennies, the men in rags, the women with burning eyes and lined faces; the swarms of pale children in the gutters, among garbage cans and starving cats, sickened me and lighted a flaming desire to do something.

I said that I would stay a week at the college settlement. The week became a month, then a year, then five years, of life in settlement and tenement. Gradually I saw the absurdity of trying to order the lives of others, and learned that all they needed was an opportunity to develop their own lives—an opportunity denied these people of the tenements.

ONE hot summer evening we had a party at the settlement. There was music, cakes, ice-cream, and we thought, of course, that there would be games, dancing and laughter. But our guests, young girls in their teens, came in languidly and dropped into chairs, completely exhausted. They had had no dinner, but they were too tired to eat. They explained that they were working eleven hours a day, seventy-two hours a week, including Sundays. They were too tired to play. They were so tired that they could keep working only because the employer put brandy in their drinking-water. The brandy helped them to work more quickly.

"But it's not possible!" I said. "It's against the law. The law says no woman shall work more than ten hours a day in a factory."

"The bosses don't care about the law," the girls said.

"But putting brandy in the water to get the last ounce of work out of you—and working you seven days a week! It will kill you. It must stop at once. The bosses must obey the law," we declared.

We went to the factory department and found that the ten-hour law, which had cost so much effort to get six years earlier, was a dead letter. The employers had no intention of obeying it. The factory department did not attempt to enforce it. We went to the prosecuting attorney, who objected to taking it up. When at last we got over every obstacle in the intricate maze of business-politics and brought the case

into court, the prosecuting attorney did not appear. On the girls' evidence, the judge was forced to convict, and inflicted a mild fine of twenty dollars. The employer smiled, paid it, and made no change in the girls' hours. When the law came before the higher courts, the clause which made enforcement possible was declared unconstitutional. We were left helpless. The lives of young girls were being ground out in the factories and we could do nothing.

I went to Washington and enlisted under the banner of the National Woman's Party. Our sole object was to get suffrage by means of a federal amendment to the Constitution. With a strong lobby in Washington and a force of organizers building back-fires in the congressmen's home districts, we expected to force the passage of the Susan B. Anthony amendment.

IMEDIATELY we encountered a curious thing. What happens first to a bill when it is introduced in the House of Representatives is to send it to a committee; and the first thing to do after a bill is sent to a committee is to try to get it out again. Now our bill had been introduced in the House and sent to the Judiciary Committee. One would suppose that the Judiciary Committee would proceed to consider the bill in a judicial manner. But not at all!

All over the United States judiciary committees are known as "the morgue," or "the chloroform committee." Instead of considering our bill, the committee fell upon it and tried to smother it to death. They put it out of sight in a sub-committee. It was our task to dig it out again, to get it from sub-committee back into full committee and thence out of committee back into daylight once more.

Anne Martin took upon herself the sub-committee. If Alice Paul, with her Quaker blood, her burning intensity of purpose, her masterful and quick mind is commander-in-chief of the Woman's Party forces, Anne is a general. She persuaded the sub-committee to vote out our bill, though she gave to me the task of preparing the entire committee to receive the bill and send it with favorable recommendation on to the House. As the committee was to meet on Tuesday, I set out quite early Monday morning, beginning with Mr. Taggart of Kansas.

Mr. Taggart's door was open and he was sitting at his desk. Stiff gray hair, parted in the middle, hollow cheeks, lined, but not with age, eyes defiant and searching—that was the Representative of the State of Kansas.

"Sit down," he commanded. I obeyed and began to speak of the Susan B. Anthony amendment.

"Susan B. Anthony nothing!" he snapped. "She's not a member of Congress, never was! She's been dead twenty years. But of course you women had to go and get some highfalutin' name!"

I began to explain that Miss Anthony had drawn up the amendment, and had it first introduced by Senator Sargent in 1878, but suddenly, looking at me piercingly, he broke in. "Do you know Miss Anne Martin?"

"Of course. She's our legislative chairman."

"I thought so! Miss Anne Martin!" he repeated. "Here she's been coming to my office, coming here morning, noon and night—No, no, not night!" he interrupted hastily, waving away the thought with both hands. "But she's simply been making my office her headquarters, and now she's gone and telegraphed to Kansas that I voted the amendment out of the sub-committee without recommendation! What does she mean? What did she do that for? Here's her telegram right here in this newspaper!"

He handed it to me that I might see for myself Miss Martin's perfidy. The article added that Mr. Taggart's vote against us in sub-committee would probably defeat him for re-election in the fall. His venomous gaze turned from the paper to me. "And Miss Alice Paul says—do you know her?"

"Of course, she's our national president."

"Well, Miss Alice Paul says the party in power is responsible if suffrage is defeated. 'Party in power'—humph! There's no such thing as 'party in power' in America. That's an idea she got over in England. And you women think you know something about politics!" He continued to express his opinion of women in politics, so I rose to go.

"Sit down!"

"But you're only scolding."

"And I haven't finished yet. Sit down!"

It seemed as easy to sit down for a cause as to walk around for it, so I sat down. By the time Mr. Taggart had finished scolding, his anger seemed to have reached an end also and he smiled as he allowed me to go.

The day ended as discouragingly as it had begun and I reported the situation to Mr. John Nelson, of Wisconsin, the only man on the committee who showed genuine enthusiasm.

"Your amendment can't come up tomorrow," he assured me. "There's a gentleman's agreement that no action shall be taken on a bill for a week after the sub-committee reports it out. The matter lies over so that members may be notified to be present. Your amendment will come up next week."

Relying on this reprieve, I felt no apprehension when Anne and I went to the Capitol next morning. Standing in the anteroom of the Judiciary Committee's chamber, we watched the members passing through. The committee went into executive session and the door closed.

"There's the gentleman's agreement," I said to Anne. "Nothing can happen."

"No," she answered meditatively.

We waited. An hour passed and Mr. Carlin came out. He walked close to Anne and said with a laugh as he passed her, "Well, we've killed Cock Robin."

"Cock Robin?" said Anne, puzzled, looking after him.

Mr. Nelson came out, much perturbed, and explained. Upon motion of Mr. Carlin the Judiciary Committee had voted to send the amendment back to sub-committee to remain until the following December.

This was in direct violation of the gentleman's agreement but our opponents had the votes, nine to seven, and they used them. Our amendment was killed. Everyone on the committee said so. Everyone in Congress with whom we talked said so. The newspaper men said so. Soon everyone believed it but Alice Paul, and she never believed it at all.

"That's absurd!" she said, impatiently. "We only have to make them reconsider."

AT once she went over the list of our opponents to decide who should make the move. "Why, William Elza Williams, of Illinois, of course. He will do it." She sent me to see him.

Mr. Williams was necessary not only for purposes of reconsideration, but because, when he changed his vote, we would have a majority in committee. But he did not see the matter at all in the same light in which Miss Paul saw it. He had not the least intention of changing his vote. I pointed out that the women of Illinois, being half voters, had some claims to representation, but he remained obdurate.

"No," he said, "I'm for it next session, but not now. It would be most embarrassing for some congressman to go on record on that question before the fall elections. Wait till next session. Wait till next December and you'll get your amendment out of committee."

When this was reported to Miss Paul she merely said, "Mr. Williams will have to change his vote. Elsie Hill can attend to it."

So Elsie, buoyant with good spirits, good health and tireless enthusiasm pinned her smart hat on her reddish-brown hair and set out through Illinois for Mr. Williams' vote.

Presently the ripples of Elsie's passing across the Illinois prairies began to break upon the peaceful desk of Mr. Williams in Washington. I found him running a worried hand through his hair, gazing at newspaper clippings about Mr. Williams and his vote on the Judiciary Committee. Resolutions arrived from labor unions asking him to reconsider; letters from constituents, telegrams, reports of meetings, editorials. We had only to wait, to smile, and soon, like a ripe apple loosened from the bough, Mr. Williams fell into our hands. He promised to change his vote, he promised to make the move to reconsider our amendment.

We now had a majority of one on the committee. We had only to get the majority together. It seemed a simple thing to do, but it wasn't.

The number of things that could take a congressman out of town on Tuesday and Thursday mornings, the number of minor ailments that could develop on those days was appalling. It seemed that every time a congressman faced

(Continued on page 32)

"Mother-an'-Son Stuff"

By William Hamilton Osborne

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. B. KING



"Come on, I'm going to blow you to a ten o'clock supper in a nine o'clock town"

FOR one reason only, Perry Churchill found himself acutely interested in the order of events, as he sat with Lottie Bellers in the darkest corner of the Trocadero Theater.

Startling things were happening on the screen.

Two men staggered into a dugout bearing another, dreadfully wounded, between them. To Perry Churchill the face of the third man was a familiar face—his name a familiar name. He was Dan Delatour—alias, in this particular instance, Dick Steele of the Foreign Legion. Though blood was streaming from a gash in his forehead and wounds in his chest and his arms, the hero fumbled in his pocket and produced a photograph. He held it toward his companions, who glanced at it respectfully. A close-up showed it to be the picture of a sweet-faced old lady with gray hair.

A caption spoke for Dick Steele:

"When you get home, boys, seek her out. Say that her son died a hero, that his last thought was of her. She's my little mother, boys, the best little mother in the world."

Perry Churchill felt a pressure against his right arm. Lottie Bellers sniffled a bit and mopped her eyes.

"I'm crazy about Dan Delatour," she whispered, "crazy about him." Then she added delicately, "I like everything he does—he reminds me a whole lot of you." But Perry was unmoved.

Another caption flashed: "He still lives." Perry unconsciously repeated it. Yes, Dick Steele still lived. What is more, he got home safe and sound—he reached his mother's side just as she was handing over all her money to a slick pair, selling mining stock.

Dick Steele retrieved the money, drove the swindlers from the house, and clasped his mother in his arms. Then he told her over and over again, with a persistence that chilled Perry Churchill's blood, that she was the finest little mother in the world.

"Little! Five feet ten if she's an inch," said Perry, then added disgustedly, "I can't seem to get all this mother-an'-son stuff."

But Lottie seemed to be able to get it. "Oh," she said, "that's the very best mother-an'-son play I've ever, ever seen. Thank you so much for bringing me to see it."

"Dan Delatour makes me tired," Perry returned sourly. He grasped Lottie firmly by the arm, and pushed his way through the crowd surging toward the exit. Outside, Lottie turned her face toward home, but Perry steered her in another direction.

"Come on," he said, "I'm going to blow you to a ten o'clock supper in a nine o'clock town."

"Oh," she giggled, clinging to him, "the perfectly fine end of a perfectly fine evening. Perry, where do we go?"

"Goulet's," returned Perry.

He took her to Oscar's table.

"Oscar," he remarked, "some of Emil's lobster à la Newburg—just for two."

"You bet it," returned Oscar.

"Perry!" remonstrated Lottie, "you're spending too much money on little me."

Perry grunted good-naturedly. He liked Lottie Bellers—in a way. She was a pretty sort of a girl, only there was a good deal of her. She seemed to him to be a very proper sort of a girl—she ought to make somebody a fine wife. His mother liked Lottie. It was clear to Perry that, in the long run, he'd never do his duty by his mother until he married Lottie Bellers. He didn't want to marry Lottie Bellers, but he knew, somehow, that he ought to. And he felt that, probably, he would. He told himself, however, that he liked 'em smaller and not quite so fat. At that, he could have stood everything in Lottie save her propensity to mother him. Perry had been mothered all his life. Glancing into the dim vistas of the future, he assured himself, dolefully, that he always would be mothered.

"Just crazy about lobster à la Newburg," sighed Lottie soulfully.

Lottie held decided views about everything and she had a fine, labor-saving method of expressing likes and dislikes. Either she was "crazy about" somebody or something—or she was "not crazy about" somebody or something.

"Crazy about Dan Delatour," she babbled on, "crazy about his looks. Perry, he looks just like you."

"Best thing about Dan Delatour," said Perry, "is his leading woman. She's a little peach."

"Um-m," responded Lottie, with a shake of her head, "I'm not crazy about her."

"That Dick Steele of the Foreign Legion," mused Perry, "he thought a whole lot of his mother, didn't he?"

"Why shouldn't he?" queried Lottie.

"Crazy about his mother," said Perry.

"He ought to be," returned the girl.

"Are you crazy about yours?" queried Perry.

Lottie nodded energetically. "I just guess I am. I think she's the finest little mother in the world."

Perry smiled to himself. The verdicts were all in—Dick Steele of the Foreign Legion and Lottie Bellers were of one mind.

"You really love your mother?" persisted Perry.

"Crazy about her," cried Lottie Bellers, in return.

An hour later Perry said good night to Lottie Bellers at her door. He didn't go in. There was a light in the living-room. When he opened the door with Lottie's key, Lottie darted into the house expecting, evidently, that he would follow. He didn't follow. He heard her petulant tones addressed to someone in the living-room.

"Mother," she was saying, "didn't I tell you never to wait up for me. What do you think I am—a child?"

Lottie's tones were hard and crisp—such as might be addressed by the president of a bank to some clerk with his hand in the cash drawer. A faint apology emanating from the person in the living-room, was wafted toward Perry. And then came Lottie once again, to woo Perry into the house. But Perry wouldn't come. It was late, he said, and his mother would be worried. He really had to go and, accordingly, he went. But he didn't go home. He was worried and distraught—upon his young shoulders rested a heavy burden. He was wrestling with secret tribulation. It had led him to that Dick Steele picture—taking Lottie Bellers had been a mere detail. There was something the matter with him, and he felt it keenly—something vitally wrong with him—something lacking. He had groped in vain to realize a state of mind that should be his—and wasn't. As he walked he thought it over. He couldn't walk it off—the more he walked the more it worried him.

He was going to war. It was early in the war game, but he was going just the same. But that wasn't what worried him. He hadn't told his mother, and she had to be told, and he would have to do the telling. Under normal conditions, that in itself would have been an incubus. But he wasn't worried about his mother. Nor about what would become of her—she had a tidy little income sufficient for her support. And he didn't even worry over the possibility of her worrying keenly over him. His trouble struck deeper than all that.

He felt that he couldn't go to war feeling as he felt about his mother.

For Perry Churchill didn't love his mother—that's the way he felt.

HE ought to love his mother—and he didn't love his mother, that is, as others seemed to love theirs. And that was a terrible indictment to bring against himself. What was the trouble with him? Why couldn't he feel what Dick Steele of the Foreign Legion had felt that night at the Trocadero? Lottie Bellers was crazy about her mother—why couldn't Perry be crazy about his? He ought to be crazy about her—it was his duty to be crazy about her. He was positive of that. Duty—it wasn't a matter of duty. What was it; how was he lacking? He tried to analyze his feelings about his mother, and the very fact that he tried to analyze them proved his case against him. People don't analyze affection—it's just there. The Dick Steele picture hadn't set him thinking—the Dick Steele picture was

an effect and not a cause. He had had this thing upon his mind for weeks, months possibly. And his determination to go to war had only deepened and tightened his trouble, brought it to a focus.

Only a few days before he'd gone to the public library. He had camouflaged a bit. "Look here," he had said to the librarian, "I've got to read a little paper on a certain line of standard fiction—the mother-and-son thing I suppose you'd call it. A child's sacrifice for his mother."

The librarian, a very negligible old chap, had scratched his nose. "What about *King Lear*," he said, "*Père Goriot*. Or, no—no, that's the other way around, isn't it. That's the parent's sacrifice for the child. Let's see—*Little Nell*. No, that's a grandfather—a gambler grandfather. It doesn't fill the bill. Let me think. You come back at half-past five. I'll give you something that will help you, anyway."

Perry got the books—they weren't standard fiction. Somehow the big fellows had left the subject pretty well alone. Perry wondered why—why a great subject for a great master, a son's love for his mother, had been so neglected. But he picked out half a dozen books himself, and took them home—modern titles by some modern authors. He started in on them; they were all alike. The heroes were just like Dick Steele of the Foreign Legion—they sang one song. Whenever it came time to mention Mother in the course of the story, they opened their strong, firm lips, and asserted: "The finest little mother in the world."

He thought about them as he walked the street. They had left him cold, untouched.

He made up his mind that walking the streets wasn't helping to any great extent. He went home.

HIS mother, a bit large, like Lottie, was sitting up for him—just as he had said. She always sat up for him. She was knitting—knitting at that time was at the top-notch of its popularity.

"Perry," she cried as he came in and sank into a chair, "you look dead tired."

"I took Lottie Bellers to a show," returned Perry, as though that explained everything.

Then he lapsed into his accustomed silence—only more so than was usual. He picked up the newspaper and reread it, nervously. He knew that his mother was watching him. He flung the paper on the floor, took a strong grip on himself and faced her.

"There's something I've got to tell you, mother," Perry blurted out.

His mother smiled—a sort of vacuous smile—like a woman who must make ready to welcome any sort of news. This news, he thought, would give her a serious jolt.

"Not," returned his mother, archly, but with quavering voice, "not—about Lottie Bellers, boy."

It seemed to him that a shadow rested on his mother's face—but he couldn't be sure.

"Not—about Lottie," he returned.

Again—he thought that his mother sighed with relief. But again—he wasn't sure.

"Mother," he went on boldly, breathlessly, like a man who wanted to get up to the top of the hill before dropping by the wayside, "mother, you know what I think about you, don't you—I think you're the finest mother any fellow ever had."

His mother stared at him, blankly. She laid down her knitting. She rose from her chair and came to him. He wondered vaguely whether she was going to put her arms about him. She wasn't—and didn't. She merely placed a cool hand against his forehead.

"You're not feverish, at all," she mused, as though talking to herself. "I was afraid, Perry, that you were going to be sick."

She went back to her chair and resumed her knitting. "Mother," said Perry firmly, "I'm not going to be sick—I'm going to war."

His mother blinked. "Oh, of course," she returned, hastily, as though that were a matter cut and dried and all arranged for. "Oh, yes, of course. Of course you'll go to war. I knew that—I felt you would. Yes, it's the proper thing to do. Why shouldn't you, Perry. You, young and strong. And I don't need you. And you're not married. Why shouldn't you go to war?"

She talked like a woman talking against time. She kept on talking—talking without thinking—talking by rule and rote. Repeating—repeating over and over again what he said and what she said. Battling on.

"Oh, yes," she went on, "it would come to that in the end anyway. Why shouldn't you, Perry; I should want you to, of course. It's the only thing to do—to go to war. I must get you ready, Perry. When do you think you'll go?"

He had enlisted that day in the marines, he told her.

"That's fine," she said (this was back in the early days of nineteen-seventeen), "fine—they're the first, they say, to fight on land or sea."

That's all there was to it. She kissed him good-night. Perry went to bed. He couldn't sleep. And he fancied he heard his mother stirring all night in her room. He didn't

wonder . . . it must have been a jolt. At three o'clock there was a rap on his door.

"Perry," cried his mother, sharply, "are you sure you're well?"

"Sure," he returned, "I'm just reading, mother."

"Bible?"

"No," said Perry, "just a novel, mother, called *The First Born*."

"I woke up," said his mother, through the door, "and saw your light, and wondered."

SHE went back to her room. Perry finished his book. It was like all the others—its hero kept crying aloud that his mother was the finest little mother in the world. He looked these heroes over, he raked them fore and aft, he put them through the mill, he applied the acid test. He wanted to find the difference between these gentry and himself. At last he thought he had solved the problem—most all the heroes were away from home when they gave voice to the stereotyped sentiment. One was in Egypt—his mother in New York. Another was a lad in college—his mother fifteen hundred miles away. Therein, he told himself, must lie the difference—it was distance that lent enchantment to the view. His trouble was that he had always lived with his mother; even his university experience was as a day scholar at Columbia—he had commuted in and out. Every day of his whole life he had faced his mother across their dining-table. His vacations had been spent with her. She was inevitable—also, she was the head of the house.

He rose, with a leaden lump where his heart ought to have been. Rose, with his problem still unsolved—his incubus still roosting on his shoulders. He made up his mind that he must emerge from fiction into fact. That noon he took Bill Semple out to lunch. Bill Semple was a friend of his, and an ideal sort of son. Bill would tell him the truth about the thing.

"Bill," said Perry, "how's your mother now?"

Bill shook his head dolefully. He assumed an expression of unusual concern. "Not so spry as she should be, Perry," he returned.

"Bill," said Perry, "will you give me an honest-to-goodness expression of the way you feel about your mother? You think a whole lot of her don't you?"

"Perry," replied Bill Semple, soulfully, "my mother is the finest little mother in the world."

Perry Churchill swore.

"What's the trouble, boy?" queried Bill.

"I bit my tongue, wow, but it hurt," said Perry.

He went to war. It took him months to get to France. He reached her shores, still with that aching void. War—he had counted upon war to help him. He had yearned for home—never so much as when he spent his first three weeks in quarantine. His yearning for home had warmed him, it had made him sentimental at the start—and home was so far bound up with his mother that he felt sure, at the start, that at last he was coming into his own. But he couldn't fool himself—the thing he sought for just wasn't there, that's all. In the camps and in the marches he talked to other chaps about their mothers. Yes, their mothers were the finest ever. They'd get confidential—some of them would draw out a photograph.

"Oh, this isn't my mother, boy," they'd say, "this is just a little peach of a girl that I've got back home. Sure, I've got a picture of my mother, boy. I'll get it out and show you—sure I will. But, isn't she a little peach—that girl, I mean?"

She was. Perry could see that. And another sort of longing crept into his consciousness—one in which neither his mother nor Lottie Bellers played any part.

A little chap in his company crept up to Perry shyly one day and pulled out a faded picture. "I told you I'd show you this," he said.

"Your girl?" queried Perry, with a somewhat paternal air—the boy was very young.

He smiled. "That's an old, old photograph, it's my mother—she died when I was born."

There was a wistfulness about his eyes, something tremulous about the corners of his mouth, that touched Perry to the quick. Here was a boy who loved a mother that he had never known. Here was nothing but a picture—not even a memory. Yet it brought the quick tears to the boy's eyes. What was the answer? Perry didn't know. Did the boy love his mother just because he'd never known her—was the shadow a nearer, dearer thing than the living substance? Perry couldn't know.

Then, suddenly, Perry Churchill met Elise.

Elise was a dainty little village girl, about nineteen. She was clear-eyed and fair-skinned—and she was woman clear through. A coquette, you may be sure—but a real woman. Perry had known and liked a lot of girls in his time. But never had he found such an one as Elise. She had something that none of the others had—all the airs and graces of a little actress, yet all the simplicity, the femininity, the domesticity of a village maiden. The instant Perry Churchill saw her he knew his hour had come—and she knew her hour had come. To Perry and to Elise it seemed as though the whole world had been arranged in order that he might enlist and go to France and find her watching and waiting for him there.

Elise had no father and no mother, only an old great-uncle and great-aunt. They, of course, had reared her carefully, with but one object in view—matrimony. That end was at hand. Perry Churchill married her. This time he didn't stop to analyze his feelings, he didn't stop for anything. There wasn't anything to stop for, he told himself. He wanted Elise—she wanted him. There was no more to be said about it. He married her in that little French village, and spent one week in the seventh heaven of delight.

This is not a war story. If it were it would be a long story—much too long. In those days, being ordered to the front and getting to the front were two different matters. Just where the front was and what it was, too, were things that nobody could answer. To Perry Churchill it was all one. His heart and soul were back in that little village, with Elise—and yet, somehow, in his waking and his sleeping hours, she seemed to carry on, at his side. Half the time he found himself with her picture in his hand, smiling into those dreamy, delicious, sparkling eyes of hers.

"Some girl you've got there, partner," a big chap said to him.

"Some girl," answered Perry. "She's the finest little—I mean—I should say she is some girl. She's my wife."

His wife—it did him good to say the words. He thrilled with the pride of personal possession. For the first time in his life he had somebody that belonged to him. Before that he'd always belonged to someone else—his mother, his boss at the works. If he'd married Lottie Bellers, he'd have belonged to her. But Elise was his—just as much his as he was hers. And how *petite* she was; how vivacious, and alluring!

Still thinking of her, he plunged one day, he and his companions, through Belleau Wood.

They plunged into it, full tilt. Nine-tenths of them never came out of it. Perry did, however. He came out of it babbling, incoherent, a shell gash in his forehead. Babbling—with three helmets slung on one arm—three helmets for Elise.

He staggered into an emergency hospital—babbling still. He wanted a Y man—he explained to everybody the importance of his getting to some Y man right away. The doctors could wait—he had business to attend to—letters to write. If they'd just put a piece of rag around his head and

in shorthand, just as he got it from Perry. And when Perry got through, the Y man gripped his shoulder and held Perry's attention while he read his notes.

"You want all this to go just as I've got it here?"

"All of it."

"Whether you live or die?"

"Whether I live or die," said Perry. Then he sank into a sound, dreamless sleep.

When he really came to himself, Perry was on a transport bound for home. He hadn't lost his memory—only he'd been dazed for weeks. He had a vague consciousness of having done many things, and arranged for many things—as in a dream. Nothing worried him particularly—he didn't know just why. Then, when he was two days out, he found the note that the Y man had tucked into his blouse. This is what it said:

Just so you won't forget, you wrote your wife to meet you in America. Good luck, old man, God speed.

THEN of a sudden he remembered—he had never told his mother about Elise. He had been married for a year—for more. He had been married ever since the first week he'd struck France. And he'd never told his mother about Elise.

He tried to make up for it—tried to get a wireless to her. But it couldn't be done. To wireless a message meant to summon the devils of the deep. So he had to fume and fret.

It took two full weeks to reach New York. Perry landed almost penniless. He had transportation home, but little else. He was still dazed. He was vaguely conscious of having his shoes shined somewhere on Broadway, in Manhattan—while a cheering crowd regarded with awe, the three helmets slung upon his arm. Finally, he got to the tube and took a Jersey train.

Why the devil hadn't he told his mother about Elise? Why hadn't he been square with her, at any rate. He knew why—his mother had wanted him to marry Lottie Bellers. But he should have told her, a year ago, about Elise.

Bill Semple happened to be at the station in his old Ford, waiting for some friends. Bill hustled Perry into the back seat and drove him proudly to his home.

"Hurray, old boy," cried Bill enviously, "there's just one man in the whole world that I'd like to be—that's you."

Bill left him at his doorstep—and then fled. Perry pressed the button. The door opened. His mother stood before him. She took one long look at him—Perry thought she was about to faint. Then she grabbed him, hysterically, in her arms. He was conscious of that—conscious that she had made the first move. And yet, it didn't thrill him—to have his mother catch him that way to her, laughing and sobbing. No, that didn't thrill him.

What did thrill him was quite another thing. He found himself grabbing her hysterically in his arms. That thrilled him through and through. That wasn't make-believe—that was a living fact.

"Mama, mama, mama," he was sobbing.

Yes, it had happened; something had snapped within him—some little ligament that had been holding him had broken. The flood gates were opened. She was in his arms, his lit—no, his ample mother, big and strong like Lottie Bellers—but his mother. The best mother that a fellow ever had. He hadn't played fair with her, but there was still time.

When he had a chance he looked about him. There was no sign of Elise. It gave him a pang, that Elise was not there—but it also gave him a chance to square himself. "Mother," he gasped, "I'm married—I've been married ever since I went to France. I've been a bounder for not telling you."

"My dear boy," said his mother, laughing, "you told me—I knew it the instant almost that it happened. I know all about your wedding, son."

"How?" he queried, "Elise didn't write—"

"You wrote," said his mother.

"I never told you," he exclaimed.

"Between the lines you did," said Perry's mother. "My dear child, you don't imagine I'm really as slow as I appear to be. I guessed it—I was glad to guess it, Perry."

Perry sighed with tremendous relief—that was over. But there was one thing he couldn't understand—not yet.

"Why were you glad to guess it, mother?" he demanded.

"My dear boy," she answered, "when you're a father, you'll understand. I'm glad of anything that makes you glad, boy. The only thing I strive for is to make you happy."

"Mother," cried Perry, a twinge of pain in his voice, "and why haven't I tried all these years to make you happy, mother. Why?"

"Perry," said his mother sharply, "is that troubling you yet? I thought you'd stopped worrying about it, boy. You said so in your letter, you remember."

"What letter?" queried Perry alarmed.

"The one you dictated to the Y man," returned his mother. Perry stared at her blankly. He recalled, vaguely, his interview with the Y man at the hospital. But he hadn't realized. . . . He started forward.

[Continued on page 35]



She was in his arms, his lit—no, his ample mother—the best mother that a fellow ever had

then get a Y man for him, he'd be grateful. Very grateful to them. Yes.

They gave him first-aid, then a staggering ambulance bore him, seask, to a base hospital somewhere in the rear. And there he found a Y man, all attention.

"Letters to write," explained Perry, much as a Wall Street magnate would talk to his private secretary, "confidential letters. I can't get 'em off, I can't get 'em off, I can't get 'em off too soon," he repeated in a hysterical sing-song. The Y man growled at him purposely. "You can't get that stuff; get down to business. What do you want to say. You've got something on your mind—well, spit it out, son. Quick."

That did it—Perry got right down to facts. He kept babbling on and on, but the Y man kept taking it all down



She lingered beside him, while the twilight deepened and cow-bells tinkled from the hills

Strange as Foreign Places

By Rose Wilder Lane

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ELMER STANLEY HADER

HE came up the south slope through the cow-pasture and, for some time before he reached her, Maryland was aware of his coming. She did not stop her work as she would have done if she had seen a stranger approaching on the farm road; there was no need to take off her apron for a man who walked across the fields. After the first glance, she plunged her hands again into the wash-tub and the white suds foamed about her pink arms as she soaped and scrubbed Will's faded work-shirt. While she wrung it out, curling its hard, twisted length expertly around her wrist, she looked again, and saw that the man had stopped and was stroking the red cow's neck.

Maryland stared. It struck like an hallucination across her mind that he was talking to the cow. She thought that he must be a half-wit. But before she could be sure he was striding toward her again. She stood watching him, one hand on the edge of the rinsing-tub.

He did not look like a half-wit. He walked with an easy swing of lithe muscles, confidently, as one sure of his welcome. Undoubtedly he did not belong in those parts, Maryland thought; she had never seen him before. He was tall—taller than Maryland herself—and the spring sunlight struck warm glints from his thick brown hair. Gazing at them, Maryland realized with a queer inner start that he wore no hat. She felt that something curious and new was coming to her up the familiar young green of the slope, and inexplicably her heart-beats quickened.

"Good morning!" he said, stopping beneath the apple-tree that held one end of the clothes-line. His voice was strong and mellow, but the words had a lilt in them, like a robin's call. He smiled; his white teeth flashed against the sun-browned smooth face; his twinkling eyes, in a network of many fine wrinkles, were very blue.

"Good morning," said Maryland civilly. From her lips the words fell inert, mere words with no song in them. The twinkle in his eyes deepened; innumerable sparks of light seemed to quiver in the blue depths.

"You look like a poem," he said. "A poem of spring-time—a poem that's never been written. In that pink gown, with the pink in your cheeks and the corn-colored hair—the silver-gray hills behind you, and a bluebird—there ought to be a bluebird—No, not a bluebird. Maeterlinck's spoiled him forever. What a crime! There was poetry in bluebirds once, and now they're nothing but cheap metal pins and things girls embroider on lunch-cloths for brides. Never mind. What is your name?"

"Maryland," she said, bewildered. She wondered what he was talking about.

"Maryland!" he cried, as though he had found something beautiful. It sounded beautiful as he said it; it sounded like music. Her bewilderment increased.

"Maryland Bennett," she said. "Did you—did you want to see pa? He's planting corn over in the north field."

He leaned one shoulder against the rough bark of the old tree, looking at her with eyes that made her feel shy. "No," he said. "No, I don't want to see your pa."

Incoherent thoughts rose and swirled in her mind like currents in a quiet pool suddenly disturbed. She wished to ask him what he did want, for what purpose he had come, but the words died in her throat.

"I guess if you don't object I'll go on with my washing," she said drily. He did not reply and though her eyes were on Will's shirt, as she plunged it up and down in the rinsing water, she did not see it. She felt his presence beyond her shoulders; she knew he was still leaning lazily against the tree, gazing at her with those eyes whose expression of enjoyment so disturbed her. She wrung out the shirt, placed it on the damp heap of clothes, and lifted the heavy basket with a sure, easy movement.

"I don't know as I know your name," she said then, looking at him across the basket.

One of his eyebrows lifted quizzically; it gave his face a strange, impish look. "You don't, do you?" he said, as if surprised by the discovery. He smiled at her again, and his smile seemed to say that they were old friends, amused together by some joke whose meaning she should know. She waited for the other words she thought trembling upon those

mobile lips, but they did not come, and still he smiled at her.

"If you didn't come to see pa, what did you come for?" she asked abruptly.

"My dear Miss Maryland!" She felt that her rudeness pained him, and confusion overwhelmed her. "I came because I saw your pink frock from the hill beyond those fields," he explained simply. "I couldn't help coming. Imagine a lonely wayfarer, after miles of walking through an inhospitable land, homeless, hungry and forlorn—all that kind of thing. And suddenly I saw, like a promise—"

"Oh!" she said, bitterly. She turned from him and blindly reached the clothes-line before she set down the basket. What she had expected him to be she did not know, but the reality made her heart sick. A tramp! She faced the word uncompromisingly, repeated it in her mind. A tramp.

"You looked like the very heart of spring," he was saying. "You, in your pink frock, with the white things fluttering on the line beside you, and this old gray farmhouse with the bare, spring-colored trees about it. This is the poet's time of year—the time when the gray trees are colored by their dreams of new leaves—misty colors that vanish when you look at them—Don't you think so?" His voice begged her to think so. She did not answer it.

"So when I saw you— But if you're sorry I came—if you want me to go away—"

The question hung unanswered. Maryland shook out Will's shirt, deftly whipped it over the line and pinned it there. Looking upward, she saw against the pale sky the interlacing branches of the oaks, and they were colored faintly, as he had said. She had never seen that rainbow mist before. Something shook within her.

"Now you're here I might as well give you something to eat," she said harshly.

When she had pinned the last wet garment on the line and turned toward the house he walked easily beside her. He opened the screen-door for her. She was awkwardly conscious of his graceful good humor; she felt that it covered an amusement that she resented without knowing how to express her resentment. To anyone else she would have said hotly, "What are you laughing at me for?" But she could not say it to him. He was different.

HE was so different from everyone else she had known that she looked at the familiar kitchen with new vision, as though she were seeing it through his eyes. The low ceiling of boards stained a watery green, the once-white walls that time and many scrubbing had turned to the color of rich cream, the geranium in its pot on the window-sill, and the cruel splash of sunlight falling across it upon the homemade rag-rug and the worn floor, all appeared old and cheap to her. She wished that he could see the parlor.

"A-ah!" he said on a deep, exhaling breath. "Perfect! Tess of the d'Urbervilles—you really exist! Tell me—tell me you're going to give me clotted cream and strawberries!"

She looked at him quickly, puzzled, alert to the strangeness of him. His smile held no hint of mockery. He was large and handsome and gay; a warm intangible current flowed from him and filled the room with charm. The coffee-pot clattered on the range as she set it down.

"It's too early for strawberries," she said. "They don't get ripe till late May or June. The wash-pans on that bench by the door, if you want to wash up."

While he splashed cold water over face and neck she set the bacon frying, and spread a clean cloth on a corner of the white-scrubbed table. She hesitated before the shelf of pink-sprigged company china. But he was only a tramp. The thought came back like a gray cloud over the sun. She chose a heavy white plate and cup, put beside them the glass spoon-holder and tin sirup-jug, the bread-plate and the saucer of cottage-cheese.

He ate with a keen appetite that pleased her, and while he ate he talked. She could not understand much that he said, but its novelty fascinated her. He was from Greenwich Village, a place where artists and writers lived, in New York. He was going—he did not know where. Mexico, perhaps. Or Canada. He spoke of large distances with a negligent ease that took her breath. He knew New Orleans, its old French houses, its Creole people, its lazy sun-warmed days by the lazy river; he had seen California's round, golden hills and perfumed orchards; he had gone out to

sea, at night, with Italian crab-fishermen from San Francisco Bay, while Alcatraz Light flashed over the black water and phosphorescent foam curled at the prow of the boats.

"I wish pa and Will could hear you tell that," she said. And later, a little wistfully, "Don't you ever get sort of tired of tramping?"

He was leaning back in the kitchen chair, his hands clasped behind that mop of thick hair. His thin lips quivered with an expression that baffled her, the sparkles in his eyes became impish, and she expected that quizzical eyebrow to lift again. But it did not. "Why?" he asked, lazily.

"Well, I only thought—pa'd be glad to get somebody to help with the spring work. Will's helping out, but he's got his own place to tend to," she replied, with unaccustomed vagueness. Her thought had hardly taken form in her own mind.

"Who's Will?"

WILL'S my second cousin. We're going to get married, come June," she answered simply.

His smile went out, abruptly as a candle in a puff of wind; darkness fell across his face with a suddenness that startled her. But his moody eyes, sweeping over the smooth yellow bands of her hair, her wide eyes and quiet mouth, lingering on the curve of her throat, was as impersonal as if she were a picture. A desire to break down the aloofness of that gaze, to tear through the veil it put between them, swept through her like a flame.

"Too bad—too bad," he said absently. He rose brusquely, pushing back the chair with a clatter, and ran his fingers through his hair. "Oh well—Beauty always dies soon," he said cryptically. His whimsical smile came back. "And you want me to stay and see—After all, why not? A simple pastoral interlude—Yeats never reached Innisfree, did he? That's why Innisfree remains perfect forever. And I will have some peace there, for peace comes dropping slow, dropping from the wings of the morning to where the cricket sings— Are there crickets here, Maryland?" he broke off to ask, anxiously.

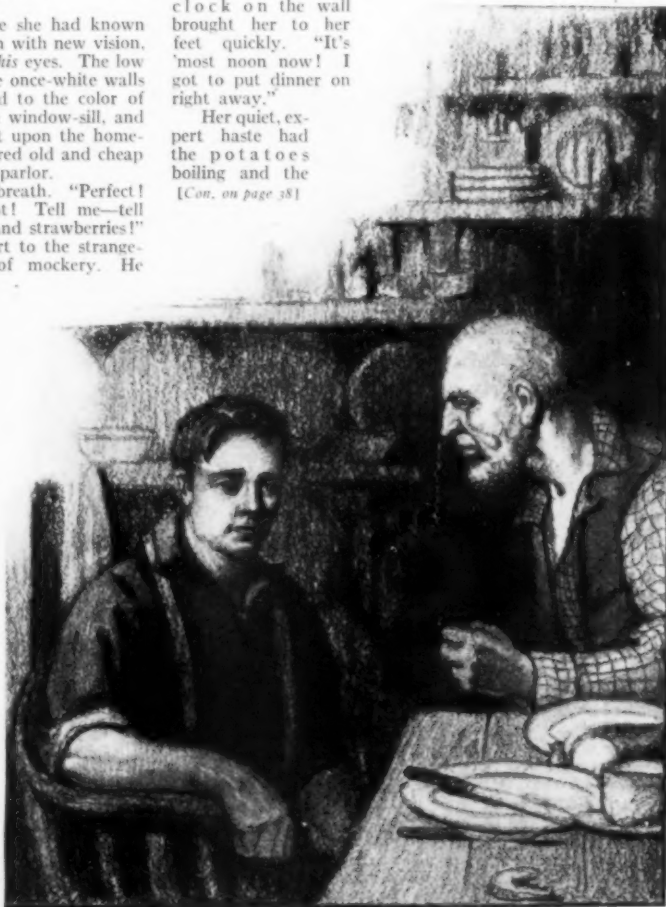
"Yes," she said.

He chuckled, and the eyebrow lifted again. "All right, I'll stay! And when do I meet this Will of yours?"

A glance at the old wooden-cased clock on the wall brought her to her feet quickly. "It's 'most noon now! I got to put dinner on right away."

Her quiet, expert haste had the potatoes boiling and the

[Con. on page 38]



"I ain't goin' to have a girl of mine makin' a fool of herself over a hired man"



The Glory

By

Juliet Wilbor Tompkins

Illustrations by

MARY LANE McMILLAN



PART FOUR

For Synopsis, see page 35

GIDEON was off early in the morning to meet Bradley, the landscape architect, who was coming on a night train. All that rushing day he was two people: the manager of the coming Park Day and the lover of little Dorcas in a starlit garden. Neither left his affair for an instant. The manager dined with Bradley at the Inn and slipped into so absorbing a talk that it was after nine when the lover opened Dorcas' gate.

She came down the path at the sound and they met in the shadow of the syringas.

"Did you think I had forgotten you?" he asked, and could feel against his cheek the deepening curve of her smile.

"I didn't," she said comfortably. Little Dorcas' lover would never have to propitiate and appease and win back favor. She took love straight, without feminine doublings—perhaps because she knew her power. "You have remembered me all day long," she told him.

"How did you know?"

"How do I know it is you now? I can't see you, it is so dark. All day, it has been just as real as this."

"So real that I hardly needed to come in person?"

"Oh, you needed to come! Giddy, isn't it too wonderful that we didn't marry anyone else?"

That made him laugh. "There hasn't been such a crowd of suitors at my door," he explained. "And since God in His infinite mercy sent Wilberforce across my path, I haven't found anyone I wanted to marry—until now. If I had, I suppose I should have done just what I have done today—braced up, stopped fooling and got a job."

At the last word she drew back, trying to see his face. "You mean it? You have?" she cried, then, remembering Aunt Adeline, she crushed back a laugh and led him down the garden to an old rustic bench, out of range of the windows. "Tell me," she commanded.

Gideon lit the inevitable cigarette, stretched an inviting arm along the back of the bench, then paused, his eyes on the glowing tip.

"Do you think I smoke too much, Dorcas?" he asked, his voice carefully indifferent.

"Oh, I don't believe so. You would feel it if you did," was the oblivious answer. "Tell me about the job."

He drew her to him with a crow of triumph. "Passed your first test one hundred per cent," he laughed. "You jewel above price! Most girls would have seized this softened moment to draw from me a promise for which I would thank them later. Oh, wouldn't I thank them!" He could see her nice little blue eyes double up with laughter.

"Oh, things like that—" She was not interested in cigarettes. "Now tell me."

"I wonder why she is so anxious to see me at work?" Gideon asked the stars.

"Wouldn't you think he could guess why?" Dorcas had tipped up her face to answer through the same medium, but the words were intercepted.

"Oh, it is too good to be true. Life doesn't treat me like that," he sighed. "Well, my dearest, I spent some twelve hours today with Bradley. Eleven of them I was inventive, full of ideas, yet richly discriminating; of sound judgment, tactful, but open and frank—oh, I was the finest proposition you ever saw. I had impressed him favorably when he came up before, to work over the plans with me, but it was nothing to this. The twelfth hour, after giving him a good dinner, I lay back and waited. It came in ten minutes: 'Gee, Heath, I wish I could get a man like you on my staff.' 'You can,' said I. 'I should like nothing better than a job. In fact, I've got to get one.' 'But I thought you owned a gold mine or something,' said he. 'I did, for a week or two,' said I. 'That is all over. I want a job and a salary.' Then, of course, he hedged: 'I didn't know the business from the ground up, it would take me a year or two to learn the ropes, and so on. He couldn't pay more than forty dollars a week to begin with. 'A man can't marry on that,' said I. 'Oh, ho!' said he. 'Exactly,' said I, 'but secret, as yet.' Then he told me with tears in his eyes what his own wife meant to him. He's a good fellow, little Dork. The upshot was a charming cottage, rent-free for the first year. He drew me a plan of it—bang-up little place that he has just built to rent or sell. It would be cheaper for him to give us more

money, but he wants us to like it and take root and be as happy as he is. I tell you, he is a splendid chap. I shall enjoy working with him. The house has a garden and is in a fine neighborhood. Will you come with me and be my love?"

Dorcas had drooped all over. "Go away?" she faltered. "Why, I am afraid so, dear." He was hideously disappointed, but tried to keep it out of his voice. "It is only six or seven hours; you could come back as often as you liked. I know it means pulling up roots—"

"Oh, I hate Brewster; I should like nothing better," she cut in. "But, Gideon, there is Aunt Adeline! We couldn't ask her to uproot and go with us."

"You can jolly well bet we couldn't."

"But we can't just leave her."

Gideon had provided for Aunt Adeline. "The rent of my house will pay a capable woman to do the work and look after her. It is the law of life, dear. The children go on to homes of their own."

Dorcas was not concerned with any abstract law of life. "If we had lived next door, you see, I could have been in and out," she said sorrowfully. "It is a splendid opening; you must take it. Perhaps I can come later. Something may happen."

"She is good for fifteen years yet," was the brutal answer. "This is not only a good opening, it is probably the only opening I shall get. I have to take it."

"Yes," she was sad—forlorn, even, but not in the least wavering, and his heart sickened.

"Let us consider it intelligently, Dorcas." He was trying to sound open and reasonable. "Here is a perfectly selfish woman who—forgive me, but I don't think that she loves you very deeply."

"Oh, yes, she does, in her way," Dorcas was very earnest about it. "She can't show affection easily—she is like that; but I know it is there. You have no idea how she depends on me."

"I grant that she needs you. She has prescribed you for her case, and takes you regularly. If you want to call that affection—well, I don't, though no doubt it is the best she can do in that line. But hers is not the only need to be considered. There are no words for how I need you. You are my beloved, and my best friend, and my dear child, and my wise little mother—you are all the home I've got on earth. Doesn't that count with you at all?"

It wrung her, visibly tortured her; but it did not move her by a hair's breadth.

"I SHOULD go to you for happiness," she said; "and taking it that way—ruthlessly—it wouldn't be happiness. I should see her, day and night, so bitter and lonely and neglected! If she were my own mother, perhaps I could go; but Aunt Adeline went out and got me, rescued me, a friend's grandchild. Can't you see what a very special debt it is?"

"A debt that has been paid seventy times over! You say you love me—"

"Oh, my dear!"

"And yet you will give me up for an old ghost of an obligation. Two persons are to be made unhappy and to miss the fullness of life in order that a third person may be a shade less discontented. Child, use your common sense!"

She tried to, conscientiously, repeating his equation under her breath; but no common sense responded.

"I can't, Giddy. Perhaps it is stupid—I see it as right. It is like the end of the world. I can't leave her."

They had drawn apart. "Ah, well, I couldn't have made you happy, anyway," he said with bitterness. "This accursed Puritanism—sacrifice for the sake of sacrifice, without regard to sense—I have no patience with it. It isn't courageous—a Puritan would rather decide wrong than decide in his own favor. He's afraid of happiness—can't believe a truth unless it's a hard truth! Oh, I had an overdose of it in my youth. I want a bolder philosophy of life."

"There is only one real philosophy of life. To be kind."

"Kind to whom? Well, it is no use." He broke off.

"Even if I could get anything to do here, I couldn't put up with such stray ends of your time as Aunt Adeline didn't need. It wouldn't work. I shall have to put this Park Day through and rush the work on the house. Then I'll go." He rose, very curt and sore-hearted and ill-humored, and they went back in silence to the door. They might not speak here, for fear of disturbing august slumbers, but on the step Dorcas turned and drawing him close, bent down to press her cheek against his. For the moment it seemed as though she were the little mother of their relation, older and wiser than he, patient with a cross boy and knowing that things would work out some way; he could almost have believed that he felt the deepening curve of a smile. Then she flitted in, noiselessly closing the door between them.

Rushing days followed. The house was full of painters and plumbers, and Gideon took his meals at the Inn or wherever he happened to be, returning home only to sleep. He made no attempt to see his neighbor and she sent no summons; but when he lit a lantern and went out to the

barn, he always found the work done. One night, on the floor, he came upon a little old steel buckle from her shoe, and he carried it home as though it were a love-token. And perhaps it was, for the next night he found a handkerchief, and the next two drooping daffodils. He left in their place a sheet of paper and a pencil, that she might have every facility for owning herself entirely in the wrong; but all he found on his paper, the next night, was a row of little crosses, with one very large cross at the end. He knew what crosses meant—a recent letter from Blanchette had closed with a burst of them, clearly explained; and he stood smiling over them for a long time, greatly comforted. There must be a way; love always found it. He drew a battered, sorrowful old fowl with an appealing, "Dork! Dork!" issuing from its beak, pinned it to the post of the stall, and went back to his task with a new zest.

In the morning he found Blanchette sitting on his front steps. She carried a school-bag and it was not yet nine o'clock, so her intentions were evidently honorable; but bleak trouble looked up at him from a pale little face. She slipped her hand into his as though to keep him.

"You're going away," she said instantly.

"Who said so?" he demanded.

"Miss Sally told mother; and mother went right and telephoned Cousin Stephen. She was hopping mad, so I heard her clear in the dining-room. She kept saying it—'He's going off.' And I couldn't eat any more breakfast. And it was hot cakes, too." Her lip trembled. "Cousin Giddium, I really can't bear it."

He sat down on the steps, drawing her to his knee. The "family business" had him by the heart, by the throat. This child of his race had roots down in his own being, she was his by something deeper than affection. The great law of kinship had joined their lives indissolubly together.

"Why, I'm not going far, kitten," he said cheerfully. "There is some work I must do; but I dare say I shall be back pretty often. Miss Sally is going to let me keep a little room in my house, and you are likely to see me any fine Sunday, passing the plate as usual."

That made her laugh. "Mother said you'd slip off and disappear and we'd never see you or it again," she said with the long sigh of the comforted.

"It?" he queried.

"The fun—the park fun," she explained. "But we can have fun in the park when you come Sundays, can't we?"

He had fallen into a staring astonishment, so that she had to repeat her question, and even then his voice did not back up the heartiness of his assent; but when she told him that she would reassure her mother, he came abruptly out of his trance.

"Oh, I wouldn't," he said. "Let them all think what they want to. This is our secret, yours and mine."

Blanchette loved a secret. "And when you suddenly come back again, we can laugh at them," she said joyously.

"Yes, we can get that laugh," he assented, and sped her off to school. Then, standing on his front steps in the beauty of the morning, Gideon swore, unmistakably, at a lady. It was as Blanche had said—he had nearly forgotten how to be a gentleman.

Everybody daily passed everybody on Brewster's noble main street, under the quadruple rows of elms. Gideon's first salutation that morning was from Cousin Roderick, a curt, preoccupied nod. Later Stephen waved to him, kindly, but with a troubled look. Then Blanche pretended not to see him.

"That is the way the whole town will be, next week," he told himself, trying to savor the joke; but the laughter had gone out of it. As Dorcas had warned him, the masquerade was becoming too real. There was an insidious charm in this thing called *standing* or *position* or *importance*; vagabond freedom could not long compete with the pleasant fetters of the leading citizen. He had set out to make fools of them for their money-worship, but that aspect of them had been blurred and lost in their good-humor and liking and welcome. The joke undeniably was spoiled. Then Uncle Fred Lawlor stopped to ask how Park Day was coming on, and to twinkle over a suppressed rumor that there might be more than one black sheep in the family, after all, and Gideon hated him. And yet Uncle Fred had seemed a touchingly mild and harmless old sinner when Gideon first came back to Brewster.

"I am growing respectable," he told himself grimly. "It is time I got out!"

This was the last day of preparation, with the usual last-day set-backs and mishaps. Gideon worked with tireless good-humor; no difficulty was too big for his patience or too small for his attention, and the enthusiasm of their response both hurt and shamed him. One did not play jokes on friends like these! His face grew gray and lined, and early in the afternoon they forcibly sent him home.

"You have done enough. We'll finish," they insisted, and packed him off in someone's car, with orders to rest.

He was worn out, body and soul, and, lying back with closed eyes, he did not see that Blanche's runabout passed him, paused, then turned and followed. When he got down at his gate, she was just behind him, bringing the car to a stop with her usual deft skill. His softened mood was abruptly ended and his spirit sprang to arms.

"Oh, Blanche—come in," he said with mocking cordiality. "Thanks, no; but I want to speak to you a minute." She was very erect, very handsome and strong and successful. Gideon stood at the wheel with his most abandoned slouch, looking amusedly at her from under cocked eyelids.

"What can I do for you?" he suggested. She ignored that. "Miss Sally says that you have rented her the house. I suppose that means you are going away," she began.

"It might mean that," he admitted. "Well, in that case—I have been talking to Stephen." Even Blanche did not find it easy; she was slowly pulling off her gloves, to keep her eyes occupied. "If you are not going to be here to administer the park money, he thinks it would be as well to turn it over to one of the rest of us—to me, he suggested. Wouldn't it perhaps be simpler—leave you more free?"

"Great idea!" Gideon spoke with enthusiasm. "For, of course, in the hurry of departure, I might get mixed and take it with me. You think of everything, Blanche!"

Her color deepened to an angry red. "If you want to misunderstand and twist my meaning, you are at liberty to," she said sharply.

"But I don't; I understand perfectly," he assured her. "I have kept the fund in a separate account. Only park expenses have come out of it—I didn't even draw on it for Blanche's lesson. I don't know why—it was right there. I guess I didn't think of it. The Lawlors have no money sense whatever. I will make you out a check for the whole thing, if you can wait a minute." He drew check-book and fountain-pen from his pocket, and, using the wheel for a support, bent down to write.

"It is you who are making this a quarrel," Blanche reminded him.

"Is this a quarrel? Out where I have been, if a man calls you a thief, you shoot him. There!" He gave her the check. "I will send you a list of those who gave, and how much. Of course, you have no way of knowing that I have turned in all the contributions. Oh, yes, you have!" He brightened charmingly. "Stephen must know that I haven't added a cent to my own account since I arrived."

BLANCHE was folding the check into an inside pocket. "That makes your position here—as a rich man—seem so strange," she observed.

"I am not rich, Blanche. I'm quaint, but not rich. I have told you so before."

"I begin to believe it," she said. "Just what did you get for the Glory?"

"I will look it up and tell you exactly tomorrow."

"I think you had better tell everyone tomorrow." Blanche was leaning down to start the engine, and he nodded a promise over his gate.

"Why, certainly. I should hate to think I was welcomed on a misunderstanding!"

She went off as though she had not heard, but he knew that she had, and suddenly he was ashamed, and desolate, and sick of the whole affair. Fine, manly business, squabbling with a woman! He was a brilliant success at life, he was. Gideon had taken many forlorn walks in his day, but never one more dismal than this from his gate to his front door, on the last night of his glory.

There were letters under the door, but he saw only the top one with the Australian stamp. Tony was dead to him—so much worse than dead. Gideon would have sworn that not one spark of the old affection had survived; that he could have passed Tony on the street without even an impulse to pause. But now the sight of the boyish writing shook him like a risen ghost. Workmen were all over the house, painters' scaffoldings hung beside the windows, and questions were awaiting his answer; he gathered up the mail and, slipping round the house, escaped to his barn.

The great doors of the loft were closed and in the sweet and musty dimness he could not see, so he let in a narrow blade of sunlight. Then, stretched out on the hay, he broke open the letter.

Gideon

I have been writing this letter to you all night. No matter how I begin, I find myself trying to explain—and there isn't any decent explanation, or any real excuse on God's earth. My father has always run me. I tried to buck against him, but he beat. And I haven't had one minute that wasn't spent in hell since the day you said, "Have a good time, Tony." Now I have beaten him. And I see that I could have done it in the first place if I had been the rudiments of a man. Not that my method was so damn manly. I told him I'd shoot myself and send to the papers the reason why, and when he saw I meant it, he caved. Funny thing, too—he likes me better for it. Did him good to be beaten. So we are sending you what would have been a fair price for your share of the Glory. Three million dollars. It would have been worth much more if you had stayed in, but that is about right and fair for what we had in sight then. The Colonial Trust is attending to it. Nothing can ever wipe out what happened. I know that. I don't expect it. But now, anyway, I needn't wonder how you are getting along. God, I haven't slept. I haven't been half alive. Hell is here on this earth, all right. You don't owe me any thanks for this, but if some day you feel like shaking hands again, well, I'll be glad.

It's all right, Giddy. Have a good time.

Tony

In Gideon's swelling heart there was room for only one thought—Tony. His friend was given back to him. Tony, too, had suffered and bled for his sin, and so cast it from him. Tony hadn't gone back on him. His pal of all those years was still in his life, warm and living. Tony had fallen, but he had found his way up, and he had been ready to lay down his life for his friend. Poor old Tony—good old soul—Tony! Gideon's eyes burned with hot tears. The soft hay cradled him like the lap of a kind old nurse, and he lay there young and cleansed and utterly comforted. Tony was miraculously back in the world.

The distant shutting of a wire door and a step on the gravel suddenly awoke Gideon to what the money side of this atonement would mean. There was the town, there was Dorcas! Pushing back the loft doors a cautious inch or two, he saw her coming in her blue frock, with the little auburn curls boiling up to the shining billow that crowned her head. There was the real glory for Gideon, the glory of the world. He watched her push back the barn door

just beneath, intent on her work, vigorous, confident of life; a moment later she came out attended by the clumping tread of the old horse and crossed the drive to the watering-trough. Gideon noiselessly swung back the doors.

"Dork! Dork!" he croaked.

Dorcas started, then found him with a warm rush of laughter. He was smiling down on her, bodiless as a cherub. In spirit they ran straight into each other's arms.

"He has had enough to drink," said Gideon. "Come up." Poly thought not and continued to nuzzle the water.

"He has so few amusements," Dorcas explained, an arm over the brown neck. "What are you doing up there?"

Human speech could not tell what he had been doing up there. "Reading my letters," he said baldly. "Dorcas, I haven't seen you for more than a week."

"But we have parted forever, haven't we?" she asked, and again he caught a glimpse of that mothering mischief.

"Oh, come up!" said Gideon. "Bother Poly! I want you here, little Dorcas!"

She tugged at the strap, but Poly set an obstinate head and blew at the water, pretending deep drafts. "He won't," she said. "There is always some obstacle between us, Giddy."

"No, dear, there isn't!" he was suddenly grave. "Come up. That is what I want to tell you."

He was waiting for her at the top of the stairs. He had closed the doors again, all but a shining crack, and at the dimness, she faltered.

"It is so tremendous, what I have to tell you, I can't risk any interruption," he said, and kissed only her hand.

She settled down in the hay, her back against the bales, and he lay at her feet.

"Dorcas, when you thought I was rich," he began, "you wouldn't go anywhere with me, wouldn't be seen in public at my side."

"Well, the others—I wasn't going to get in line!"

"I see—a proper pride. It didn't mean any deep-rooted hatred of wealth?"

"I should say not!"

"You would like money?"

She hesitated; then, "Not if you haven't it," she said.

"You dear!" He bent toward her, then drew back, curling one hand about her worn little shoe. "Well, I have it. Oh, not a great fortune—I am not what could be called a rich man"—that was his tone for Blanche—"but—well, I have three million dollars. That ought to do us rather well."

"Three—million—" She was half laughing, all ready for the joke, and he put into her lap a letter from a bank.

"If you don't believe me, read that."

She pushed it from her with a note of distress. "Giddy! You haven't been fooling me!"

"No, my dear love! Never!"

"Then what—"

He did not look at her while he made his explanation.

"There has been trouble—you guessed that—and a villain in

the piece. And now it is all gloriously straightened out. I have just had a letter from my friend Tony—Tony Briggs—I have never told you about Tony." He rolled over on his back, his hands under his head, smiling up at the rafters. "He is my best friend on earth, next to you—great, splendid fellow, a lot younger than I am. I looked after him once or twice, in tight places, and he saved my life when my horse threw me in a river—went in after me like a terrier after a stick—came pretty near being drowned himself, too. We have been pals for a dozen years, and you don't know what that means on the frontier, little Dork. We have been hungry and cold and lost—and lucky and prosperous—and bored—and hilarious—we always laughed most when things were at their worst. He is no saint, Tony, but his heart is all right—you'll like him. You and I are going out there together to shake his hand. How long will it take you to get ready?"

SHE bent forward to look down into his face. "You are very happy, Giddy—something has made you very happy!"

"Well, wouldn't three million dollars make any good American happy?"

"It is more than that."

"Yes, dear. My friend hasn't gone back on me."

"Ah, I'm glad, I'm glad! Am I to love Tony, too?"

"Well, up to a point!" His hand went back to her shoe. "Dorcas, where is your shoe buckle?"

"Lost it."

"And your handkerchief?"

"Lost it."

"And your two daffodils?"

"Lost everything lately, even my lover."

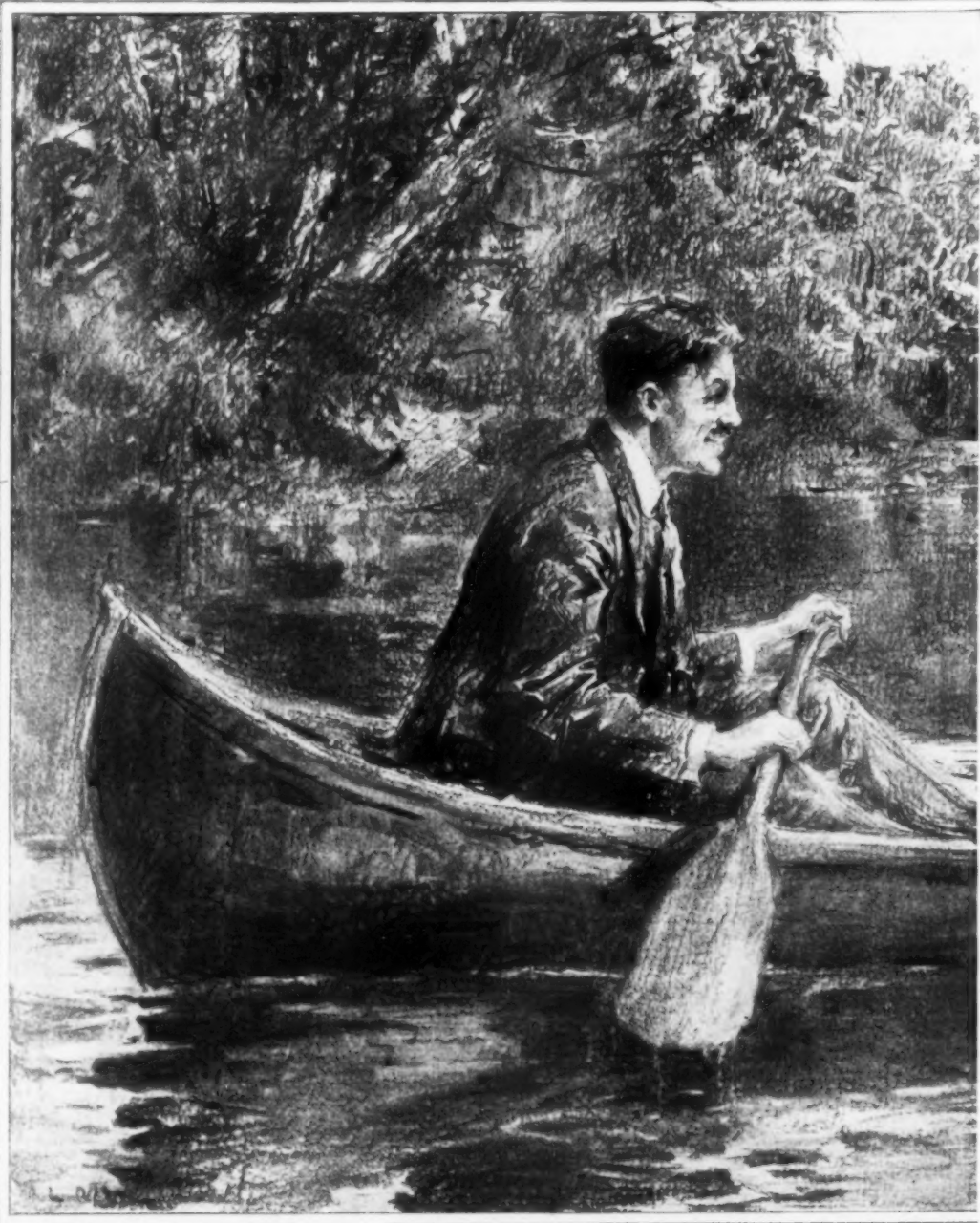
"Finding him with three million dollars in his pocket—is that going to spoil the dream this time?"

She was beginning to realize all that that magic sum meant. "Oh, won't it be fun!" she breathed, her eyes shining.

"Fujiyama—the arrowy Rhone—Piccadilly," he promised her. "But first Australia and Tony. And I'll tell you what we will do about Aunt Adeline. We will get her a good servant, and then we will find a delightful woman in hard luck for a companion, and we will pay her such a vast sum that, every time she thinks of it, she will burst out laughing—she will be a perpetual sunbeam about the house. Nothing will bore or tire her because every month she will be laying up great piles of freedom for her later years. Someone not too old or too young—perhaps a very superior trained nurse a little past her first activity or not strong enough for her profession. Any person of sense could make a success of it on the salary I will give her! The sky is the only limit. Now will you say yes?"

Dorcas was very grave, thinking it over. Then she rose.

"I will go and tell Aunt Adeline and see how she feels. Sooner or later, Giddy—but I must feel that she consents,



"So, if you are marrying me for my jokes, be warned in time. They are

that she isn't too desolate at the idea, mustn't I? You would give her time to get used to it?"

She was pleading for a touched assent, but his, "Within reason!" had its reservations. "May I come, too?" he added.

"No. I can do better with her alone. I will come back." She flew off, and there was a long pause while Gideon lay in utter content, marveling at what life had given him. When at last he heard the house door again, he started up, happily confident, to watch the manner of Dorcas' return.

She was coming slowly, with a dragging step, and the droop of her head hid from him her face. Things must have gone very badly to so change her gallant bearing, and Gideon was too dismayed to signal. He drew back into the dimness and waited with a discouraged heart. He knew his Dorcas. If she had been sufficiently worked on, she was capable of any sacrifice, and all the prayers of love could not move her. He leaned against the piled bales with a gathering anger, and looked at her over coldly-folded arms as she came up the stairs.

Dorcas did not notice. Her attention was all absorbed by some inner trouble.

"It is all right," she said dully, standing before him. "She consents. Any time you like."

The words were so unexpected that he could not accept them at their face value. "She—she doesn't object?"

"No. Not all all."

"Her pride wasn't offended—about the money side of it? If I take you, it is only right—"

"No. She didn't seem to think about that."

"But she was hurt—?"

"No. She wasn't hurt. She thinks on the whole a companion will be more satisfactory." Dorcas' grieved eyes were at last lifted to his. "Young people are selfish, always making a pretext to run off—and they are noisy about the house—and forgetful—and though of course I have tried, I haven't kept things as nice as they should be. With a good servant, and a paid companion who is always free, and who can read aloud really well, and take more interest in—working up—little surprises—things to vary the monotony—Dorcas' breath was coming harder and harder; her hurt was shaking her from head to foot. Only to him on all the earth could she have shown it. He took her closely into his arms, and what he called his Aunt Adeline may not be written.

Little Dorcas did not cry willingly. After a few great sobs, she lay quiet, her face pressed into his shoulder, her arms heavy about his neck. And presently, over grief and wrath, love came surging up to comfort them. The sweet, dim old cavern with its one golden spear of light seemed to give them to each other with a benediction. Their arms quickened, their lips came together, at first swiftly, then with a long, long pressure. Dorcas was not afraid of love! Then she tipped back her head, that her heavy eyes might look up into his.

"You were right and I was silly," she said, to close the topic forever; "but, Gideon, perhaps it is because I was willing to be so silly that you love me so much!"

He saw vistas of wisdom and beauty and childlike purity, and his heart was very humble.

"Perhaps," he admitted.

PARK DAY opened in a splendor of sunshine. By eight o'clock a quaint procession was moving under the Brewster elms, bringing all the town to its front lawn. The boy scouts led with their band, the college boys followed with their colors; the dump-carts were gay with streamers, wagon-loads of sprouting bulbs were edged with tulips in full bloom, and young trees rode gaily to their new home. Bricks, cement, pipes and lumber were in line, and on a broad float came a little black tea-table with four pretty girls seated about it, having tea from green cups, while two more in green dresses and white aprons served them under the tea-house sign. Then came a pergola heavy with vines, a plaster model of a fountain, rustic benches occupied by very proper young couples trying not to laugh, and a small swing in which sat an enraptured baby, held firmly in the rear by a nurse. The last wagon bore canoes with a sign to the effect that they were for rent by the day or hour. Brewster laughed, applauded, cheered, and went back to the house to speed the luncheon that was to follow. Every known variety of sandwich and soft drink was to be sent out at noon, but the town was not to be admitted until five o'clock, when the day's work would end with a simple ceremony of dedication. Gideon, who had driven the leading dump-cart, opened operations with a shout of, "Get busy, everybody!"—the captains sprang to their places; a bugle call from a boy scout, and the work began.

Gideon Heath, on the trip home, had touched bottom; today he knew what it meant to touch the shining top. His word was law, his approval a reward, his joke a joyful favor. They liked a millionaire, but they liked him, too; and if, though having nothing, he could have come among them with a millionaire-courage, if he could have shown himself to them without the glory as audaciously as he had in the playing of his mighty joke, they would have taken him to their hearts. They were open to other things besides money, and in his soul he apologized to them for his bitter estimate. They were splendid people. He was proud that he had a born right to live and die among them.

Most of the day, of course, thoughts like these were crowded out, his great happiness was a splendor in the background while he rushed about steadying his captains and straightening difficulties. But he had only to say, "Tony!" and "Dorcas!" to himself to set the universe ringing, and every time he whispered, "Three millions!" he laughed. His spirit vitalized them all. He made it a party, that day of hard labor, and they accomplished miracles. When the barriers were dropped and the town came pouring in, it greeted the assembled workers with shouts.

The squalor of rubbish was gone, the dead litter had been cut from the trees, leaving them clean and shapely against the sky; new beds were abloom between winding paths; a new brook, snipped from the river and threaded with bridges, made the long point an island and tumbled delightfully into a pool. Some of it was park only in rough outline, some was temporary effect, but the promise was there; the tea-house could make a feint at serving tea; and the canoes, invitingly cushioned, lay in a bright flock at the boat-house landing. The tottering old weeping willows had been respected, and a row of new ones hung their young weepers above the stream. The children saw play there, the young people romance, the old people rest; and every age wanted to thank Gideon. He stood on the tea-house steps, laughing, happy, forced into the position of host by the constant demand of new arrivals, but keeping watch always for Dorcas.

A messenger presently wriggled through to him with a note. When he read, "I must speak to you at once," in Blanche's writing, he broke away with a quick alarm. Something might have happened to Dorcas! Blanche was standing a little at one side, under an oak tree, and with her were Cousin Roderick and Stephen. The three looked grave, grim, even, like fate at a festival.

"Anything wrong?" Gideon demanded.

"We are afraid so," said Cousin Roderick with stiff lips.

"We're sure there is some explanation," Stephen urged, anxiously kind.

"The question is, how public the explanation should be," Blanche cut in. "Your position here has seemed to me a bit anomalous, Gideon, so a week or two ago I wrote to a relative who has affiliations in Australia, and asked him to cable for private information. The answer has just come." She paused to let that sink in, but he waited in expressionless silence. "It seems to be well known out there that you sold your share of the Glory Mine for a song, for a few dollars."

Gideon still waited. "Well?" he said presently, looking a surprised question from one to another.

Cousin Roderick echoed his "Well!" with swelling hostility. The dread suspicion that a second joke had been played on him had wiped out all his democratic cousinliness; he was the offended potentate, unconcealed. "Before we label you impostor, we wish to give you a chance to clear yourself," he stated.

"Impostor? Clear myself?" Gideon was bewildered. "Why, I have told you all a hundred times that I was not rich. Did you suppose I was?"

Blanche's temper was beginning to get out of control. "You know perfectly well that the whole town has accepted you as a man of wealth. If you had nothing, why have you contributed right and left, posed as rich? If I tell these people now that you have been fooling them, do you think they will go on cheering for you and applauding everything you do? You will be driven out of the place, and quite deservedly."

"But still, as our cousin," began poor Stephen, wiping a beaded forehead.

"Why, I will tell them just how much I have," Gideon was all innocent trouble. "If you mean that they have given me a six-million-dollar welcome when it ought only to be a three-million-dollar one—I am sorry. I have to make a speech in a few minutes—I will begin with that if you say so. Though does it seem—exactly—good taste?" He was puzzling them hopelessly. Blanche flared out.

"Are you a moral imbecile? Have you no sense of decency?"

"Not very much, I'm afraid," he apologized gently. "You see, I have been away from the family for so long. And when you all welcomed me, at first I didn't connect it with the Glory. I thought you were so beautifully kind. I know, three millions isn't much, as fortunes go nowadays. I shouldn't call it a mere song, myself. Still, I am sorry if you have got a false impression."

"Three millions?" repeated Stephen.

"Oh, and eight thousand. I promised you the exact figures, Blanche; three million eight thousand dollars. Stephen, I was going to get you to bank it for me and to advise me about investments. But if you think they are going to run me out of town—" Then he broke off, his teasing ended, the wickedness wiped out of him, for down the green slopes Dorcas was coming.

She was all in white, frock and shoes and hat, with her burnished hair for color, and the good blue of her honest eyes. Gideon started forward to meet her with the lover's unmistakable rush of the spirit. He kept her hand in his as they came back together, quite forgetting what a conspicuous figure he was. A smiling murmur started on its brisk flight through the crowd, and there were women present for whom the party went suddenly flat; but nearly everyone was glad.

"It will keep him here," they said.

HE led Dorcas up to the awkward trio. "Shall we tell them?" he asked joyously.

Blanche had visibly recoiled; then she righted herself with a bold lurch. "You scarcely need to," she said, forcing the outline of a smile.

"Well, I'll be hanged," said poor Stephen, laboring to catch up; but Cousin Roderick was too old. He glared and nodded, then turned away, as erect as the joint in his lean frock coat would allow. Someone had played a joke on him, and it was beneath his dignity to find out who it was, but his parting glance for Blanche was frigid. It seemed to cut off any possible hope of legacies, and, after a few coldly graceful words to the lovers, she drifted after him.

"Well, I must say, I'm heartily glad, old fellow," Stephen began, taking both their hands in a tight clutch. "We have bungled—"

"Not so awfully," Gideon admitted. "I don't mind telling you, Stephen, that there came precious near being no three millions. It has only just come through. But I don't feel obliged to tell that to Blanche."

"I won't tell a soul," Stephen grinned. "I am glad. Dorcas, you look like a bride this minute."

"There are several brands of clergyman present," suggested Gideon, but Dorcas only laughed.

The bugle blew: the laborers stood at attention, the bright crowd assembled before the tea-house while two elms were planted, the "bridal elms" of old New England custom, and the rector of St. Thomas' formally dedicated the park. Then Gideon faced them, a drooping figure, with a slant of humorous melancholy to give him charm. Voice and body lazily informal, he paid his tribute to the different bands of workers and to the kind ladies who had fed them and to the contributors of every description. Mr. Bradley would carry on the work, he explained, and the money still lacking would be made up by "an anonymous giver."

[Continued on page 35]



over." Her smile doubted it. "Well, I'm not," she said. "For what, then?"

The Nest-Egg

By

Inez Haynes Irwin

ILLUSTRATIONS BY EVANS PARCELL

It was a marvelous June day. The fact that it was the middle of the week could not alone account for the unnatural silence of the Warburton household. The weather had seemingly lured every member of the family to exhilarating devices.

"Cely and Bertha-Elizabeth are tramping up Mount Fairview," Phoebe answered her mother's question. "To-land is playing baseball somewhere and Edward's tagging after him. Micah is at Sylvia's. Phoebe-Girl is—I don't know where Phoebe-Girl is." Phoebe stopped to meditate. "Now where can that child be? When did I see her last? Oh, yes—just after lunch she started off with that little Daisy Brooks she's so crazy about—to play dolls at Daisy's."

"Well," Mrs. Martin remarked, "if you can keep count of Phoebe-Girl's activities, you do well."

"I don't pretend to," Phoebe asserted lightly. "She's the most active of my children and sometimes I think the strongest."

"She's had fewer sicknesses certainly," Mrs. Martin agreed. "Oh, what a day this is! It is the kind of day I most love and my favorite season. When the sky is full of those great heavy clouds—all crowded together like that—it always takes me back to my youth and makes me think of those dreams you have then—long sea journeys—and the ocean filled with white sails—and you're going—you don't know where—except that, in your fancy, you're always putting in at strange ports and seeing wonderful foreign cities and picturesque foreign people."

"I know," Phoebe said with a little agreeing nod, "I remember. Every girl has those dreams, I guess—the feeling that all life lies before you and anything may happen—It seems as though it were all chance; and yet you have the feeling that chance will favor you, send you all kinds of adventure and romance and beautiful journeys. And then you get engaged—and married—and suddenly the whole world contracts into one tiny space which holds your babies. All those dreams, those yearnings for something different fade from your mind."

"But something better comes to take their place," Mrs. Martin affirmed.

"Yes, something better," Phoebe agreed. "Sometimes, though, I wish we could have both. I don't see why life can't be managed so we could."

MOTHER and daughter sat on the side piazza. The street cut across to their left, and to their right beyond the garden—a delicate phantasmagoria of spring colors—marsh country leaped by green squares, bounded with lines of silver ditches, to the very foot of Mount Fairview. Mrs. Martin considered Phoebe's words thoughtfully.

"I expect that's the new generation talking," she decided after a while. "But then that's the way life is. I had ideas that my mother never would agree with. And you have ideas that I can't accept. And I expect the time's coming when the children will come home with some scheme for education or work that will make your blood run cold. . . . What's that tramping?"

Phoebe listened, her head bent attentively. "Oh, just people coming up from the marsh section," she explained lightly. "I wonder which one it will be. Will it be Toland who will want to retire to a monastery; or Bertha-Elizabeth who will decide to go into the movies; or Phoebe-Girl who will insist on being a nurse in the Molokai leper colony; or Edward who will take up aviation; or Micah who'll become an interpretative dancer. Well, at least there are only five possibilities."

"Only five now," Mrs. Martin said with emphasis.

"Only five, mother," Phoebe repeated firmly. "My family is the exact size that I want it. It's not going to be any bigger."

"I've heard those statements before," Mrs. Martin remarked drily. "All right, mother—wait and see!"

"What can those people be doing—" Mrs. Martin demanded curiously. "Nobody's talking. And there seem to be children with them—Somebody's crying—"

"Oh, they'll come past the house in a moment," Phoebe answered un-notingly. "Then we'll see what it's all about. But honestly, mother, I think five is a very nice size for a family, don't you?"

"Yes," Mrs. Martin agreed.

"Three boys and two girls," Phoebe summed up her jewels with satisfaction. "A very nice arrangement. Perhaps I would have liked Toland to have been the oldest one in the family. But if there was ever anyone born to be an oldest

"The garden is full of red roses — and Phoebe-Girl loved them best"

sister," Phoebe went on analytically, "it's Bertha-Elizabeth. She really mothers the rest of the family. If I were to die, I truly believe that child could run the house and take care of the family."

"I believe she could," Mrs. Martin agreed with her daughter. "What's that— Why they've opened the gate! They're coming here! Phoebe! Oh, my God!" For Phoebe had leaped up from her chair, suddenly towering—and her face— She looked like one standing up dead.

Four men, bearing between them a door, were coming up the path. On the door lay something human-shaped—that dripped—covered with a blanket. Ahead, hatless, white-faced and wild-eyed, came Mrs. Connors. Other women, terrified, silent, brought up the rear; frightened, sobbing children followed.

Phoebe turned agonized eyes toward Mrs. Connors. "Bertha-Elizabeth?" she questioned.

"No, woman dear," Mrs. Connors sobbed, "Phoebe-Girl."

IT'S no use to say those things to me, mother, they make no impression. My child is dead. Nothing can alter that. And nothing will ever reconcile me to it. My life is over."

"Oh, but Phoebe, my little girl, other people have lost their children—and life has gone on and they've been happy again."

"Other people! I don't know or care anything about them. All I know is about myself. My heart is like a stone." "Phoebe, dear," Mrs. Martin pleaded. "Phoebe, dear, your mother knows what she's talking about. I lost—little Albert. You never saw him, so you can't remember him—but of course I do, just as though it were yesterday. I thought I was never going to get over that loss. But I did. And oh how many happy, happy years I have had with you and Ernest and your father."

"I can't help it, mother, if I can't believe you," Phoebe remonstrated in a cold, hard voice. "I suppose you think you loved little Albert as I love Phoebe-Girl, but if you could get over his death, I know you didn't. For I shall never get over Phoebe-Girl's death. If there had only been anything in my life to prepare me for it," she finished, listlessly.

"Yes, my little girl," her mother agreed, "nothing in life has prepared you for such a loss. You've had such a completely happy life, with never one sorrow to cloud it. Why, Phoebe, sometimes, I've trembled for you. Sometimes, it's seemed to me as though life or fate or chance—or all of

them—actually conspired to keep you happy. You've never had any of the blows other women have had. Think of Sylvia—she nearly went insane when her little girl was still-born. Look at Molly Tate with three babies dead, one after another. Look at—"

"Mother, it doesn't do any good to tell me about them. Their loss doesn't help me. I've lost my baby. She's gone. She's gone forever. Forever. I shall never see her again, my beautiful, beautiful child."

The two women were in Phoebe's room. Phoebe lay on the bed. Every light in her had died; every color faded; every line sagged. She looked, except for the strange dullness of her eyes—a dullness so deep and so pervasive that it was almost color—like a dead woman; dead and dried, after years of fever.

A knock came on her door. "Come!" Phoebe ordered monotonously. Mr. Martin entered.

"May I come in for a little while, Phoebe?" he asked gently.

"Yes, father," Phoebe permitted civilly, "if you won't tell me to be brave and that everything is for the best and that after a while I'll get reconciled to it. I refuse to be brave. And I never shall be reconciled to it as long as I live."

"I won't say anything, my dear child," her father said, "if you wish. Certainly none of those things," Phoebe interrupted him. "Father, I'm going to ask you a question. I can't torture Tug by asking him. And I think you will tell me the truth. You always have."

"Yes, Phoebe, I'll tell you the truth," her father promised, "as far as I know."

"Did she suffer much?" Phoebe drew herself upright. Her eyes grew sharp.

"No, Phoebe, dear," her father answered. His composure broke for an instant; his lips trembled. With an effort he regained his control. "I have just been talking with Dr. Bush. He says it takes only a little time—oh, a very little time. The suffering is brief and not agonizing."

"I'm glad to hear that," Phoebe said dully.

"If you could see her face now," her father went on, "you would understand. It's so quiet and composed."

"I sha'n't look at her again," Phoebe shuddered. "I sha'n't go to the funeral. I'll keep in this room until it's over and when you come back this afternoon, I don't want you to mention her to me, any of you, please."

"We won't, Phoebe," her mother promised.

There came another knock on the door and Tug entered. His face was white and his eyes swollen. But otherwise, he was perfectly composed. "How do you feel, dearest?" he questioned simply, as though he and his wife were alone.

"Well, I wish I were dead," Phoebe explained with a twisted smile. "But aside from that, I guess I'm all right. But, Tug, I don't want to get up. I don't want to go to the funeral. I don't want to listen to the singing."

"You needn't, Phoebe," Tug said. "We want to do—all of us—the thing that you want." "Tug," she questioned suddenly, "why did we have her? What was the idea of making us suffer so?"

"Oh, Phoebe, how can I answer that question. I don't know. But I'm glad we had her—" He broke off abruptly.

"Well, I'm not glad," Phoebe maintained almost shrilly. "I would rather not have had her at all, than just for a little."

"I'll have to go downstairs now, Phoebe," Tug said, "unless you

Four men, bearing between them a door, were coming up the path



[Continued on page 28]



Whom Will You Marry?

"Rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief,
Doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief."



THE ENGINEER'S WIFE SAYS:

IF I had a daughter would I consent to her marriage with a Civil Engineer?

Had I my own life to live again, would I marry a man of that profession?

It was in Ecuador, not many degrees north of the equator. We were eight lonely women, all wives of engineers. We were in one of the hottest of tropical cities where the everlasting monotony of the seasons gets on one's nerves so that life is almost unbearable. Had our husbands been members of any other profession we would have called ourselves neglected wives; but knowing the uncertainties and disappointments that seem inseparable from the profession of civil engineering, we referred to ourselves merely as lonely wives. As a relief to our ennui, we had decided to organize ourselves into a club to bring together the white women who were alone in the city.

We met at the home of our oldest associate who, during the thirty-seven years of her married life, had lived in every part of the world where the lure of big engineering projects draws our husbands—from the copper mines of Newfoundland to the diamond fields of South Africa. Our hostess was a stately, white-haired woman, well-preserved in spite of her sixty years, with a keenly beautiful face. At our first gathering she said to us: "Let's talk frankly so that we may get a little closer to each other's lives. I imagine our experience has been pretty much the same."

"My father was an engineer and strongly objected to my marriage, but I defied him and followed the man of my choice into the wilderness. I have had six children, five of whom are dead. Two succumbed to the frightful privations of Alaska, and two to the deadly fevers of the tropics. Our eldest boy, at twenty-two, was shot in Mexico City during Felix Diaz's attack on the town in 1913. My only remaining child, a daughter, is now in love with a young engineer and wants to marry him. We are trying to prevent it," she said wistfully. "If I had my life to live over again, I would not marry an engineer."

No woman should marry a civil engineer unless she is prepared for every vicissitude known to human experience.

To the girl with a great, loving heart, to the writer who seeks experience, to the woman who is out for a real adventure with the one man, I can certainly recommend an engineer as a husband.

"Nor I, nor I," chorused several voices.

"I have always felt it a duty I owed my husband," she went on, "to share his fortunes, whether good or ill; but now when it is about over and done, I feel that I have failed. The constant burden of my presence must have hampered him terribly. All I have succeeded in doing is to keep his love. We have no home and not enough money to retire, although he has helped to amass fortunes for others and is regarded in the engineering world as a successful man. In a few weeks I go back to the States where I intend to remain. I shall try to persuade my husband to give up this nomadic existence. We are both getting old, so I feel it is my duty to take the initiative in breaking away and getting settled."

The next one to speak was the wife of a man who had raised the money for a number of successful engineering projects. We had always considered them comfortably off, if not wealthy. She said they owned a mine in Alaska and cattle-lands in the West, but were always "broke," owing to her husband's neglect of his own opportunities in his effort to make money for others.

One by one the women told their stories—humorous, pathetic, or bitter, according to the effects of their experiences.

My turn never came. The meeting broke up and before the time appointed for the next gathering, the members were scattered far and wide.

The stories made me check up my own haphazard, happy-go-lucky existence since the day, when, in the undercroft of a little church in New York, I married my engineer-husband. Besides being in love with him, I was enchanted by the prospect of traveling in foreign lands.

I was not disappointed, for I have covered thousands of foreign miles. We buried a child in India, and another in Ancon, Panama, where more than once my husband, as a result of hardships and accidents, had been at death's door.

These and a hundred other memories of the past, flitted through my mind, as I rode home from our club-meeting that evening. Failures, great and small; poverty, some success; tragedies, a little happiness and much sorrow; kind-hearted, generous people; the unusual, curious and strange; these things had made up the every-day experience of our nomadic life.

If I seem to paint the engineer as different from other men, it is because I have always regarded him as a distinct human species. His is a work of conquest, and conquest against odds which none, who have not tried it, can fully realize. I shall never forget our experience in one South American country where my husband had a sub-contract in a tremendous engineering enterprise. From the start everything went wrong. Floods, a fever epidemic, and an impending revolution, combined to defeat his most heroic efforts to complete the work within the stipulated time limit.

MY husband kept his anxiety concealed from his associates. I, alone, shared it. Until then, I had never fully appreciated the ethics of the engineer's profession. His anxiety was not on account of what he stood to lose financially, but that he might fail to carry out his contract. How the failure would affect the company he was working for concerned him most. It took me some time to accept his point of view but, when I did, it appeared to me, also, in the same light.

We lost everything, as he was under heavy penalties to complete his part of the work at a specified date, but the

work was finally done. On the day of our departure, my husband and some of his assistants lingered, while the train was waiting for us, to look for the last time at the finished work. Natives swarmed around to bid us good-by. The Alcalde himself was there to congratulate and thank my husband on behalf of the city for the great work which, he said, was sure to bring much good to the whole country. He did not know that the project which meant prosperity for his country had left us penniless. My husband had lost his life's savings and I had contributed some money of my own and what jewelry I had to make up the deficit. In material things, few persons were poorer than we were that morning as we stood listening to the Alcalde's flowery Castilian compliments. But in engineering circles my husband was more of a success than ever.

The locomotive whistled a warning, and I climbed aboard the train, feeling as though I were escaping from penal servitude. Not so the engineers. They cast a long backward look at their work as though they could not bear to leave it. As they turned to board the train, they shook hands with my husband; and though not a word was spoken, the pantomime was not lost upon me. I afterward learned that these men, though without interest in the contract, had offered to share the loss.

My husband always carefully avoided any allusion to this experience, until one night years afterward. We were at a ball at the Presidential palace in another South American city. I was the only woman present who did not wear jewels. He must have sensed this difference, for he drew me out upon the moonlit veranda and talked at some length of the venture that had cost us so much.

I HAVE just been talking with Trevor," he said. "He arrived today from B——. He tells me that the valley is filled with cattle now and hundreds of plantations have sprung up as a result of our work. It is no longer a poverty-stricken country." He paused for a second. "Your jewels are there, my dear—do you mind?"

"I'm glad," I said, and I meant it.

Whatever else an engineer may be, he will be generous. They have a real sense of brotherhood, and with an ever-ready good-nature, they respond to all appeals for help.

Once in South America our camp "broke" suddenly without warning. In the hotel where I had been living, there were two women who were anxious to get to Valparaiso. One was the wife of a missionary and the other the widow of a sailor. Both were without money, and, of course, terribly worried because they had received no mail. On the way to the depot, I told my husband about the two stranded women. It was almost train-time when we reached the station, and the entire party had assembled. My husband went straight to his fellows. Just before the train was due, one of our party, a young fellow named Furlong, dashed up in breathless haste, carrying two suit-cases and a bundle under each arm. He was followed by the two women, equally breathless. Their hotel-bill had been paid and the men had agreed to see them through to their destination.

On this particular occasion, money was none too plentiful in our party, owing to arrears in pay. And, I may add, railway fares in South America, at that time, were extremely high and the distance we had to cover was about fifteen hundred miles. One of our party, a dissolute old fellow, with a heart of gold, who had worked everywhere, wanted to give up his own ticket and trust to luck to get through himself. "It's a funny guy that calls himself a traveler, and lets a locomotive pull him about," said he. When we had finally dissuaded him from his chivalrous notion, we all boarded the train and started off.

The engineer's wife never knows what emergency she may be called upon to meet. At a camp in Africa, where I lived for some months, there were ten or twelve engineers. All were married, but only two had their wives with them; one had been a trained nurse before her marriage, the other was myself. Whenever a man was ill, which was frequently the case, owing to climatic conditions, the nurse put on her uniform and set to work, whether the patient was a black water-carrier or the chief engineer. Once, during a fever epidemic, we nursed eight men.

On another occasion, no cooks could be procured, so at her suggestion we set to work to do the cooking ourselves. She had acquired a thorough knowledge of cooking during her hospital training and she taught me to make pies. The camp was well stocked with canned fruit and, to the delight of the men, we had pie every day. As I look back now, I cannot remember any work that I have ever done, more useful than this; and after the first few days had proved us to be equal to the task, I felt a genuine pleasure in its accomplishment. Our best linen and china were taken from the boxes in which they had been packed from the beginning of our journeyings, and used on the tables in the "mess house," which up to the time of our incumbency as cooks, truly deserved the name.

We decorated what little wall space there was with flags, and sent black boys to rob the rubber-trees of their beautiful blossoms to adorn the table. We soon began to feel less bored, more important and a valuable part of the enterprise. We were well repaid by the gratification of the men.

The chief engineer said that the work progressed more rapidly as a result of our efforts at "domestic betterment." At Christmas we were rewarded by a check which the owners begged us to accept as an expression of their appreciation for the great service we had done the company.

To the girl of ready sympathy and buoyant nature, afraid of nothing the future may hold, I would say by all means marry an engineer, but be prepared for every vicissitude known to human experience. If she will follow him on his travels (as she should) she will sail on sunlit seas and dance on moonlit decks with princes and, perhaps, paupers. She will have an opportunity to break bread with the greatest in almost every land, but she will also live in camps,

(Continued on page 46)



Pollykins Pudge says, "I'm two times three. I go to school, and can spell C-A-T"

By
BARBARA HALE





"I reckon this wholesome delight
The happiest bargain in sight
It adds to my treasure both profit and pleasure
And makes me ambitious and bright."



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To work at one's studies faithfully, to play hard, to develop a wide human understanding and sympathy, to keep open as many avenues of interest and pleasure as possible—these are the things which should bring the richest results from four years at college.

"I don't want to make a mistake." This problem, embracing the what-to-dos and don'ts of the first college year, came straight from a western fireside into the hill-top house. It found the girls ready to help. They want you, too, in the friendly circle. Your place is waiting!

PROBLEMS ought always to be taken to the firelight. Moonlight dispels them, and in sunlight they are brushed aside for some affair of the minute demanding action. But in firelight, they are mused over, and thought out, and talked out.

It was by firelight that I read the letter of the girl who was going to college.

"It means so much to my parents to send me to college; for their sake as much as my own I want to make the most of these four years. I don't want to make mistakes at the start—"

"And feeling that way, she will probably make the biggest mistake possible; narrow her life down to nothing but study," Anne vehemently broke into my reading of the letter. It had been written by a girl from the middle west who has come east to go to college and who is already beginning to ask herself questions about the new, perplexing conditions that she finds.

"The biggest? What about not working at all, as some do?" Helen laughed.

"Then she would soon be dropped, and her problems wouldn't be college problems," Anne said. "But it isn't the amount of study she does that I want to warn her against. Let her try for honors. But to make the most of these years she must do so much besides study; much that in her zeal will not seem important, but which is—tremendously."

She poked the fire into fresh flames, and in their light the group of us sat in the hill-top house, thinking and talking of the things that, seemingly insignificant, are really factors in making a success of college, and therefore a success of the life that college is a preparation for.

"From the outside, it all seems so charted, so much a matter of following a straight course of every-day duties," Wilma said, out of our silence. "And it isn't, at all. There are numberless small things, the details, which call for decisions."

"And they are, after all, the only real perplexities," Jane said. "The course one chooses; what it makes toward, is comparatively simple. We pretty well know our inclinations and our 'oughts' in matters like that. And the probable outcome is a thing we get over worrying about. I remember the comfort I got from the assurance, stumbled on in James' psychology, that no youth need feel any anxiety about the upshot of his education no matter what the line of it may be. 'If he keep faithfully at work every hour of his working day, he can safely leave the result to itself.' So that part is simple, and we are back at the point where Anne started. It is only the working day that is provided for, and we have left the play and the companionships, and the spirit one brings to the whole thing. And even little things like clothes are important."

"Little things like clothes," Margaret gasped. "Clothes are amazingly important,

The House the Girls Built

By Mary Gordon Page

not only in the impressions given to others but in their effect on oneself. And the girls with long earrings, or who are endeavoring, after the fad of the particular minute, to dress their individuality, are usually on probation or sent home before the end of the year. Not because of the earrings, but for what it expresses of themselves. Simple things, of course as pretty and becoming as possible, will help any girl toward success. They make her feel right with the world."

"This girl would be the kind who would enter into the school spirit, of course," Helen said. "Not all do. I remember some who talked so much about 'what we had at home' that they seemed to miss all they might have had from college. The professors used to talk co-operation to us until we came to hate the sound of the word, but for all that, it is the necessary thing. And the girl who is really interested must work in that spirit."

DOES she swim, I wonder? Or skate? Or play tennis?" Wilma asked. "She should. The girl who works hard in college often takes no part in athletics because they take so much time; but it is a mistake. I've had professors tell me that the best students are those who do enough athletics to keep their bodies in trim. And I know it by myself. There is nothing like exercise to keep one's brain clear, and exercise just as exercise isn't half so beneficial as when it comes as sport. The joy of the thing counts."

"Remember Locke's Marchand du Bonheur?" I asked. "When he wanted to set right the life of the young Englishman who had grown stale through too much study—too much making others study, for he was a teacher—he asked what he could do, and brushed aside as unimportant the fact that the young fellow spoke French like a native, and had several other accomplishments of the mind. The entire planning for that Fortunate Year that led to happiness was based on the young man being able to ride a bicycle. Of course the wise Marchand set the bicycle going in a direction that made toward happy events."

"But just the riding, or enough walks or dips in the river would have helped," Olga said. "The response of body to mind and mind to body are things we do too little thinking and planning for. To be first of all a good animal is the advice given by many who didn't take the trouble to do it, and found out that they were wrong."

"But the chief perplexities of college life center round the social conditions, the human relations," Margaret said. "There is the danger of staying too much to herself, and of falling to the wrong groups."

"Why wrong groups?" Anne demanded.

"Why not say into groups at all. Rigidly,

of course I mean. We are bound always to make some associations that are closer than others, and the clubs and cliques of college life are the substitutes for the

absent home life. But it seems a pity and a needless deprivation to limit oneself to these clubs in the matter of friends."

It is a subject, on which we all feel strongly—that of wide swing in association. Certainly not the least among the great talents is a talent for friendship, and it brings rich results in happiness and human knowledge. The feeling of discrimination that comes from a narrow circle is poor recompense for all that one forgoes in not making friends wherever one may, and having the capability of giving to many and receiving from many.

AND in college environment a wide circle of friends is so possible," Anne went on. "Differences in age, and of circumstance that in other conditions would be a barrier or keep lives from touching are non-existent. Here is a group, all close together in age and purpose, who come from the far corners of the country, and from widely differing home and social conditions. Those who stand apart, or devote their time to a small group are missing opportunities for the most real education in the world—the knowing of people and how to deal with them. And they are missing a very great deal of pleasure, which is just as important."

"It rather narrows down, doesn't it, to the realization that college is a sort of try-out at life as well as preparation for it," Jane mused. "One meets there nearly all the problems that are waiting on the outside. And the way they are solved in college is a fairly sure indication of the way they will be solved in the wider world."

The broadest possible life is the thing we are all agreed on, I thought as the fire died out. This can best be built upon a wide intellectual base. Therefore, to work faithfully is the first consideration. To play hard, to develop a wide human understanding and sympathy, to keep open as many avenues of interest and pleasure as possible—these are the things which should bring the richest results from the four years of study.

They ought always to be a green spot in life to look back on; a time of happy memory, and the only way to make them so is to live as fully as possible. The decisions about the seemingly little things are important.

"Will modern college life bring about the enduring friendships and associations—the kind of thing that makes for class reunions after fifty years, and keeps the round robins going on a circuit that each year grows smaller, each year makes fewer stops?" Wilma wondered.

"Something like it anyway," Anne said. "Fine, rich, helpful friendships that last must spring out of college life. That is one of the ways of making the most of it."

'Tis the Way of Women

[Continued from page 6]

gaming, his affairs with other women, his tempers, but they won't forgive him his violations of their code. He's discrediting them by discrediting himself and so they set him apart—and their wives set me apart. I sometimes think that I could stand all the rest, stand his neglect and his abuse, stand his flirtations and worse, stand his sneers, stand everything, if only I had the friendship of women. But he's taken that from me with everything else. Why, here

I am tonight, a beggar for your pity, and it's the first time I have ever spoken to you!"

Her voice had been as a magnet drawing me down the stairs until I had come to where I could look into the room. She was standing beside the table at which my mother sat. The lamplight fell upon her face, and never have I seen human eyes so desolate. My mother looked up at her, then reached over and took her hand, mur-

muring some soft word that I could not hear. "He has taken everything," Margaret Jaffrey repeated. "And so I must go. It grows worse every day."

"Don't you love him?" my mother asked her.

"Love him?" her laugh snapped. "I shall go on loving him till the day I die, but it's the kind of love that will drag me to hell if I stay with him. Can't you think

[Continued on page 20]

THE one perfect food for every baby is the mother's breast

It contains, as does no other animal milk, ingredients in the right proportion essential to the proper and absolutely satisfactory nourishment of the child.

I do not know why any mother should want to give up the blessed privilege of nursing her own baby. Of course, there are always women who, for some special physical reason, cannot do this, but ninety-five per cent of all mothers can nurse their babies as long as the latter need it.

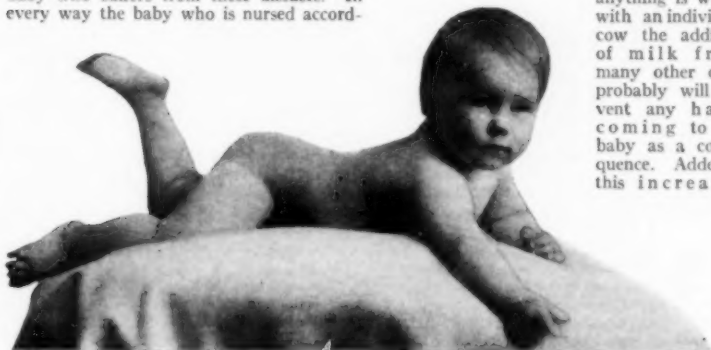
We know that universal breast feeding would solve the problem of sickness and death in the first year of life from stomach or bowel disorders. It is the artificially fed baby who suffers from these diseases. In every way the baby who is nursed accord-

Every Mother—Every Baby

By S. Josephine Baker, M.D., D.P.H.

Director, Bureau Child Hygiene, Department of Health,
New York City

"Every baby is a law unto itself"



ing to nature's way is more healthy. The bones and teeth are stronger, the flesh and muscles firmer, there is a regular gain in weight, and the normal development that we should expect in every baby.

There are many advantages for the mother who nurses her own infant. She can expect freedom from the worry of digestive disturbances. There is no need to depend upon the local milk supply, with its possible delays and, in bad weather, the absence of any milk supply at all. The milk for the baby does not have to receive any special attention. There is never the possibility of its souring or spoiling. It is equally good in summer and winter. There is never the trouble, in traveling, of seeing that the milk supply is properly iced and that good milk can be obtained en route. The mother who nurses her own baby has no trouble with the preparation of each day's feeding and does not experience the difficulties incidental to getting the proper formulas for the modification of milk to suit her child's case.

There is a very wonderful thing about nature's way of feeding babies. When a mother is healthy herself, the baby's food is constantly adjusted to its needs. Cows' milk may increase in strength to suit the needs of the calf, but, when used for babies, it has to be changed continually to approach human standards, whereas the food from the mother changes constantly, from day to day, to exactly suit the baby's needs and its growth. There is every reason for a mother to give this kind of care to her child during the first months of its life, and there are few arguments in favor of substitute feeding.

It does happen, though, that women are sometimes unable to nurse their babies, and it also occurs at times that, because of the health of the mother, the milk does not exactly meet the needs of the child. When these conditions exist, medical advice should always be obtained and if the doctor cannot adjust the mother's routine of life so that the milk is safe and proper for the baby, then it is possible that artificial feeding may have to be resorted to, either wholly or in addition to the regular nursing periods.

When this is necessary, cows' milk is the best food to employ. There are occasions when it is impossible to be sure of the purity of the milk supply. When this occurs, it will be necessary to

try some of the standard infant foods or powdered milk. It would be better to have the advice of a doctor on this subject, but when no doctor is available, follow carefully the directions given on the container.

There used to be a theory that milk from some one special cow was best for a baby, but we believe now that the milk from a mixed herd is probably much better, because if anything is wrong with an individual cow the addition of milk from many other cows probably will prevent any harm coming to the baby as a consequence. Added to this increased

THE greatest delight in the world is a laughing, crying, normal baby, and to keep him normal his food must be always right. Dr. Baker tells here the best way to go about feeding him by natural or artificial means.

Any questions you care to ask Dr. Baker, about keeping your baby healthy, strong and free from usual ills, she will be glad to answer.

Address Dr. S. Josephine Baker, Baby Welfare Department, McCall's Magazine, 236-250 West 37th Street, New York City.



safety, the milk from many cows together is more apt to be standard and uniform from week to week than is the milk from any one cow.

Any mother may easily pasteurize the milk for her baby in the following way:

Heat milk either in the original quart bottle or in the individual feeding bottles. Various forms of pasteurizers are sold and with them come directions for use. A simple method for home use is to take a pail deep enough to hold water reaching to the neck of a quart milk bottle. Place an inverted saucer in the bottom of the pail and set the bottle of milk on this. Pour water into the pail up to the level of the milk, place the pail on the stove and let the water come to a boil. Then remove the pail, cover it and let stand for half an hour. At the end of that time remove the bottle and cool it quickly by letting cold water run over it or by placing it in cold water. After that time, the milk must be kept cold continuously until used.

It is best to prepare the entire day's feeding each morning. The utensils needed are few and simple, but they should be kept exclusively for this purpose. It is well to have a shelf made over the table where the milk is prepared and on this shelf keep all of the dishes that are used in the milk modification. In this way it is easy to see that they are not put to any other use.

The only utensils actually needed are a saucepan for making barley water, a strainer, a pitcher or bowl for mixing, an eight-ounce glass for measuring, and a funnel with which to fill the feeding bottles, although a pitcher may be used for this purpose. Other convenient articles may be added as pictured on this page.

A clean table should be prepared to work on, all utensils should be scalded, and

the outside of the milk bottle washed with cold water before the cap is removed.

Make the barley water first. The barley should be measured accurately and creamed in part of the cold water to avoid lumps. The remainder of the water may then be added and the whole placed on the stove. It must be constantly stirred to avoid scorching, and made in accordance with the formula prescribed for the baby. After seeing that both the utensils and your hands are thoroughly cleansed, dissolve the proper amount of milk sugar in a little water, add the milk, then the barley water and, last of all, the lime water, if the doctor so orders.

THE individual feeding bottles should then be filled and closed with a cork or pledget of new surgeons' cotton. They should be placed immediately in a cool place and kept at a temperature below fifty degrees until needed. Just before using, the bottle may be placed in a pan of warm water and kept there until the milk becomes lukewarm. This can easily be determined by dropping a little on the back of your hand. The nipple should never be put into the mouth for this purpose.

After using, the baby's bottles should be rinsed with cold water, then washed with hot water and placed upside down on the shelf until needed again. The nipples should be rinsed in cold water, turned inside out, boiled for two or three minutes and then put into a covered tumbler or jar containing a solution of one tablespoonful of borax to a pint of water, or a teaspoonful of table salt to a pint of water.

If the baby must be artificially fed, the doctor's advice should be followed in each instance as to the kind of food and the amounts and times of feedings. When bottle-fed babies have stomach or bowel trouble, it is sometimes due to the poor quality of the milk, but more frequently it is due to (1) the wrong kind of food, (2) irregular feeding or (3) overfeeding. When regular



What's He Going To Be?

Hard to realize the tremendous human possibilities of His Royal Chubbiness pictured above! Suppose though, that Shakespeare were your baby and you didn't know it!

But a baby's whole future depends upon sleep and bodily comfort, together with careful feeding.

Constant skin-irritation and the involuntary habits of babies destroy their sleep. Cleanliness safeguards it—the warm bath and then the protective application of talcum.

Dust and rub Mennen Borated Talcum Powder softly into all the chubby folds and creases of that flower-soft skin! The soothing is almost magical. The little limbs are relaxed and comforted. Sleep comes—storing up a future of health, calm nerves, abounding energy.

Mennen's was the first Borated Talcum, and has never been bettered. It is safe.

Adults enjoy it also, for a talcum shower after the bath—talcum in tight shoes—after shaving—talcum between the sheets on a hot night, have brought skin-comfort to the whole family.

THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.

Laboratories: Newark, N.J., Montreal, Quebec

Sole Agent in Canada:
HAROLD F. RITCHIE & CO., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.



MENNEN TALCUMS with the original borated formula, include Borated, Violet, Fleish Tint, Cream Tint, Talcum for Men.



Puffed Wheat

For Your Bowls of Milk

As an ideal food, morning, noon or night, Puffed Wheat is chief of Puffed Grains.

It is whole wheat steam exploded—puffed to eight times normal size. Every food cell is blasted, so digestion is easy and complete.

It comes to you as toasted bubbles, thin and fragile, with a fascinating taste.

It supplies whole-wheat nutrition in its most delightful form.



Puffed Rice

For Berries—For Ice Cream

Puffed Rice is a daintier product, with a taste like toasted nuts.

It is rice grains puffed to airy morsels, thin as tissue. It is a food confection.

Mix it with your berries. Serve with cream and sugar. Use like nut meats on ice cream or in home candy making.

The texture is so fragile that it fairly melts away, but it leaves a wish for more.



Corn Puffs

For Exquisite Flavor

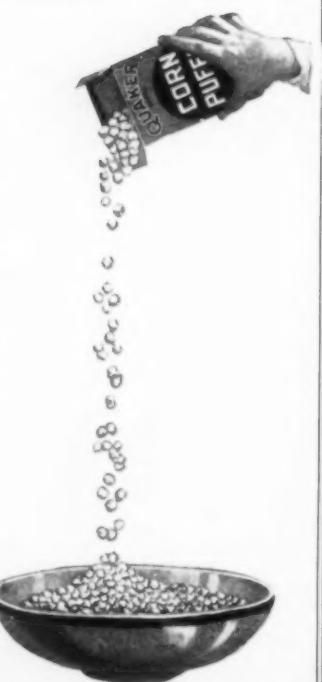
Corn Puffs is made from hominy. Tiny pellets are super-toasted, then puffed to raindrop size.

It is fairy-like in texture, and the flavor is exquisite.

Serve like other Puffed Grains. Or crisp and lightly butter for children to eat dry.

All these grains seem tidbits, yet all are scientific foods. No other cereals are so fitted for digestion. None make such all-hour foods.

In these summer days keep all three kinds on hand.

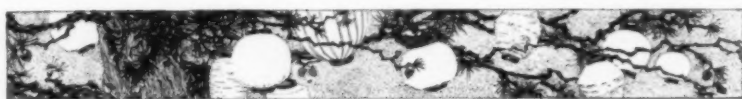


**Puffed Wheat
Puffed Rice
and Corn Puffs**

Each 15c—Except in Far West

The Quaker Oats Company
Sole Makers

3165



'Tis the Way of Women

(Continued from page 18)

how awful it would be to love some one against your soul's sake? That's the way I love him now. I love him with every thought, every breath; love him more than I knew I could love when I married him; love him although I know all that he is, and can be, and will be. Some men are like that, winning and holding the love of women. God!" She brought down her clenched hand upon the table. "I love him in every fiber of me, every instant, but I cannot live with him any longer. There is something in me that cannot endure the way of life into which my love for him has thrust me. The way is all wrong. He is all wrong. I shall be all wrong unless I leave him. Can't you see?"

"Yes," said my mother.

They ran into a pocket of silence. Out on the stairs I dared not breathe lest they hear me. Then, "It's your conscience," my mother said, "and your life. But what will you do with your boy? Is it right to leave him?"

"But I'm not leaving him. I'm taking him with me, of course."

"Can you take care of him?"

"I shall, somehow." Her voice rang defiant. "I can work. There must be things a woman can do, and I'll do them to support Tom. I'll give him all he needs."

"I hope you'll be able," my mother told her. Her voice had that queer, worried sound it always assumed when she had to talk of market bills and clothes. "Do you know, Mrs. Jaffrey, really know what work means? You've had a more sheltered life than you realize. The kind of work you'll have to do to support yourself and your boy means something you haven't even imagined. What kind of work can you do?"

"I can sew, and embroider. I can cook—a little."

"You could sew eight hours a day and earn twelve dollars a week. What will that give your son?"

"I'll find a way." She came toward the hall, and I crept up the stairs. "I won't find it by wondering if I can do it. I must plunge before I swim." She lingered a moment at the hall door. "Good luck to you," said my mother. "I don't know whether you're right or wrong, but you're doing what you think is right. God be with you."

I think that she kissed Margaret Jaffrey as she let her out.

FOR some reason of her own Joanna brought no news of the Jaffreys after Margaret went. I knew from neighborhood hearsay that Clement Jaffrey raged and raved over his wife's desertion of him. I knew, too, that he was searching for her. I used to thrill over my secret knowledge of him when I would see him astride his horse or driving his high cart, a tall, keen-eyed, loud-voiced man who inspired children with fear. Once he stared at me hard as he passed, and I slipped back into the house, dreading his questions, for I had a curious idea of his omniscience. His power must have been less than my thought of it, however, when old Joanna was able to circumvent his net.

She met me in Carney's market one Saturday morning as I trusted to my written instructions and Carney's honesty to make good my mother's defection from the task. She was making me a coat to wear to church the next day and could not spare the time. And "You're old enough to learn," old Joanna said as she came beside me. "Tell your mother," she hissed into my ear, "that Margaret Jaffrey wants to see her. She'll find her at this address tomorrow afternoon." She thrust a paper into my hand, and I went home, a messenger of fate, proud as Hermes outward-bound from Olympus.

My mother received the message with some perturbation. "Aren't you going?" I asked her. She looked at me sharply, and I began to plead. "I wish you would, and take me."

"A place to wear the new coat," she laughed, but she must have known it was more than that.

She took me, I think, because she did not wish to go alone and yet desired to thrust no older person upon Margaret Jaffrey. As we waited at the corner for the slow old horse-car, we saw a gay crowd of men and women come out of the Jaffrey house and into the bright equipages at the curbstone. Clement Jaffrey was laughing most loudly of them all.

I had been picturing Mrs. Jaffrey secluded in a bare, clean retreat, a convent possibly or a house with a walled garden. The house my mother entered rose before me with a shock. It was a commonplace, cheap, brick lodging-house on one of the dun streets of another part of the city, a

house of dead hopes, or gray despairs. It reeked of odors of gas and stale food as we climbed the inside stairs to a room which a slatternly woman had pointed out. So hopeless and dreary did it seem that I fully expected to find Margaret Jaffrey dying upon a straw pallet; but she opened the door in answer to our knock and almost disappointed me in her quality of strength.

Tom was reading near the window, but he flung aside his book at our entrance and obeyed with alacrity his mother's request that he take me outdoors. I went with regret, but his evident pleasure at my coming wore down my reserve. "Tell me about everything back there," he pleaded. "Has my father any more horses? And does anyone ride in my pony-cart? And are there any new boys?"

I could answer those and many other questions. After awhile I asked one of my own. "Do you like it here?" He turned to me with hot tears in his eyes. "I hate it," he cried. "If it weren't for my mother, I'd run away and go back to my father this minute!"

"Maybe you shouldn't do that," I said. "Well, he's my father, isn't he? And he can give me all the things a boy wants, can't he? And here we are, cooped up in one room, starving half the time, and never seeing a show or anything, and going with horrid boys and dirty little girls, when we might be having—everything. I call it rotten."

"But your mother had to come here."

"Why?"

Deep down within me I knew why; but I couldn't tell. "I don't know," I said weakly.

"Just because she's angry at my father," he persisted. "That's why. She won't make up. She doesn't care, and he doesn't care, but I get the worst of it, don't I? Has Fred Sturges a picture-machine?"

He had, and I knew that he had, but I lied in a good cause. Something within me ached over Tom Jaffrey's unhappiness, and I could not add a feather's weight to his misery. His mother must be right. Margaret Jaffrey could not be anything but right, but I would have changed the universe in that moment, had I been God, to give Tom what he wanted. "Nobody over there can run a picture-machine like you can," I lied to him, "and so nobody ever got one."

That put him in a better humor and he took me around to show me the shabby neighborhood, already made pitiful by the passing of a city beyond its once fashionable confines. There was nothing in it to charm a child, and we went back to the rooming-house in apathetic silence, strangely disillusioned for children; he by reason of his experience, I because of my emotion for his mother and himself.

At the door he halted me. "I hate being poor," he said with searing bitterness, "and I won't be poor much longer. It doesn't do anyone any good."

"Did you say that to your mother?" I asked him.

"Of course not," he said.

She knew it, though. Her eyes told me her knowledge as we entered the room even before she spoke. "You are going back to your father, Tom," she told him. Her voice was quiet, but she winced before the gleam of joy that shone in his eyes. "But what about you?" he demanded. "I shall stay here," she said.

He flung himself upon her, weeping, but she held firm. "The sooner the better," she told him, and I saw that she had packed his clothes, and understood that he was to go with us. "You are to come to see me sometimes," she said. "I have written a letter to your father that you will give him."

"I don't want to see him," he sobbed.

"I don't want to leave you."

"It's best for you, Tom. You can't live down here as you do."

"But you live here."

"That's different."

My mother arose and took my hand. "We'll wait in the hall downstairs," she said. She led me away from the room, but I had to lead her around the banister. She wept until Margaret Jaffrey came down with Tom. "Just tell his father," she said, "that I am sending Tom back to him because I have failed to make Tom happy away from what he can give him. Tell him, too, that it will do him no good to seek me." She kissed Tom with passionate intensity while he clung to her. Then she drew away, and went up the dingy stairs without looking backward.

There were many lights in the house at the corner when we went in with Tom. Clement Jaffrey came out into the hall—a

(Continued on page 31)



The famous treatment for pale sallow skins is given below



You can rid your skin of blackheads. See treatment below



An oily skin can be corrected. Try the treatment given on this page



Skin Blemishes

How to get rid of them

Just before retiring, wash in your usual way with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap and then dry your face. Now dip the tips of your fingers in warm water and rub them on the cake of Woodbury's until they are covered with a heavy cream-like lather. Cover each blemish with a thick coat of this soap cream and leave it on for ten minutes. Then rinse very carefully with clear, hot water, then with cold.

Use Woodbury's regularly in your daily toilet. This will make your skin so firm and active that it will resist the frequent cause of blemishes and clear your skin.

Pale, sallow skins

The new treatment for them

One night a week try this treatment. Fill your basin full of hot water—almost boiling hot. Bend over the top of the basin and cover your head and the bowl with a heavy bath towel, so that no steam can escape. Steam your face for thirty seconds.

Now lather a hot cloth with Woodbury's Facial Soap. With this, wash your face thoroughly, rubbing the lather well into the skin in an upward and outward direction. Rinse the skin well, first with warm water, then with cold, and finish by rubbing it for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

Five of the most famous skin treatments

DO YOU know how to rouse pale, sallow skins? Do you know what causes blackheads? Do you know why the nose, especially, is apt to have enlarged pores?

These are some of the things you ought to know about your own skin. Unless you understand what is keeping your skin from having the fine texture and delicate coloring that nature intended, you cannot have the clear, soft skin every girl longs for.

Find out just what is the matter with it. Is it oily? Is it growing coarse? Are the pores on nose and chin conspicuous? Whatever your trouble, examine your skin carefully and learn the special Woodbury treatment to remedy it.

Your skin is changing every day. As old skin dies, new forms to take its place. By the proper treatment you can make this new skin just what you would love to have it. Carry out this treatment faithfully. Before long your skin will take

on the greater loveliness which the persistent use of Woodbury's Facial Soap brings.

Get a cake today and begin tonight the treatment your skin needs. You will find Woodbury's on sale at any drug store or toilet goods counter in the United States or Canada. A 25-cent cake will last a month or six weeks.

Sample cake of Soap—Booklet of famous treatments—Samples of Woodbury's Facial Powder, Facial Cream and Cold Cream sent to you for 15 cents.

For 6 cents we will send you a trial-size cake (enough for a week or ten days of any Woodbury facial treatment) together with the booklet of treatments, "A Skin You Love to Touch." Or for 15 cents we will send you the treatment booklet and samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Powder, Facial Cream and Cold Cream.

Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 1509 Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

If you live in Canada, address the Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1509 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario.

Blackheads

How to keep your skin free from them

Apply hot cloths to the face until the skin is reddened. Then with a rough wash cloth, work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and rub it into the pores thoroughly—always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with clear, hot water, then with cold. If possible rub your face for thirty seconds with a lump of ice. Dry the skin carefully.

To remove blackheads already formed, substitute a flesh brush for the wash cloth in the treatment above. Then protect the fingers with a handkerchief and press out the blackheads.

Oily skin and shiny nose

How to correct them

With warm water work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap in your hands. Apply it to your face and rub it into the pores thoroughly—always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold—the colder the better. If possible, rub your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

This treatment will make your skin fresher and clearer the first time you use it. Make it a nightly habit, and before long you will see a marked improvement.

Conspicuous Nose Pores

How to reduce them

Wring a cloth from very hot water, lather it with Woodbury's Facial Soap, then hold it to your face. When the heat has expanded the pores, rub in very gently a fresh lather of Woodbury's. Repeat this hot water and lather application several times, stopping at once if your nose feels sensitive. Then finish by rubbing the nose for thirty seconds with a lump of ice.

Do not expect to change in a week a condition resulting from years of neglect. But use this treatment persistently. It will gradually reduce the enlarged pores until they are inconspicuous.



Around each cake the booklet of famous skin treatments





Prepared for Unexpected Guests The Delicia Kitchens Will Serve Them

WHAT a relief to know that a delightful meal is always ready to serve the unexpected guest or in other times of emergency. And such a meal! Appetizing meat dishes, prepared and cooked with the same care you would employ—meat that is *all* meat, cooked and delivered to your table in its own rich juices. These wholesome meats receive the entire time of expert food purveyors—cooks who adhere to the traditions of home cookery. We make nothing else. Only the choicest meats are used. No substitutes of any kind are added—nothing is extracted.

Your pantry shelf becomes a "goody corner" when well stocked with these dainty blue and white striped packages. Be sure to ask for Delicia meats today. Have your grocer include an assortment with your next order. Family and guest will be delighted—you'll be proud to serve them.

Send your name and address and dealer's name for copy of new "Delicia Menu Ideas."

These Are the Delicia Table Favorites:

Cooked Brains	Ox Tongue	Veal Loaf	Corned Beef
Roast Beef	Chili Con Carne	Potted Meat	Country Sausage
Southern Hash	Corned Beef Hash	Sliced Dried Beef	Vienna Sausage
Luncheon Tongue	Hamburger Steak	Roast Mutton	Deviled Meat
	Tripe With Whole Milk		

BAKER FOOD PRODUCTS COMPANY, Chicago



IN a quiet street of a large and busy city, there is a fascinating front door which, when evening comes and the vestibule lantern is alight, invites the passer-by to linger in the broad beams cast through the wrought iron doors onto the gray pavement. Through the two pairs of double doors, long-paned, that confine the vestibule, the length of the beautiful inner hallway is open to the gaze, as it stretches hospitably to the winding stair at its end. One is glad the evening beckoned into this quiet street, and one determines to walk this way again.

The house is neither pretentious nor over-large, and was once quite like its neighbors, which boast no visible and gleaming hallways, but lurk behind dark doors, double-locked and barred. Following the happy custom of the times when remodeling works miracles, a charming house was here developed out of one quite usually uninteresting, and from lighted doors and windows sends its nightly message of cheer into a workaday world.

Quite narrow is this hallway, with ivory walls suggestive of the clearness of alabaster, and lofty ceilings similarly toned. On the floor of the hall, and on the stairs, there is a rich red carpet of perfect plainness, and the single piece of furniture is the French console table placed under a huge French mirror, small-paned, hung on the long wall running from the vestibule to the stair. All the woodwork in the hall is ivory, with the exception of the mahogany stair-rail; and in addition to the lantern in the vestibule, there are two candle sconces softly glowing on either side of the mirror on the wall. Of a truth this hall nods, and beckons, and smiles on the quiet street.

And it is difficult to believe that its perfection has been developed on this planet with its network of prosaic little halls; dark, dingy halls; halls with hat-racks and umbrella stands and coats, with newel posts and pictures ascending and descending on the stair wall! Halls their owners go through many times a day, crowding past big unsentimental pieces still kept there because there is nowhere else for them to be put; halls too barren, aching with the need of one well-chosen thing; halls papered improperly, perhaps green below, ecru above, neatly divided by a band of gilt; uninterpretable, uninviting, inhospitable halls, the only way through which we go forth, uninspired, to battle in the world, the only pathway home.

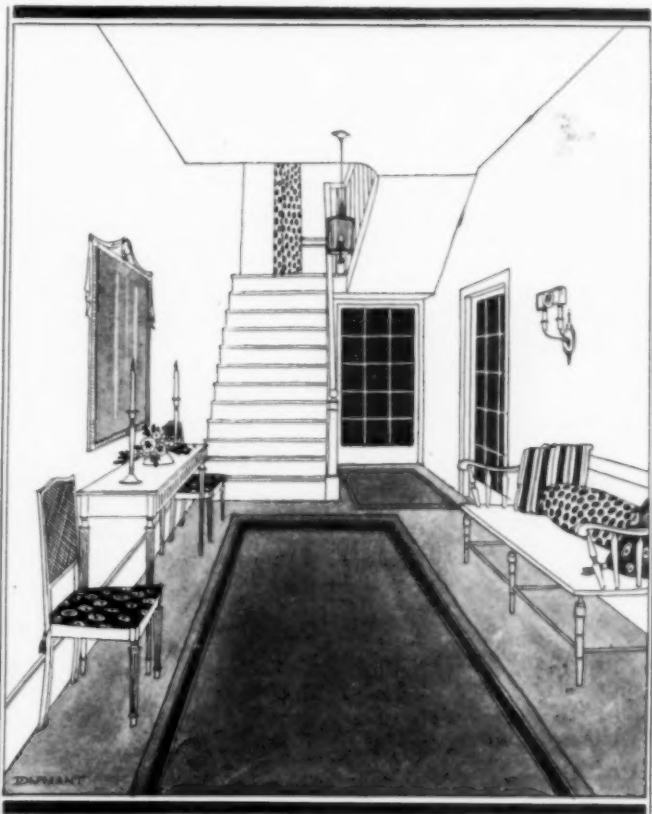
Of all the parts of the house to be developed, the hall is the most perplexing, and not, by any means, the least important. For, walking through a cheerless, uninviting hall to the cosiest living-room imaginable, the keen edge will be removed from the liveliest appreciation. And walking through the same hallway in departure will cause many to wonder if that living-room, with its cosily glowing log fire, could have been so very attractive after all. Coming and going, the impression of a home lies in its front hall!

BUT, when once convinced of the importance of the correct furnishing of the hall, it is easy to overdo the matter, either achieving a perpetual "Going-to-Jerusalem" procession of furniture, helped not at all by the fact that each piece is in itself well chosen; or in the little intimate touches one should use nowhere but in a personal or living-room, books, pictures, lounging chairs, with their tacit invitation to stop for a pleasant chat. These things are unsuited to the hall, which is a formal link between the intimate portions of the house and the street, and it can only fill its requirements when it truly achieves a spacious dignity and a formal beauty, neither of which depends on size or cost, but rather on well-chosen and isolated objects.

There are many types of hallways, but in each one practically

What to Do with the Difficult Hall

By Ethel Davis Seal

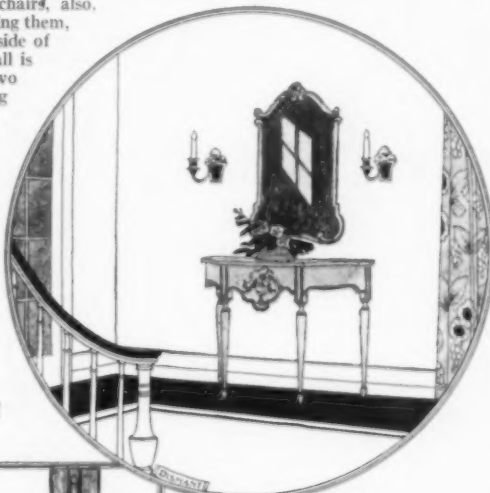


It's a long, long hall that cannot be attractively broken with a few chairs, a table and a mirror

the same general pieces of furniture can be used, varied only in their proportions, style, and placing, according to the need of the individual hall. There should always be a table that can be pushed up against the wall; or its equivalent, which can be found in the chest, lowboy or hunting bench, since any one of these has a flat, usable top, for there should always be a place to set the card tray, and to provide the welcome of candles and flowers. Formal chairs, also, are required in the hallway, placing them, if possible, attractively on each side of the table. If the space in the hall is not sufficient to provide for two chairs, one may be used, setting it at any point where it achieves the proper decorative balance. In this enlightened day there will be surely no objection to eliminating all provision for the accommodation of wearing apparel. The bedroom is the proper keeping place for such articles, unless one chooses to consider the possibility of the closet under the stairs. And the last important item in the hall group is the wall mirror, since it has the threefold desirability of providing a pleasantly formal note of

to the stair, was a huge semi-Victorian mirror; below was a marble-topped settee.

The small reception hall, opening directly from the vestibule, or from the tiny stretch of narrow hall between it and the front door, is difficult to handle because, though small, it is disconcertingly like a real room. But the temptation to treat it as such should be discouraged; the same console



Painted furniture and colorful cretonnes combine with this happy result



After the manner of the French this hall speaks charm and hospitality

beauty, an additional supply of light, and the possibility of having a last satisfying glimpse as one walks forth into the world.

The long and narrow hallway, out of which straight and narrow stairs ascend quickly, plainly glad to leave the average hall behind, can be made a truly beautiful hallway if well treated. Very narrow furniture can be procured, a long table measuring scarcely more than a foot in width, shallow-seated wall chairs, or a long and narrow settee. Mirrors do but add to the apparent width and brightness of a narrow hallway, so, a wall mirror placed above the table, and French room-doors supplied with mirrored panes, increase the effect of spaciousness. The table, with its over mirror, may be given one of two places; between the door and the stairway, if there is a sufficiently long space, or along the wall running parallel with the stair, farther back in the hallway. This matter will be governed by actual proportions.

A hall of this long type, most satisfactorily handled, provided a space for a long table back by the side of the staircase; a tall lamp with a dull rose silk shade was set on the table and, against a softly toned blue and green wall tapestry, provided a happily effective color note. On the opposite wall, in the front of the hall, running from the door, with its fanlight above,



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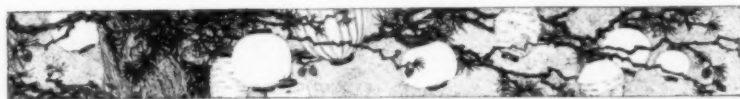
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A world-famed Italian recipe perfected by our experts in this scientific way. This is the supreme Spaghetti.



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Made with blended peanuts with every skin, every bitter germ removed. A new-style peanut dainty.



What About Teacher's Pay Envelope?

[Continued from page 21]

a day in his little shop, but he works calmly, leisurely, and is expert enough to talk as he works. He has real joy in it. The delight of planning, the excitement of success, the pride of the finished product, all combine to make his long hours fly. Dr. Hall also cites the case of a girl in the same town, who recently went to work in a great shoe factory. She worked at a machine in a crowded noisy room, fewer hours than the old shoemaker, and for more money than he had ever earned; but at the end of the year she was down with a severe case of nervous exhaustion. She had had no joy in her work.

Love of their work is especially characteristic of what we call the "professional classes," because it is peculiarly their privilege to create, to develop, to save. Teaching has always been classed as a "profession," and yet a "fan" in the teaching world is a rare sight. The question naturally arises, "Why is this? If the doctor is eager and enthusiastic to save little Johnny from the measles, why isn't the teacher equally eager and enthusiastic to rescue him from ignorance?"

The answer is that teaching is really not a profession. Lawyers, architects, artists—nearly all professional workers can control the hours and conditions under which they work, the amount of their fees, and the direction their work shall take. Teachers have almost no control over these conditions. The acid test of professionalism is freedom in one's work, and that is just what the teacher lacks. There is always one little rule which, though variously worded, is substantially this: There must be no discussion in the schools of controversial subjects. That is the rule which removes the teacher from the professional class. It is not that the teacher is forbidden to teach a partisan viewpoint on controversial subjects—the wisdom of such a rule as that would be beyond dispute. But she is forbidden to touch on questions which have two sides.

This limits her work to the instruction of pupils in dead facts, without relating them to living problems.

An instance of the practical working of this rule, which has recently gained nationwide publicity, was the case of Miss W—, a high-school teacher in Washington, who was suspended, without pay, for a week because she answered certain questions of her pupils on current topics. After her suspension, teachers of English in the Washington schools were verbally warned that they must not "touch on" the proposed League of Nations in their current topics class.

At the informal conference, which was the only hearing granted Miss W—, two serious charges were brought against her. She had taught that a dog might have a soul. This charge was based on the fact that she had assigned her English class Matthew Arnold's poem on the death of one of his dogs, as a lesson. The second charge was that she had said, "Conscience is the final guide." Shades of our Puritan ancestors! One objection brought against this good old doctrine of the Mayflower was that it might teach children to approach new and untried ideas with an open mind.

The Washington Board of Education, which has successfully protected its charges from the dangers of following their consciences, reading about the League of Nations and studying Matthew Arnold's poems, is much like other boards of education. Its membership includes no representative of the teaching force. Bank officials, presidents of street-car lines and men of similar position compose the board which is appointed by the district supreme court, as Washington has not a Mayor and is not under the jurisdiction of any state officials. But the results are quite the same as those in other cities where the board is appointed politically.

A general demand is growing in the country for democratic and representative boards of education. One practical plan put forward calls for the division of each board of education into two bodies; one to be composed of representatives of the teaching force, chosen by the teachers themselves;

the other to be composed of representatives of the citizens of the community, elected by those citizens. Any question of a community's educational policy would then have to pass both these divisions of the board, just as a question of political policy has to pass both houses of a legislature. The teacher's point of view and that of the parents would both be expressed, and in case of a difference of opinion, compromise would have to be evolved. The adoption of this plan or of some similar plan would make our educational system really democratic.

As Mr. Charles B. Stillman, President of the American Federation of Teachers, puts it: "It is useless to fight for democracy, it is useless to legislate for democracy, unless you also educate for democracy." He believes that we can turn our schools into factories of democracy just as Germany turned her schools into factories of imperialism and militarism. But the first step necessary to accomplish this, is to put the schools themselves on a democratic basis, to give the teachers and the parents of the school-children a voice in the formation of educational policies.

During the past few years, a very highly organized movement has grown up among the teachers, with two objects—to help themselves, and to improve the educational system. This organization is the American Federation of Teachers, which is affiliated with the American Federation of Labor. Teacher has joined the union! She has laid aside her professionalism and doubtless has packed it away with the lavender of "might have been."

A recent Bulletin of the National Education Association comments on the remarkable rapidity with which unionization of teachers is proceeding, especially in the smaller towns and rural communities, where its growth was expected to be slow.

Here are some of the demands of the American Federation of Teachers:

Better salaries.

Secure tenure of positions during efficiency.

Smaller classes, permitting greater personal attention for each child.

Abandonment of the effort to skim over a great variety of subjects under the guidance of a teacher who is equipped to teach only a fraction of them.

Development of vocational education in both urban and rural communities.

The vigorous and effective teaching of the privileges and obligations of intelligent citizenship.

The teaching of unemasculated history.

The establishment of a Federal Department of Education which will establish a genuinely national educational system.

Teachers are not only asking for better salaries and better working conditions for themselves, they are also asking for the opportunity to make their work a real and vital service to the community.

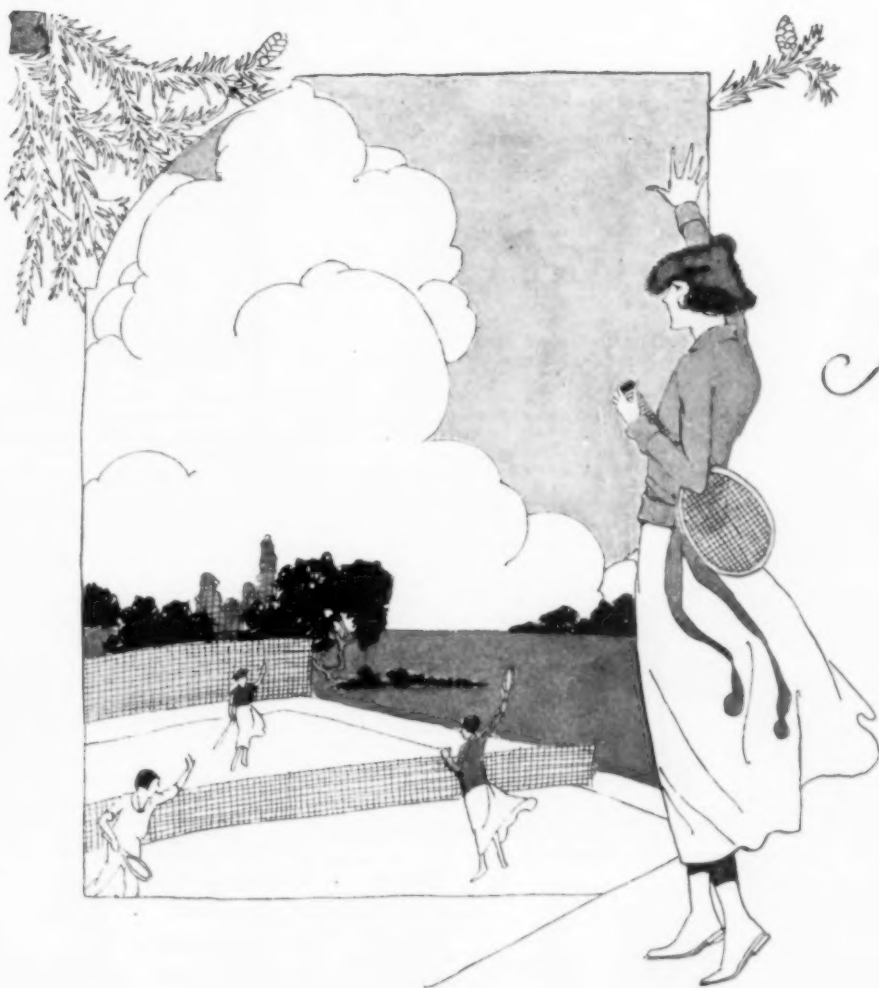
An amusing story is told of a little boy who had the small boy's habit of asking "Why?" His father became so irritated at the persistent questions of his offspring that he finally bought him a book containing ten thousand questions and answers. The next evening, little Eddie was ready with a new "Why?"

"For the love o' Mike, why don't you read the book I got you?" growled his father. "I did," said Eddie, "but, father, I just don't want to know any of those questions!" Most parents do not purchase books of ten thousand questions and answers for their children. But they expect the school-teacher to be a human edition of such a book.

The teacher now asks to be something a great deal better. Instead of cramming the child's mind with thousands of facts, she wants to teach him how to use facts. She wants first of all to give him a vocational education—to teach him to earn his living, and then to teach him the art and habit of thinking.

Better salaries, better working conditions, better education, better teachers, better children, better America. They are all related.

AMONG the booklets prepared by the McCall Service Department are two on beauty. Combined, they give everything the well-groomed woman can want to know about the care of her skin, hair, teeth, eyes and figure. Every question you have ever asked on any of these points has been answered by the McCall expert. The price of each booklet is ten cents. Send your order for either or both to the Beauty Department, McCall's Magazine, 236-250 West 37th St., New York City.



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Don't Feed the Animals—Crocheted!



Pretty Poll

TOY-making, most fascinating work, brings its own reward in the affection that the little ones lavish on the home-made toys. It is also a money-making proposition as there is always a ready sale for cleverly made toys in the holiday season. The lively animals pictured are easily copied after a bit of experimenting in the molding of the bodies, as the crocheting itself is extremely simple. When soiled the animals can be dipped in warm soap suds, and shaken until clean.

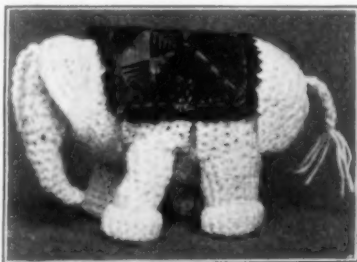
Abbreviations used: Chain, ch; stitch, st; single crochet, s c; slip stitch, sl st. Germantown wool and a No. 6 or 7 bone crochet hook is used.

To make Pretty Poll requires 1/2 oz. bright green Germantown, and a few strands of bright red, yellow and blue.

To mold body, start with a roll of stiff paper about 10 inches long. Around this wrap cotton batting until body measures 8 inches around at widest part, 6 inches around neck, and 7 inches under bill. Cover with a bit of black material.

Starting at top of head, ch 3, join, 6 s c into ch. Work 3 rows, increasing every other st. Work 6 rows plain, then decrease every other st for neck. This makes about 16 sts around neck. Work 4 rows, increasing 1 st each row, then 8 rows plain, then 10 rows, decreasing 1 st each row. Put on model and join with a worsted needle. Eye—Crochet a circle in yellow for each eye, and sew a black bead in center. Now make a beak by doubling a bit of black leather or oilcloth, and sew on. Wings and tail are made by knotting in the colored strands as follows: Take a strand of red wool 8 inches long, double this, push the doubled end through a st, put the 2 ends through the loop or doubled end and pull into a knot.

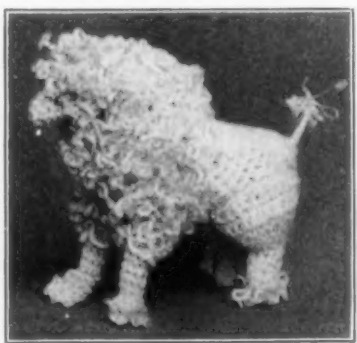
Lady Blanche the Elephant requires 3 ounces white Germantown. To mold body roll up a piece of cardboard 8 1/2 inches long. Wrap this with cotton batting until body measures 11 1/2 inches around neck and 15 inches around between legs. Make front legs, starting with rolls of cardboard 4 1/2 inches long, back legs 3 1/2 inches long. Wrap with cotton until front legs are 5 and back legs 6 1/2 inches around. Sew these to body. Starting at tip of trunk, ch 3, join in ring, 5 s c in ring. Make 10 rows, adding 1 st each row. Now leave 3 sts and work back and forth on the rest for



Lady Blanche the Elephant



Tom the Black Cat



Fifi the White Poodle

11 rows. For top of head decrease in next 3 rows until there is but 1 st left. Pick up sts all around head, decreasing 1 st under trunk. There should be about 28 sts. Work 7 rows, increasing 2 sts each row. Fold in half, having top of head come on fold. Put safety-pin on lower fold in line with trunk. Leave 4 sts on either side of pin. Fasten thread in 5th st, ch 4, skip 4 sts, s c into next st (this forms hole for one leg), continue with s c around and make another hole on opposite side for other front leg. Make next row, working into the chains. Work 2 rows plain, then 6 rows, increasing 1 st each row. Now make holes for back legs just like front legs. Work 6 rows plain. Slip this over model and work 2 sts together until cover is closed. Tail—Ch 8, turn, s c to end of row. Attach fringe to end of tail.

Front legs—Ch 3, join, 6 s c into ring. Next row, 12 s c over 6 s c. Work 12 rows plain. Attach to body. Back legs—Ch 3, join, 7 s c in ring. Next row, 14 s c over 7 s c. Work 9 rows plain. Feet—Ch 20,

join, work 3 rows of s c. Sew to end of legs. Ears—Ch 18, turn, 1 sl st, s c to end, turn, 1 sl st, continue for 6 rows, always beginning with a sl st. Sew in position. Sew on 2 beads or shoe buttons for eyes. Take a st in end of trunk to make it curl. Cut a bit of red material 5 1/2 x 8 inches for the trappings. Ornament with fancy sts or beads.

Tom the Black Cat requires two hanks black Germantown. His height is about 11 ins. Size around body above legs, 12 ins.; length of paw, 4 1/2 ins.; tail, 8 1/2 ins. Start by molding head. Roll a bit of newspaper in the palm of your hand. Around this, roll cotton batting until it measures about 9 ins. around. For the body start with a little roll of stiff paper about 5 ins. high, wrap the cotton around this, enlarging around lower part. Join head and body by wrapping with cotton, and cover with a piece of black material. Start crocheting at nose, ch 3, join in ring, 6 s c in ring. Work around and around for 8 rows, increasing every other st. Make 8 rows more, decreasing every other st, 8 rows more, increasing every other st, then 14 rows without increasing. Slip this over body. For the foundation ch 3, join in ring, 6 s c

[Con. on page 30]



Ladybird the Cockatoo

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References: Dan's or Brodstreet's; Mercantile National Bank; Union Trust Co., Pittsburgh.

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NOT just a new arrangement of tucks and gathers, but the world-old fascination of color and fabric. That is the secret of all Irene Castle's gowns—each one more lovely than the last.

And it can be your secret, too. Choose the fabric and the color that become you. Translate them into the mode that fits you. And you will have something more than just a garment to wear. You will have a gown that actually speaks your personality. This is the conception of woman's dress in which every Corticelli Dress Silk is created.

Every Corticelli Silk is produced with the coming vogue in mind. Every new color is a prophecy of some charming style that will be conceived.

There are poplins quite perfect for the plaited tailored styles, lovely soft taffetas for afternoon and street frocks, and rich, lustrous satins for evening. If your favorite store should be unable to show you the particular color or weave you want, please write us.

You know how difficult it sometimes is to get that exaggerated fullness through the hips and yet keep a becomingly narrow silhouette. Irene Castle found that it all arranged itself in simply with the pliable Corticelli Taffeta. The skirt pokes out in strictly perky fashion at the side, but see!—in a moment it wraps itself calmly and slimly around the ankles.



Only a soft, mellow taffeta could possibly combine with lace. But this worked perfectly—two frills of the softest cream lace fall gracefully from a buckle effect made completely of tiny violet silk roses. Just the proper balance for the fullness on the right.

Don't you like the sleeves the best of all? They're so absurdly puffed out with pride and fine lace. But notice how smoothly the supple taffeta fits over the forearm and how daintily it flares at the elbow.



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Mailed on request. Showing the fascinating new models originated by Irene Castle in Corticelli Satins and Taffetas—for the street, for the afternoon dance and for evening. Address Corticelli Silk Mills, 309 Nonotuck Street, Florence, Mass. No Canadian orders accepted.

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"Six yards, please," you say gaily. Do you know the care it took to make it? 8000 separate threads of silk to make the piece it was cut from.

Each single thread a third of a mile long—

And so tiny you could scarcely see it.

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Although it is less than four feet long it can do every kind of cooking for any ordinary family by gas in warm weather, or by coal or wood when the kitchen needs heating.

The Coal section and the Gas section are just as separate as though you had two ranges in your kitchen.

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The large oven below has the Indicator and is heated by coal or wood.

See the cooking surface when you want to rush things—five burners for gas and four covers for coal.

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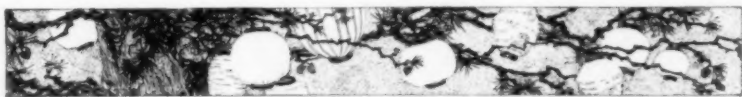
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The Nest-Egg

[Continued from page 14]

need me. There are all kinds of things to be attended to—telephone calls—and the children—and flowers coming—

"Yes, of course," Phoebe admitted this with an air of detachment. "I'm so glad that you can do it, and you won't let anybody come up to see me, Tug?"

"No. I promise you that." He closed the door softly.

"When I think," Phoebe went on in bitter reminiscence, "that for so many years, I worried for fear something would happen to Bertha-Elizabeth. She was always such a frail-looking little girl. But it never occurred to me that anything would happen to Phoebe-Girl. She's always been so well—Mother do you mean to tell me there's any meaning in it?"

"Yes, Phoebe, I believe there is. I don't know what it is though."

"I guess nobody knows what it is," Phoebe said. "I'd like to see anybody have the impudence to try to explain it to me."

"Phoebe, dear," her mother pleaded, "don't you think you'd better get up? It will help you if you occupy yourself."

"No, I shall stay here—until—until—"

There came a third knock on the door.

"Come!" Phoebe called metallically.

Bertha-Elizabeth entered. Her little face showed no signs of weeping, but she was as white as the middy-blouse she wore; and her eyes looked bigger and darker than usual. "Mother, dear," she said. "Cousin Lora has just come. She would like to arrange the flowers, if you want her to. I thought I would ask you what you wanted. But I would much prefer to do it, myself, if you'd trust me enough. Please, mother!"

Phoebe did not answer, but there was a faint light, as of inquiry, in her face. Bertha-Elizabeth went on: "The garden is full of red roses—and Phoebe-Girl loved them best. You know, mother, she always loved red flowers—and hair-ribbons—and belts and tams—everything red. Mother, you remember how she *always* insisted on having a Red-Riding-Hood cape?"

Phoebe made no reply, but gazed with growing intentness at Bertha-Elizabeth.

"We've been picking the red roses all the morning—Tug and Edward and Cely and the twins—And now, Micah and Marian-Elizabeth are pulling off all the thorns. I thought, mother, if you didn't mind, Daisy and Cely and I'd make a little bed of red roses for Phoebe-Girl to lie on—and we'd put roses in her hands and her hair—and all about the room—I thought we'd cover her grave with all the flowers people are sending—But I know she'd like the red roses close to her—they're so warm—and she loved them so—And, mother, do you mind—if I wrap her first in her little Red-Riding-Hood cape?"

Phoebe's eyes never wavered from her daughter's face.

"And, mother—Toland and Tom Connors and the twins want to carry Phoebe-Girl so we can all be together again. We don't want anybody else but us to do it. Can we, mother? Oh, mother, mother!"

For Phoebe had leaped from the bed, and caught Bertha-Elizabeth in her eager mother-arms! "Oh my darling little daughter! What would I do without you! What would I do! Yes, we will do everything ourselves; we'll make a great, wonderful, warm red coverlet of roses for Phoebe-Girl. Will you let mother help?"

"Oh mother!"

They were weeping in each other's arms.

WELL, of course mother," Phoebe was saying, "I've not gotten over it yet." (It was late in October and the Warburton family had come back from a summer outing in Maine.) "But," she continued, "it isn't such a bitter, tearing pain now. And then of course now there's my hope—my great, great hope—"

"I'm going to have this room all done over. Pink and blue this time. I've always had yellow, but with this baby—Oh, I look back to that very day, last June, when you and I were talking on the piazza—and I said to you that five children were enough. But I've learned better now. No number of children is enough—with Death always camping on the trail."

"But I don't suppose I shall ever look forward to any other one as I'm looking forward to this one," Phoebe admitted. "I'm sure she'll fill Phoebe-Girl's place." Phoebe stopped and looked at her mother, but Mrs. Martin said nothing.

"Of course, I'm hoping and praying that she'll be the image of Phoebe-Girl. I remember just exactly what Phoebe-Girl looked like when she was born. She was the most beautiful baby I've ever seen."

"Oh, if only, this time, the nurse would put another baby into my arms just like that—black-haired, black-eyed—white skin—dimples—Then I shall feel as though Phoebe-Girl were back. I shall not mourn her any more."

She stopped; but her silence held a question. Mrs. Martin did not answer.

YES, Tug darling," Phoebe said. "Let the children come right up."

She lay in the middle of her big bed. Her hair, flowing into two rippling braids, gave her a look of belated girlhood. Against the delicate coloring of her chiffon bed-jacket shone two white spots; Phoebe's face pale, a little sharp; and another face, tiny, perceptibly blonde, that lay sleeping at her breast. Presently, tiptoeing footsteps came stealing upstairs; drew nearer along the hall; the door opened gently.

"Come here, my darlings, and see your new little sister," Phoebe called. "I'll let you kiss her when she wakes up."

They filed over to her side, lined up at the bedside; solemnly surveyed the little egg-shaped head with its pale down of hair.

"Oh, mother, what a darling!" exclaimed Bertha-Elizabeth. "Oh, nurse, when she wakes up, can I hold her in my arms?"

"Yes," the nurse assented.

"What's her name, mother?" Toland asked. "You know you wouldn't tell us what you were going to call her."

"Yes, that was a secret," Phoebe admitted, "because if it had been a boy—But I knew it would be a girl. Her name is Hope. She's mother's hope, you see? What do you think of her, boys?"

"I think she's great," Toland said after a period of careful deliberation.

Phoebe smiled with her old-time spirit.

"And you, Edward?"

Edward palpably struggled with his conscience. "I guess she's all right; but I *did* think she'd be bigger and of course I did want a brother," he said in a disappointed tone. "I would like twin brothers—like Edward and Gordon."

Phoebe laughed outright this time. "Aside from that, she's all right," she summed it up for him. "What do you think, Micah?"

"I thought she'd be ready to go right out and play."

Then the baby waked up; and tiptoeing, the children departed.

Presently the door opened softly; Mrs. Martin entered.

"Well, Phoebe dear, how do you feel?"

"Perfectly great!" Phoebe said with something of her old italicizing forthrightness. "Of course she doesn't look the least bit like Phoebe-Girl—I found out something, the instant they brought her to me. Although she made her own place in my heart at once, she can't—and nobody can—fill Phoebe-Girl's place."

"I understand, Phoebe. I do understand—oh so well. I could have told you and I wanted to; but, somehow, I couldn't. When you spoke of a new baby filling Phoebe-Girl's place, I knew better. When you were born, I thought you were going to fill little Albert's place. But you didn't. You couldn't. That place is vacant in my heart still. Only now, there's something sweet and lovely about it."

"I don't believe I shall ever feel that way," Phoebe sighed thoughtfully.

"Yes, you will. It will come in time. And this is the way it will happen. Your other children keep changing all the time. You hardly get to know them at one stage before they are in another. And oh, how it hurts to see them growing up and passing beyond your influence, almost out of your life. I remember when it first dawned on me that I never was going to see you as a little girl again, or Ernest as a little boy. How my heart ached! That period is so sweet when you are their entire world, and their happiness springs from you. It's scarcely here before it's gone forever. And, Phoebe, you never can get it back. It's as though each child was a series of children—and as fast as each new phase appears, the last one dies. My little Albert died. And he stayed in my memory as he was. He never grew into another child. You and Ernest came, and oh, how I loved you! Yet every year, every month—every minute you might say—you changed into other children. But Albert was dead. He stayed as he was. I feel as though I'd kept him all those years. I don't think of Albert now as a sorrow or a tragedy. He's a little nest-egg of happiness, saved up somewhere in the universe for me. And some time, I know I'm going to find that happiness and enjoy it, as I never could enjoy it in this life."

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Still 5 Cents Per 1000 Calories

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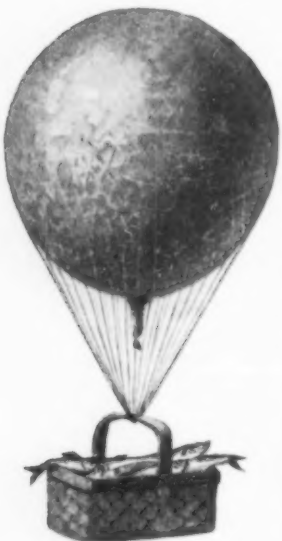
That is one-tenth what meat costs—one-tenth what fish costs—on the average.

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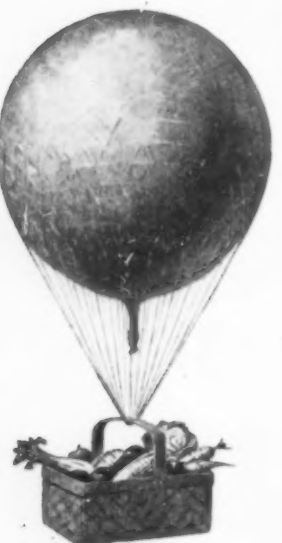
Make Quaker Oats your breakfast. Use this low cost to average up your food cost.



Meats Average 50c
Per 1000 Calories



Fish Averages 60c
Per 1000 Calories



Vegetables Average 50c
Per 1000 Calories



Two Dishes—One Cent

Two big dishes of Quaker Oats for one cent. Why, a bite of meat costs that.

Then think what a food this is. The oat is the greatest food that grows. It is almost the ideal food—nearly a complete food.

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TO COVER A COLD PUDDING with brown frosting after it is prepared in a dish for the table, run cold water over a plate that is about the exact size of the surface of the pudding, then pour on this plate, the stiffly beaten and sweetened white of an egg. Put in the oven until sufficiently brown. When taken from the oven, run a knife around the edge of the plate under the frosting, and it will slide smoothly off on to the pudding.—M. R., St. Johnsbury, Vermont.

WE KEEP A DENIM BAG, of the type that paper-boys use for delivery, hanging on the inside of the cloak closet door. When we are done with a magazine, it is placed in the bag, and when the bag is full, my little boy takes it to the hospital, leaves the magazines and returns the bag to be filled the next month. In this way the magazines are not torn nor mislaid, and there is much more satisfaction in this disposal of them than selling them for waste-paper.—E. L. R., Boone, Iowa.

WHEN CLEANING OR REPAINTING WOODWORK in a room, it is difficult to avoid marring the wall paper. Often ugly stains are made at the side of the molding, or above the base, and these cannot be easily removed. To protect the paper, there is nothing better than a flat dustpan which, by means of its handle, can be held in position and moved about as required. This protects the paper perfectly, and it is possible, by its use, to clean, paint or varnish the whole of the woodwork in a room without marking the paper in any way.—S. L. B., Bournemouth, England.

IF THE CORKSCREW IS LOST, here are two ways to make a substitute: Take a plain household screw, and to it attach a string strong enough to pull the cork out; or stick two forks vertically into the cork on each side (not too near the edge), run a knife blade through and twist the forks.—Mrs. A. J. B., Detroit, Michigan.

AN ECONOMICAL NEST EGG (which will neither freeze nor decay) can be made from any egg shell if when breaking an egg in ordinary use, it is opened at one end, the contents taken out and the shell filled with salt. Paste a white piece of cloth over the opening, which should be as small as possible.—Mrs. A. L. K., Columbia, Tennessee.

PEARL BUTTONS FROM DISCARDED SHOES make most effective buttons for negligee shirtwaists or for children's clothes. On the fly of the garment buttonhole tiny openings. Secure shanks of shoe buttons in holes by means of wire fasteners obtainable at any dry goods store. In this way the buttons may be removed when the garment is washed. These buttons are strong and give a pretty and most novel finish at no expense.—E. F. C., Los Angeles, California.

YOUR GINGER-COOKY RECIPE can be varied delightfully by substituting light-brown sugar for the molasses. Use the same quantity, but moisten the sugar a little—about three tablespoonfuls of water to one cupful of sugar.—G. S., Washington, Georgia.

Editor's Note.—We want your best suggestions for saving time, money, and strength in housework of all kinds. We will pay one dollar for each available contribution. Ideas not original with the sender cannot be accepted. Unaccepted manuscripts will be returned if an addressed, stamped envelope is enclosed. Address Housekeeping Exchange, McCall's Magazine, 236-250 West 37th Street, New York City.

DIRECTIONS FOR CROCHETED ANIMALS.—[Continued from page 26]

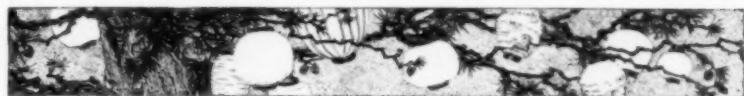
in ring. Work around and around, increasing every other st until the circle is 4 inches in diameter. Overhand to end of cat. Front paws—3 ch, join in ring, 6 s c in ring, increase 2nd row to 10 sts. Make 15 rows plain. Stuff and sew on like model. Tail—3 ch, join, 4 s c in ring, work around, increasing about 3 sts when half way up the tail. Stuff, putting very little in tip of tail. Sew in position and twist toward the front. Ears—4 ch, turn, 1 s c, 1 h d (to make the h d or half double: loop on hook, thread over, hook in work, draw through 1 loop, thread over, draw through 3 loops), 1 d c. Sew in position. Make a couple of white cotton sts for nose, a bit of red flannel for tongue, add a few hairs from a dust brush for whiskers, and 2 beads for eyes.

For the White Poodle requires 1½ ozs. white Germantown. For the curly hair first crochet about half an oz. of the wool. Start with 10 ch, s c back and forth, working very tight. Dip this in water and allow to dry, or put under a hot iron, or else in oven for a minute or two. After a couple of days ravel the wool.

Starting at nose, ch 3, join, 6 s c in ring, 3 rows of 6 s c. Next row, 4 s c, turn, work to and fro on these 4 s c for 6 rows, increasing 1 st in center of 3rd row, turn. This is top of head.

Decrease every other st, on these stitches, then pick up all around, decreasing 1 st under neck. This makes about 12 or 13 sts all around. Make 8 rows, increasing 1 st in center of each row, then 4 rows, increasing 2 sts in each row. This brings about 30 sts around body. Fold in half with center of head on fold. Put a safety-pin in last row right under chin. Leave 2 sts on either side of pin, fasten thread, ch 3, skip 3 sts, s c into next st (this forms a hole for one leg). Continue with s c around and make another hole on opposite side for other front leg. Make next row, working into the chains. Make five rows more. Now make holes for back legs. Work 7 rows more to end of animal, decreasing each row until but 1 st is left. Slip on the model before opening gets too small. Front legs—starting at foot, ch 3, join in ring, 6 s c in ring, 16 rows of s c. Draw over leg and fasten to hole. Back legs—ch 3, join, 6 s c in ring, 6 rows of 6 s c, then increase every other st for 9 rows. Slip on back leg, stuff out a bit and sew in place. This fits well up on the back. Take raveled wool, twist around and around loosely, and tack in place like illustration. Tail—ch 10. Tie a bit of the curly wool on end.

Ladybird the Cockatoo is made like Pretty Poll, using white in place of green, and pink for feathers; but the head should be made rather narrow or flat, while that of Pretty Poll is round.



'Tis the Way of Women

(Continued from page 20)

high, marble-floored, velvet-hung corridor—at sound of our voices. He whistled as he saw Tom, but his eyes lighted as the boy rushed to him. He listened to my mother's messages courteously, watching her narrowly the while. He thanked her for them as if they had been casual greetings. "I shall respect Mrs. Jaffrey's wish for solitude," he said in a voice that rang out like steel on steel. As I looked back from outside the door I saw that he had put his arm around Tom's shoulder. I began to cry. "What's the trouble?" my mother asked me.

"He'll forget her," I sobbed.

"No," she said, "men don't forget women like Margaret Jaffrey."

"I mean Tom," I said.

"Oh," she said, "I was thinking of his father." She held my hand as we went down the street in the deepened twilight. A single star was glowing in the east. "Thank God," she said, "for stars, and moon, and sun, and God. They are all that endure."

"Not—love?"

"Not the little loves, my dear one. Only the great love."

We went into the house, and she lighted the lamps.

AFTER that Tom Jaffrey wove the thread of the Jaffrey destinies into the fabric of our lives. I reasoned that it was his wish to talk of his mother that drew him day after day to our house, but I believe now that it was his need of such mothering as my mother could give him. He was running wild in those days. Clement Jaffrey, knowing that he held him by freedom and gifts, lavished them both upon him. Old Joanna was forever complaining of the boy's wildness and extravagance. "To think of him spending on one party enough to keep her for a year," she would moan.

"She sent him back," my mother would say. "I would be better for him if she hadn't."

"That is for her to say."

Old Joanna would click her teeth ominously and go off muttering Irish. She was doing her best to hold Tom in check, but his father's encouragement was all he needed for excuse for his wildness. He was in trouble always. He was expelled from school after school. Only my mother held faith in him, and that because he was his mother's child and Margaret had trusted her. "Tom will come out all right," she would tell Joanna.

"Then the day of miracles is not past."

"Why should it be?"

"Little of faith you'd have in men, too, if you worked in that house."

The house, holding only Clement Jaffrey, Tom and the servants, had become after Margaret's departure as casual an abiding place for its master as a transient hotel. Suddenly, however, it burst into the bloom of a wild gaiety. June had come and brought again bright pink oleanders to the bushes that bordered the walk. It brought also the Washington Park races and a new, wilder crowd to a house-party that Jaffrey was giving. Night after night we could hear the revelry that floated out through the French windows of the dining-room. Day after day Tom had some story to tell of his father's parties. He was enjoying them less vicariously than Joanna thought he should. "'Tis the ruination of him," she would mutter. "The men are bad enough, but those hussies with their airs and graces, and 'dears' and 'darlings' are worse. Bad cess to them all!"

One of them, a golden-haired, pink-cheeked, loud-laughing woman, petted and cajoled Tom so flagrantly that Joanna must have guessed long in advance of its happenings the news she finally brought to my mother. "Clement Jaffrey's going to marry that one," she announced, "and 'tis myself who'll tell Margaret Jaffrey what will happen."

"But he isn't divorced."

"He will be. He's going to start action next week. She's planning already how she's going to fix over the house. A bold, brazen woman she is, not fit to—"

"Joanna!"

"I'll say it to herself," she threatened, "if I'm out on the street the next moment."

My mother's wiser counsels must have prevailed with her however, as for a few days there came no upheaval in the big house. Tom, I think, suspected his father's intention, for he seemed moody when he came to us and missed his weekly visit to his mother deliberately, fearing, I think, lest he tell her his suspicions. He took to loitering around our house. That was how he came to be with me on the dark veranda

on the night when his mother came for the second time. That was why, I believe, he kept strangely quiet as she came up the stairs and waited outside the screen-door until my mother answered her summons. "Hush," he warned me as I arose to leave him, and pulled me back to the chair.

I knew from the tone of my mother's voice that she was surprised at the other woman's coming. They came into the living-room back of us and I, who had no scruples at eavesdropping of my own, felt that Tom should not remain; but he left me no choice as he clutched my wrist, and I subsided into breathless silence as the voices lifted to our hearing.

"I must see him," Margaret Jaffrey was saying, "and I could not let him see where I have been. I cannot go to his house, and so I sent him a message to meet me here. You don't mind, do you? Oh, I won't do anything rash, but I must know what he plans to do with Tom."

"When is he coming?"

"It is nearly time."

As she spoke I could hear the approach of steady, hurried footsteps that I felt sure would be Clement Jaffrey's. "He's coming now," Tom whispered. In another moment his father had turned in toward our door.

There was a moment of silence after my mother had let him in. Then I heard his voice. "Well, Margaret?" The tone was gentler than I had thought could come from him. "You sent for me. What is it?"

I had not heard my mother go but I knew, even before Mrs. Jaffrey spoke, that they were alone. Her voice was hurried and husky. "I heard that you are going to divorce me, and marry again."

"It was to be expected, wasn't it?"

"That you would marry again—yes; but not that you would marry a woman like Rena Dollard."

"Well?" His drawl trailed insult.

"You know what she is, Clem, as well as I do. She's not the sort of woman to be even a stepmother to Tom."

"What do you want?"

"I want Tom, and money enough to take care of him."

"You can't have it. You stole him from me, and you kept him away until you couldn't let him starve any longer. He's glad to be back with me."

"You know that he'd be a better man if you'd let me have him."

"He's mine, as much as yours."

"Then you won't let me have him?"

"No."

I thought that she would weep, but her voice held not tears but a queer quiet as she spoke again. "Will you send him away to a good school for boys?"

"No."

"I see," she said. "You don't want Tom's good. You only want to hurt me."

"You wanted to hurt me, didn't you, when you went away?"

"We threshed that all out, didn't we? What's the use of going over it again?" Her words seemed tremulous with a choking that might have been fear.

"You never gave me a chance to defend myself. Through all the years you had been my wife you never said one word until that last night. I'd done nothing, then, I hadn't done a score of times before."

"That was it."

"I've done nothing other men don't do."

"Why need we go over it all?"

"Why else did you bring me here?"

"Only to ask you for Tom's one chance to be the man you aren't."

"And if I refuse it?"

"I can do nothing. I have no money, no friends, no power."

"Why didn't you think of this before you went?" he demanded with ugly insistence.

"I couldn't see around the corner."

"Would you have stayed if you had known?"

"I might have."

"Do you find poverty easier than hating me?"

"I have never hated you." Her voice went low.

"Margaret," he said, and something in his tone thrilled me beyond my knowledge, "a man may make love to a hundred women, and love just one. I love you. Will you come back to me?"

"I can't, oh, I can't!" It was a cry. "I gave you everything—my youth, my dreams, my faith, myself. Don't ask me to give you my soul, too. For it's losing my soul when I go to you. For you won't change, Clem. You won't even try, and it would only be shutting my eyes to right, and justice, to everything that makes life higher than existence. I have loved you,

(Continued on page 32)

Film on Teeth

Is What Discolors—Not the Teeth

All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities



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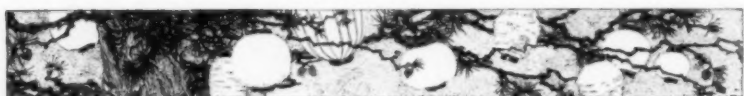
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'Tis the Way of Women

[Continued from page 31]

Clem. God help me, I love you yet. But I can't go back to you. Don't ask me!"

"But you ask me to save Tom's soul when you won't jeopardize your own."

"It's not fair to put it that way."

"Then you won't come back?"

"No."

"All right."

I could hear him moving. Suddenly Tom caught his breath. I had forgotten him but I looked at him now to see him tense with some emotion I did not understand. Then he flung past me and in the door, I heard Margaret's gasp, and Clement Jaffrey's groan as Tom spoke. "I won't let her go away," he cried. "I won't have Rena for a stepmother. I'll kill her! I won't have any woman but my mother over me, and I won't have her going back to that fearful room, and starving, and crying. Why, she'll die if I don't go to see her. You mustn't let her go!"

"I don't seem able to keep her," his father said.

"Why do you have to stay away?" he pleaded to Margaret. "Why can't things be the way they used to be? Why can't we all be together? We had a good time then. Please, mother, come back to us. I—I'll never be happy unless you do."

She was silent for so long that I arose and looked in at the window. Margaret Jaffrey was standing as if she were in a trance, gazing forward into a space that she did not see. Jaffrey, his hands in his pockets, watched her. Tom, breathless, stood between them. "For his sake," I kept saying to myself as if to force the message upon her brain; but it was not at Tom but at his father she looked.

Once, a long time afterward, I saw the look on the face of a woman who had climbed to a bridge rail to fling herself into the river. It was the same look of utter despair, of resignation to the inevitability of self-destruction that Margaret Jaffrey's face held then. I believe that she felt the waters rising above her head when she faced the man she loved, the man she had left, the man who was pulling her back from her climb to that Calvary that waits for all of us who would win redemption. She was renouncing not life, but eternity, pawning her soul for her boy's, as she spoke to her boy's father. "I'll come back," she said.

"I'll—I'll try to do better," Clement Jaffrey told her.

"And we'll all be happy," said Tom.

But there were tears in Margaret Jaffrey's eyes when she called my mother and kissed her good-by. "There's no use in a woman burning her bridges when she crosses the Rubicon," she said. "She only has to swim back, after all."

"What is a Rubicon?" I asked my mother after they had gone and I had slipped back into the living-room.

"A river of life," she said.

She came across our shabby room in the lamplight and seated herself on the arm of the old winged chair. Always, when I think of her now, I seem to see her as she looked with the aureole of light shining around her hair, her eyes luminous with tenderness and love. She bent down and took me in her arms. "Thank God," she said, "I don't have to make Margaret Jaffrey's choice. But if I did, I'd do it and more, for you, my dear. 'Tis the way of women, I fancy." The cheek that she set against mine was wet.

It is long since the night when Margaret Jaffrey came back. Down the street where we used to dwell, trolley-cars clang tocsins of a new day. Washington Park and its races and their followers are but memories. Horses and high carts are not even remembered on the avenue whose name is all the tradition it holds of men who made it famous in the city's history. Our old home is a tenement for Jews and Syrians, a crowded hive of swarthy men and women, of mystic-eyed children. The place that Courtney Fennell cursed is a Salvation Army House. War has swept the world. The old way of life is gone, not alone in outer aspect, but in heart. My mother is dead, and Margaret, and old Joanna, and with them the day before our own. Times have changed, and customs.

And yet I wonder how much they have changed, after all. I have been thinking of those times, I fancy, and of my mother and the others, because I stand today in the place where Margaret stood on that night when she first came to my mother. For I am married to Tom Jaffrey. I have a child of his and mine—and Tom Jaffrey is his father's son.

Revelations of a Woman Lobbyist

[Continued from page 7]

something he did not want to do, he had a headache.

Monday after Monday, Wednesday after Wednesday, we went from office to office, inquiring solicitously about each man's health. Was he quite well? Did he have a headache or any symptoms of internal disorders? Was his wife in good health? His children? Could any business affairs arise to take him out of town next day?

The attitude of congressmen toward the amendment was really very strange. They did not seem at all interested in the justice of our measure, in its effect on social problems. They talked mostly about the tender femininity of women. "Will suffrage break up the home?" they asked. "Will it make a woman have her own opinions instead of her husband's?" "Isn't it going to make her masculine?" They urged the charm of woman's weakness, her dependence on man, her entire preoccupation with cooking and children. And I thought of the factory girls.

But when they asked scornfully, "What would you do if you had a vote?" and I replied with dignity, "I am a voter," the bantering tone vanished instantly. Their voices became respectful. They said they respected femininity, but it was plain that they did respect a voter.

The weeks went by, and we were not able to get our majority together.

"You think you're going to bring that question up again," said Mr. Webb, the chairman. "No power on earth will do it. It's locked up in sub-committee till next December, and it's going to stay there."

This was repeated to Miss Paul. "Non-sense!" she said. "Of course it will be brought up."

But why should all this petty bickering, this endless struggling with absurdities be necessary in order to get before Congress a measure dealing with a question of public good? No man would run his pri-

vate business in that way. Yet that is the way public business is done.

Finally after weeks of working and watchful waiting I reported to Anne on Wednesday evening that a majority of our members were in town and well. We were jubilant. Early next morning we were before the doors of the Judiciary Committee to see them file in. They arrived one by one, solemn, nervously hurrying by, or smiling in an amused or friendly way. Mr. Hunter Moss, our staunch friend, appeared. Mr. Moss was dying of cancer. Though often too ill to leave his bed, he asked his secretary to notify him whenever suffrage was to come up so that he might fight for it. Mr. Moss was our tenth man. We recounted them anxiously. Ten supporters, ten opponents—where was Mr. Dale, of New York? I flew downstairs to his office—I don't know who went with me but I have a faint memory of red hair—and there he was in his shirt-sleeves calmly looking over his mail.

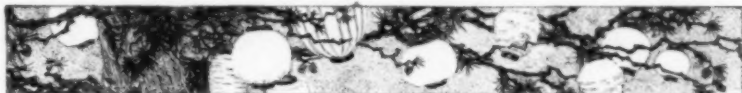
"Hurry!" we cried. "The committee is ready to meet. Everyone's there except you!"

He reached for his coat, but we exclaimed, "Put it on in the hall!" and hurrying him out between us we raced down the corridor, helping him with the coat as we ran, then into the elevator and up to the third floor and into the committee room. We deposited him in the one vacant seat. Our majority was complete!

As we stood off and looked at our eleven men sitting there together, gathered with so much effort and trial, no artist was ever prouder of a masterpiece than we. We stood entranced, surveying them until Mr. Webb sternly announced that the committee would go into executive session, which meant that we must go out.

In the anteroom other suffragists gathered, also the newspaper men. Everyone said that in a few moments the amendment

[Continued on page 33]



Revelations of a Woman Lobbyist

[Continued from page 32]

would be reported out. But the minutes ran into hours. Our suspense grew. Each time those closed doors opened and a member came out we asked for news. There was none. "Carlin's got the floor."

The morning dragged past. Twelve o'clock came. Twelve-thirty. One o'clock. The doors opened. We clustered around our supporters and eagerly asked the news.

"Well, Carlin got the floor and kept it. He took up the time. It got late and the members were hungry and wanted to go to luncheon, and there would have been a lot of wrangling over the amendment. So they adopted Carlin's motion to make suffrage the special order of business two weeks from today."

"It's all right," our friends consoled us. "Only two weeks' delay."

But why two weeks? And why had Mr. Carlin, our avowed and bitter enemy, himself made the motion to reconsider, tacking to it the two weeks' delay, unless something disastrous was planned?

Now began a care and watchfulness over our eleven, in comparison to which all our previous watchfulness and care was as nothing. Not only did we know each man's mind minutely from day to day, but we had their constituents on guard at home.

Washington's mail increased. One man said, "I wish you'd ask those Pennsylvania ladies to stop writing me!" Mr. Morgan said, "My secretary has been busy all day long answering letters from suffragists. Why do you do it? You know I'm for it." Mr. Neely, at a desk covered with mail, broke forth in wrath, eyes blazing, "Why do you have all those letters written to me as though you doubted my stand? I'm as unchanged as the Medes and Persians!"

On the 27th of March, the day before the vote, telegrams poured in. We stumbled over messenger boys at every turn in the House office building. Late that afternoon as Anne and I went into Mr. Taggart's office we passed a postman with a great bundle of special-delivery letters.

Mr. Taggart was last on the list. Everyone else was pledged to be at the meeting next day.

"Yes, I'll be there," said Mr. Taggart slowly and ominously. "But I'll be a little late."

"Late!" We jumped from our seats. "Why, it's the special order for ten-thirty!"

"Well, I may not be very late. I've got an appointment with the Persian Ambassador—Haroun al Raschid," said he, and looked at each of us defiantly.

We pleaded, but in vain. Without Mr. Taggart we had not a majority. What could we do? We discussed it while we walked home in the crisp afternoon air. There was no Persian ambassador in America, but *chargé d'affaires*, and his name was not Haroun al Raschid, but Ali Kuli Kahn. We smiled at Mr. Taggart's transparency, but we were alarmed. Our amendment hung on Mr. Taggart's presence.

Suppose after all he did intend to consult Persia on some matter of moment to Kansas? To leave no loop-hole unguarded, Mary Gertrude Fendall next morning at nine o'clock took a taxi to the Persian legation and left it on the corner. At ten o'clock she was to ring the bell, ask for Mr. Taggart, drive him in haste to the Capitol and deposit him in the midst of our majority. As she walked up and down, however, the problem became acute, for how could she get him out of the legation when he did not go in? At last, ringing the bell, seeing one attaché and then another, she became convinced that nothing was known of the Kansas Congressman in the Persian legation, so she telephoned us at the Capitol.

This confirmed our fears. Everyone else was present; Mr. Taggart was not in his office; no one knew where he was. Ten-thirty came; ten-forty-five. There was nothing of the vanquished in the faces of our opponents. Mr. Carlin grinned affably at all of us, and the grin chilled us. We looked anxiously from one to another as the meeting began. Ten supporters—ten opponents. Mr. Taggart, wherever he was, had our majority. The minutes dragged. Our friends prolonged the preliminaries. A stranger near me pulled out his watch. I leaned over and asked the time. "Five minutes to eleven." And just at that moment, looking up, I saw Mr. Taggart in the doorway—Mr. Taggart, very much of a self-satisfied naughty little boy, smiling triumphantly. That did not matter. Our majority was complete.

The committee went into executive session, and we moved to the anteroom. "A few minutes and you'll have your amendment reported out," said the newspaper men. "It's all over but the shouting." The situation was ours. Suffrage was the special order; nothing could be considered before it, and we had a majority. As the moments passed we repeated this, trying to keep up our courage. For time lengthened out. We eyed the door anxiously, starting up when it opened. We caught glimpses of the room. The members were not sitting at their places, they were on their feet, shaking their fists.

"They're like wild animals," said one member who came out.

"But what's happening?" There was no answer. The door closed again.

Slowly we learned the incredible fact. When the door had shut upon us, Mr. Carlin immediately moved that all constitutional amendments be indefinitely postponed.

Now there were many constitutional amendments before that committee, covering many subjects; marriage, divorce, election of judges, a national anthem, prohibition. Mr. Carlin, to defeat us, had thrown them all into one heap. A man could not vote to postpone one without voting to postpone them all. He could not vote against one without voting against all. Were these men actually adult human beings, legislating for a great nation, for the welfare of a hundred million people?

The motion threw the committee into an uproar. Our friends protested that it could not be considered; suffrage was the special order of the day. Mr. Moss moved that the suffrage amendment be reported out. The chairman ruled this out of order. Now there was a majority in that committee for suffrage and a majority for prohibition, but they were not the same majority. One of the strong suffragists represented St. Louis with its large breweries. If he voted against postponing the prohibition amendment he could never again be re-elected from St. Louis. Yet he could not vote to postpone it without postponing suffrage also.

Through the closed door came the sound of loud, furious voices. We caught glimpses of wildly gesticulating arms, fists in air, contorted faces. One o'clock approached. Mr. Moss came out and crossed quickly to the elevator. We hurried after him.

"Indefinitely postponed," he said indignantly, not wanting to talk about it.

"But our majority?"

"We lost one."

"Who?"

"I cannot tell." He stepped into the elevator. The other men came trooping out. Our defeat was irrevocable, they all said. Nothing could be done until the following December.

"You see," said Mr. Taggart, looking very jubilant for a just-defeated suffragist. "You women can all go home now. You needn't have come at all this session. But of course you women don't know anything about politics. We told you not to bring up suffrage before election. Next December, after election, we may do something for you."

Our opponents, secure in victory, grew more friendly; but as they warmed, our supporters became colder. Mr. Chandler flatly refused to stay with us.

"I've voted for your amendment twice," he said, "and I won't vote for it again this session. That's final."

I also heard rumors of Mr. Neely's refusing to vote for it, so I caught him in a corridor and hurried beside him, talking as I walked.

"That's true," he said. "I won't vote for it again this session. It's no use talking. I am as unchanging as the Medes and Persians."

"But that's just what you said when you were receiving so many letters that you thought we doubted you! You said nothing could—"

"I've got some bills of my own to get out of this committee," said he, waving aside the Medes and Persians. "I won't get them out if we keep bringing up this suffrage. Good day."

The following Tuesday found me as usual in the Judiciary committee room. When I appeared in the doorway there was a surprised but smiling greeting.

"You haven't given up yet?"

"Not until you report out our amendment." For the first time Mr. Webb smiled. There was surprise in his voice. "You women are in earnest about this."

[Continued in the October McCall's]

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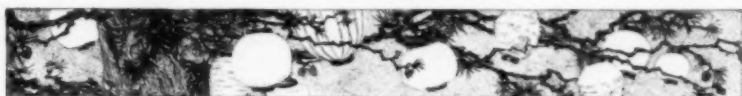
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This is one of a series of advertisements appearing in the newspapers in the very large cities



"Mother-an'-Son Stuff"

[Continued from page 6]

"Let me see the letter, mother," he pleaded. "What fool things did I say?"

His mother only shook her head. "Not until I'm dead, Perry," she said softly, "not until then. Then, you'll find it with—with your father's letters. Then—you can show it to your son."

She took Perry by the arm. "Come upstairs, Perry," she commanded, "and I'll show you where I've put it—where it must stay sealed up until I die."

She led him upstairs. She led him into his own room. Somebody shrieked as he entered—somebody darted across the floor and flew into his arms—Elise. Flew into them, and nestled there—jabbering her soul out to him in one ecstatic long-drawn breath.

Then, suddenly he saw—his mother was bearing something tiny in her arms. A baby boy—a little baby boy.

"A brand new little Perry Churchill," cried Elise.

"My . . . son . . ." faltered Perry, gathering the bundle into his arms, "my . . . little . . . boy."

Of a sudden, it seemed to him as though he had come into his own. There was his wife, his son, his mother. He was the man of the family, the master of the situation, the head of the house. His womenfolk about him, eating him up with glances of admiration—of love.

His mother's eyes shone with happiness.

"And I thought," cried Perry, "that you wanted me to marry Lottie Bellers."

"Perry," cried his mother, "I thought you liked her. I couldn't bear her—but I couldn't tell you so. And a girl that snubs her mother as Lottie does! And now she'll snub Bill Semple's mother. She's going to marry Bill. Perry, I'd have gone crazy if you'd married Lottie Bellers. Crazy, do you hear?"

"Who is this Lottie Bellers?" asked Elise in alarm.

Perry's mother, who could talk more French in five minutes than Perry could master in a lifetime, explained the situation. Elise chattered away energetically, in turn—and at length was satisfied.

"Mother," cried Perry, "honestly—what about Elise?"

"Oh, Perry," cried his mother, eagerly, "I'm in love with her—I think you and I would have been a couple of old stick-in-the-muds if you hadn't brought her home."

Perry's son and heir wriggled in his arms. Perry gazed at him long and fondly. He turned to his mother.

"I just begin to understand," he said, choking up a bit, "how you've always felt about me. As I feel toward him. . . ."

His mother's hand was upon his shoulder. "My dear boy," she cried, "get this through your muddled brain. People don't go into ecstasies over their parents—it isn't natural. I didn't over mine. It worried me just as it worries you. People say they do, but they don't, Perry. I never thought half as much of my mother and my father as I do of you. No child can feel toward his mother as his mother feels toward him. My son, you are everything to me. It's enough to have you understand—to realize that."

Elise crept to Perry's side and kissed him shyly. She held out her hands for the boy.

"I shall leave you alone with your mama," she said, with the light of self-renunciation in her eyes, "she has first claim to talk to you alone."

But Perry's mother had another notion, entirely. She seized the baby and bore him toward the door, announcing:

"Perry Churchill, 2nd, and his grandmother go out to take the air."

The Glory

[Continued from page 13]

"I am going out to Australia myself," he added, when they would let him go on. "There is a man there I want to see. So last night I resigned the trusteeship." His glance, passing over the crowd, found Blanche, standing very erect and composed. Truly, she was a power; she gave him back his look with one of reasonable candor, as though she said, "Yes, a mistake was made, but we might as well forget it and be on good terms—you know you are fond of Blanche!" He accepted the proffered peace with a philosophical nod. After all, one could respect force! "But I want it again when I come back," he went on; the pause had not lasted thirty seconds. "And now about the name. Whatever we name the park on the town-map, you know perfectly well that we shall never call it anything but 'The Willows.' We went swimming out at the willows when we were youngsters and didn't mind germs; we took embarrassed walks out to the willows with our first girl—"

"Her name was Lily," said a voice in the crowd, releasing a laugh.

"And when we are old, we will go tottering out to the willows with our last girl." His glance involuntarily dropped to Dorcas, standing just below him in her luminous white. "And so—"

Another voice rose from the crowd. "Her name is Dorcas," it said. Perhaps it had half meant to whisper, but the words came clearly through the listening quiet.

And so Gideon's speech was never finished. Laughter turned to an explosion of cheers, and little Dorcas was crimson. He drew her up the steps as though to meet the tumult, but with a whispered word that melted her first resistance. Before the crowd had grasped their intention, they were through the tea-house door, out by the back way, down a deserted path, and

springing into a canoe. Gideon seized a paddle and slipped the rope, and, laughing, they waved back from mid-stream as they were discovered. The cheers followed them, and the boy scout band straggled wildly into something meant for an appropriate march. Then the canoe slipped around the bend of the river into silence and the sunset glow.

Gideon rested the paddle across his knees, looking down into Dorcas' face. She had taken off her hat, and the level sun put a glory about her head.

"Oh, I have done with jokes, I will play no more games," he burst out. "I would have told them the whole thing then and there if it hadn't been for—" He broke off; even to Dorcas he could not give away Tony. "So if you are marrying me for my jokes," he went on, "be warned in time. They are over."

Her smile doubted it. "Well, I'm not," she said.

"For what, then?"

She looked to the green banks and the golden sky for an answer. "It is going to be like being adopted," she said. "I had to succeed at that so that other little orphan Dorcas would be taken into homes. And now I have got to succeed at this, so that men will say, 'Look at Gideon's Dorcas! She made him happy!' and then they won't be afraid to marry. I have got to bear witness, for the sake of all girls, everywhere, aching for love."

He liked his Dorcas! "So we marry for everyone's happiness," he interpreted. "We are to be one more proof that marriage is good. Is that it?"

"That's it," said Dorcas.

"Missionary to timid lovers—I—who was the awful warning," he mused. "Truly, little Dork, life is funny!"

[THE END]

The Part You Missed

SYNOPSIS.—Gideon, the family failure, returns to his home town after years of vagabondage. The newspapers have announced his discovery of "The Glory," a gold mine in Australia, and he finds himself the center of interest. It is not known that he has been deceived as to the mine's worth and has sold it for the ridiculous sum of six thousand dollars. His relatives believe him to be a millionaire and treat him accordingly. Gideon resolves to play the game. Blanche, his cousin's widow, who had jilted him in his youth, directs his social life as though she were already the mistress of his house. To enjoy a moment's peace, he escapes to old Aunt Adeline's barn, where he encounters her adopted daughter, Dorcas, whom he remembers as a delightful child. Indirectly from her, he learns

of Aunt Adeline's financial difficulties and gallantly offers to buy the barn. As he has already promised to pay for painting lessons for Blanche's youngest, his money is fast vanishing and he begins to see the end of the farce approaching.

That evening, at the town meeting, he makes his maiden speech to boost a plan for a city park. He is appointed treasurer of the fund and immediately establishes himself in the hearts of his townspeople.

Gideon falls in love with Dorcas, but she laughs at him and says she can never leave Aunt Adeline. However, when he proves to her that he is not rich, she admits her love for him. Blanche discovers Gideon's feeling toward Dorcas, and plans revenge.



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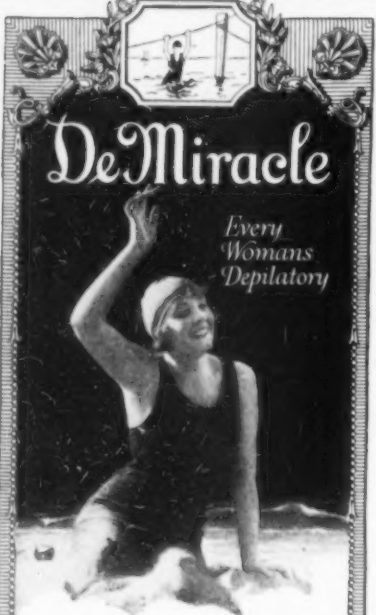
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Woman's Glory Is Her Hair

By Suzanne Sheldon

WILL you look at my hair!" cries the woman, and zip! goes the wire brush, like a rake, through it. She means, "Look how I am deliberately ruining my hair!" For of all the atrocities wrought upon hair, there is none quite as fatal as the work of the metal brush. It is like going over the front lawn with a rake.

The best brush has fairly stiff bristles (the degree of stiffness depending on the thickness of the hair), set wide apart and of slightly uneven lengths. The next best has them arranged in little tufts pierced into the wood or ivory back—the only worth-while foundations for bristles, since any other kind will not take water.

Three times a week is not too often for combs and brushes to have a bath in soap and water, or ammonia, and once a week for a good sterilizing. There is no intricacy to the sterilizing process. Merely dip the brush to its bed in a solution of a teaspoonful of formalin and a pint of water, and send the comb in after!

Undoubtedly, the root of the "ounce of prevention" philosophy in hair lore lies in the work of the brush, since, at the same time with ridding the scalp of its surface dirt, it gives the hair gloss. But the brush's purpose was never to take out tangles. First, gently untangle your locks with your comb and fingers and then call the brush into play.

If you will brush your hair one hundred strokes every night—or preferably in the sunlight—you probably won't ever need to think of massage. Loosen the hair, shake it out thoroughly, and then begin brushing up from the neck and ears, and up from the forehead, unless it is too high, when it would be better to part the hair and then brush down from each side. After the brushing, twist your hair into a tight rope, rub the surface upward, and then clip mercilessly. Singeing does not bring about the miracles some people ac-

quency of the immersion depends upon the character of the hair and atmosphere. Usually, once a month is quite sufficient for a shampoo except in the summer-time, when every three weeks is better. Where the hair, for atmospheric reasons, has to be washed oftener than that, oil should be applied to the scalp the night before the shampoo and right after to prevent dryness. Apply the oil—a little goes far, remember—with a tooth-brush. Olive oil is best for the purpose, but the modest vaseline is an excellent substitute.

There is no better thing for the hair than an egg shampoo, which is not only a cleanser but a tonic, for the yolk contains iron and sulphur, and the white a mild alkali, and they combine with the natural oils of the scalp in an astonishingly beneficial fashion. Rub the egg into the hair thoroughly and then rinse, first in warm, then in cold water, and wipe with warm towels.

If you have a rain barrel, your shampoo problem is solved. The lime in hard water makes the hair dry and brittle, and even affects the coloring. In fact, where no soft water is obtainable, the hair might better not be washed at all, but rather ventilated by a good shaking, and then treated with the following formula:

Extract of witch hazel..... 1/2 pint
Eau de Cologne..... 4 ounces
Chloroform..... 3 1/2 drams

Next to the water in importance come shampoo soaps and preparations. There is as big a choice in soaps for this purpose as in toilet soaps, the only caution being to avoid irritants, such as borax, ammonia, and salts of tartar, since they burn. The blonde will like ammonia and soda for her hair, but she must watch it closely. The best soaps for the shampoo are green, olive-oil, cottonseed, and, in cases of dandruff,



Something of the sun's gold lingers in hair that has been dried in the open

credit to it, but if done by an expert it does the work more thoroughly, and is quicker.

Women with hair already in a poor state carry it to a hair specialist for attention. Women with perfectly healthy hair won't treat it with the proper care unless they are reminded every so often. Hereafter, try to think of the hair with the rest of your anatomy. You can't afford to have thin scraggly hair any more than you can afford to have hollow cheeks and thin arms, and the fundamental causes for each are the same.

In line with bodily cleanliness, too, comes hair cleanliness. But try to remember in connection with this, that the daily cleansing must come from the brushing, combing and airing, and that the daily use of water on the hair is a real factor in encouraging baldness, particularly if soap is used. Do not envy the maiden with her hair slicked back by the water process—her head will soon be the slicker in its absence of hair.

Immediately the old question of how often the hair should be shampooed presents itself. And it must be answered in the same old way—"That all depends!" In a word, the fre-

those made of tar and sulphur. Shampoo creams and liquids are essentially soaps, containing, as they do, either soap itself or some chemical whose action is a "soapy" one.

A very simple shampoo is concocted merely by melting a cake of castile soap in boiling water. A more luxurious soap with a tonic quality is made by dissolving half a dram of camphor in one ounce of alcohol, and then adding to it, already mixed, one-fourth ounce of bicarbonate of soda, one-quarter ounce of glycerine, one pint of rose-water, and one-half ounce of borax. This preparation, aided by vigorous massage or by a loosening of the scalp with the fingers, will make the hair "act up" in no time.

Too oily hair, too dry hair, hair that is dandruff laden, epitomizes the whole story of hair deterioration. Excessive oiliness and dryness are closely related to each other and to dandruff, too. Do not believe

that dandruff is incurable—not while the beef marrow formula is available and the combination of tincture of cantharides, oil of rosemary, bay rum and olive oil is a good tonic!

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Mother's Triumph

By Margaret Young

ILLUSTRATION BY EDWARD A. POUCHER

THE clock on the mantel struck four. School was out and Helen would soon be home. Mrs. Maynard looked up the street anxiously as she sat down near the open window to wait—for all day long her daughter had been more than ever the center of her thoughts.

Ever since Helen was a mere baby, Mrs. Maynard had looked forward with dread to that day when her daughter might come to value the companionship and advice of others more than her own. And lately—in fact, ever since Helen and Dorothy Chesterton had become such good friends—she feared that time had come.

At first Mrs. Maynard would not believe it could be serious. Helen was only fourteen—surely girls didn't "grow up" or "grow away from mother" at that age!

But the Chestertons were wealthy and Mrs. Chesterton who seemed to be a great favorite with all the girls, had become almost a by-word with Helen. Mrs. Maynard had been quick to notice the many little ways in which her daughter imitated her new ideal. Helen talked about and quoted Mrs. Chesterton constantly. And day by day the hurt had gone deeper and deeper into her mother's heart.

The clock struck five, interrupting Mrs. Maynard's reverie. Startled, she looked out of the window and gave a sigh of relief as she saw Helen and Dorothy swing into view. She proudly watched the two girls coming down the street. Helen was fair and her rosy cheeks and well-formed little body gave evidence of the good health she enjoyed. Dorothy was dark and, while the same age as Helen, was neither as tall nor as active. When they reached the porch, the girls were so engrossed in their conversation that Mrs. Maynard remained unseen at the open window.

"You'll surely go?" asked Dorothy.

"Well, I haven't asked yet. But it will be all right if your mother is going. She is, isn't she?" Helen questioned anxiously.

"Oh! Yes! Mother will go! Maybe your mother would, too, if you asked her," suggested Dorothy.

"No," replied Helen. "I'm sure she wouldn't. My mother isn't like yours—she almost never goes out anywhere—and besides she is so busy on Saturday."

THE smile faded from Mrs. Maynard's lips. And a moment later, up in her own room, tears gave expression to the grief and fear that had been smoldering in her heart so long. Never for a day had she forgotten the one big desire that she might be both mother and chum to her daughter. But she had failed, she told herself. She had been so busy—there had been so many things to prevent her from being the mother she wanted to be to Helen. And now the very thing she had worried about all these years had happened! Helen *was* growing up—and looking to some one else for the influence and leadership that meant so much to her. Mrs. Chesterton *was* thoroughly charming and had unconsciously become the object of Helen's girlish admiration—almost worship! The remarks overheard at the window merely confirmed what her own sure intuition had told her long ago. But what could she do to regain the place she once held in her daughter's life?

Suddenly she realized that the dinner hour was near. As she hastily dried her tears, she caught a glimpse of herself in the long mirror opposite the bed. Something in the reflection held her gaze and she saw things which before had gone unnoticed—she was beginning to look *old*! As she stood there she sadly admitted to herself—with tears of despair starting anew—that Helen's new ideal *was* younger and more attractive.

During dinner Helen talked continually of the outing planned for the coming Saturday and as they rose from the table, she turned to her mother and asked:

"Mother, are you older than Mrs. Chesterton?"

"Why, dear, I don't know how old she is—do you?" replied her mother, flushing.

"Dorothy says she is thirty-eight, but I don't think she looks that old, do you?"

Mrs. Maynard heard no more. Thirty-eight! The words kept ringing in her ears! Could it really be that she was three years younger than Mrs. Chesterton? She remembered the mental contrast she had made that afternoon in her own room. It seemed almost impossible!

After dinner when the table had been cleared and the work was finished, Helen ran up to the Chestertons for a little while and Mr. Maynard went downtown to keep a business appointment. In a way Mrs. Maynard was glad to be alone. For the second time that day she went up and stood before her mirror. Once again her thoughts traveled back to those first few years after she was married. She remem-

bered the days when she had planned the life of the little girl then toddling at her knee—those happy times when Bob had proudly told her she was the most beautiful little mother in the world. What gloriously happy days they had been!

The full realization of her present problem swept over her. She went very deliberately into Helen's room, opened the dresser drawer and drew out a little photograph of Mrs. Chesterton. She studied it carefully, perplexedly for a few moments. Then suddenly a great understanding seemed to come over her. She hurriedly put out the light and went back to her room. And—strangely enough—she smiled at her reflection in the long mirror!

THEN one day a few months later, Mrs. Maynard received an invitation from Mrs. Chesterton to attend a party to be given at the Chesterton home in Dorothy's honor. Mrs. Chesterton wrote that all the girls and their mothers would be there and urged Mrs. Maynard to come.

When Helen came home from school, she enthusiastically told her mother the details of the affair as she had heard them from Dorothy. At the time her mother said nothing, but at dinner that night both Helen and her father were treated to a surprise that was almost a shock, for Mrs. Maynard quietly announced that she would certainly attend the party. Mr. Maynard could not help but wonder at the new light in his wife's eyes as she talked of going—and Helen, recalling all the exclusive people who would be present, scarcely knew whether to be glad or sorry!

Then finally the night arrived. Helen dressed and left early at Mrs. Chesterton's special request, to take dinner with Dorothy and help receive the guests. She was having such a good time that she forgot to watch for her mother. But suddenly she was conscious that the girls about her had stopped right in the midst of an animated conversation and that they had all turned their eyes toward the door. She heard Esther Warren whisper, "Sh! It's Helen's mother—*isn't* she beautiful?"

Helen looked, too, and saw a wonderfully attractive, handsomely gowned woman entering the room. Of course Helen knew on the instant that it was her mother! But for one long moment she stood bewildered! What fairy godmother had wrought such a change? Dressed in a charmingly becoming and distinctive evening dress, her mother looked years younger and, yes—even more fascinating than Mrs. Chesterton.

Helen could hardly refrain from rushing over to her mother at the moment. But all through the evening she adored her from a distance. And when finally she had an opportunity, she said in a tone no mother could ever doubt or forget, "Oh! Mother! You are *beautiful* to-night!"

Every one agreed that the evening was a big success. But to one woman there, happy in the knowledge that she had again come into her own, it was more than merely a successful party. Mrs. Maynard, happier than she had been in years, felt like a girl again and was the center of an admiring group all through the evening.

As for Helen—her eyes were continually on her mother and her face shone with pride as one after another, the girls told her what a wonderful mother she had.

AT home that night, Mrs. Maynard had further proof—if any were needed—of her triumph. Helen couldn't find words to express her love and admiration. And the proud and happy smile on Mr. Maynard's face told better than all the tender things he said, how marvelous had been the transformation.

"Mother," Helen pleaded finally, "why have you never worn that beautiful dress before—I didn't dream you had any clothes like that?"

"Neither did I," chimed in father. "Confess, dear—how did you do it?"

"Well," laughed Mrs. Maynard, "it's getting late and I think Helen ought to go to bed at once and get her beauty sleep. I'll tell her the secret to-morrow. But if you want to hear it to-night," she smiled shyly at her husband, "you shall."

"Bob, do you remember," she said a little later, when they had drawn their chairs close together before the fire in the library, "how when Helen was still a baby, I used to tell you that I always wanted to stay young enough to enjoy her pleasures and be a real chum and confidant to her. You smiled at my fears. But always since then, I have carried the shadow of that fear in my heart—that some day Helen would look to others for the things I wanted to give her myself."

"Well, a few months ago I realized that Helen was growing up and away from me. I realized that I had failed in the very



At home that night, Mrs. Maynard had further proof—if any were needed—of her triumph.

thing I wanted most to do. I don't suppose you even noticed it but when Helen met Dorothy she started to talk continually of Mrs. Chesterton. She copied her mannerisms, her ways of talking—Dorothy's mother became an ideal for her. I knew Mrs. Chesterton was a fine, good woman and Dorothy was a nice companion for our daughter. But finally I saw that Helen's interests were becoming centered more and more outside her own home and that Mrs. Chesterton was unconsciously taking my place in her life.

Then one day I overheard Helen talking to Dorothy about a party they were planning. Dorothy suggested that Helen ask me to go, but Helen said I wouldn't care about it—that I seldom went anywhere—that I was not at all like Mrs. Chesterton. You will never know how that remark hurt and yet it was perfectly natural for Helen to think as she did.

"At the table that night Helen said Mrs. Chesterton was thirty-eight years old. Can you imagine my surprise? Up in my room that afternoon, I had decided I was getting old. But now I realized that it was something besides age. I went up to my room the most unhappy woman in the world. At thirty-five I was a failure as a mother—and perhaps as a wife."

"Again I compared myself with Mrs. Chesterton. I was sure it wasn't age, because now I knew I was younger than she. Then what was it that made the difference? The answer came to me like a flash while I was looking at Mrs. Chesterton's picture—I had neglected my appearance."

"It was chiefly a question of becoming clothes. But how could I get them? With Mrs. Chesterton, of course, it was different, she had plenty of money. But we were having a hard enough time to get just the really necessary things. Then I remembered having seen in one of my magazines the story of a woman just like myself, who found a way to win back the happiness she thought she had lost by learning right at home in spare time how to make all kinds of pretty clothes."

"So I went to my room, hunted up the story and read every word again. Right away I saw the wonderful possibilities of this new practical plan and it seemed so much the very opportunity I needed that I sent for further information about it."

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"I soon learned to copy models I saw in the shop windows, on the street, or in fashion magazines. Every step was so clearly explained that the things I had always thought only a professional dressmaker could do were perfectly easy for me!"

"Besides having more and prettier clothes than I ever had before in my life, I have made a lot of pretty new things for Helen—although, of course, she doesn't know it yet!"

SO that's the secret, dear," concluded Mrs. Maynard as her husband clasped her to him proudly. "I'm happier than I ever was before in my life. And I owe it all to the Woman's Institute! I'm sure nothing else could have done what that wonderful school has done for me!"

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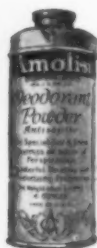
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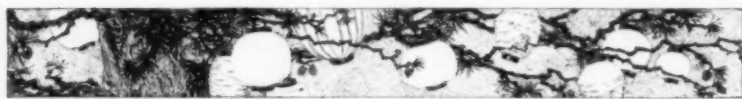
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Strange as Foreign Places

(Continued from page 10)

johnny-cake turning brown in the oven when her father and Will came clumping up the path from the barn. Even while she turned the sizzling ham, holding her head back to escape the spatter of hot grease, she strained her ears to catch the talk outside the kitchen window. Her father's hearty voice greeted the stranger; she could not hear his replies. They moved away to the bench beneath the grape-arbor, where the men washed in summer. Will came into the kitchen alone.

"Dinner 'most ready, Mar'n?"

"I'll have it on the table soon as I dish up the potatoes."

He stood close to her while she tilted the iron pot and drained them. "Got a kiss for a fellow, Mar'n?"

She set the pot on the range and lifted her face obediently. His arm in the sweat-stained shirt-sleeve was around her shoulders, his lips touched hers with diffident awkwardness. She smiled placidly into his smiling eyes. Content lay like sunshine upon his rugged, weather-roughened face.

"Henderson come by this morning. Says the lumber for the new setting-room'll be sawed by middle of next week."

Her father was on the porch, scraping the mud from his boots, and she did not answer. Putting the last dish on the table, she looked up eagerly as the two men came in. Her father's leathery, deep-lined face, covered with a stubble of gray beard, told her nothing; but behind him, the stranger lifted a reassuring eyebrow, with a glance that linked them in secret understanding.

"Put on another plate for the hired-man, Mar'n," her father said. "Set up, young man, and eat hearty. We don't have much, but such as it is, there's plenty of it." It was his invariable welcoming formula. "I don't know's I got your name?" he added, in afterthought.

"Lasky—Howard Lasky," said the stranger, bowing formally to Maryland, while the three chairs scraped on the floor. He said little while they ate in a clatter of knives and dishes, but Maryland, handling her fork with careful daintiness, was every instant aware of his presence. She forgot that she had wanted Will to hear his tales of strange places he had known; she felt, without thinking of it, that those tales were for her alone, and she wished to hear more of them. She could not think of him as a hired-man; it amazed her that her father so easily accepted him in that position; and when, after dinner, he was sent to empty the wash-tubs while her father smoked, she obscurely felt the task as an outrage.

Pouring hot water over the dishes stacked in the dish-pan, she watched him through the kitchen window. He carried the tubs easily, the muscles of his shoulders rippling beneath his thin, fine shirt, his neck taut above the turned-in collar, and the sun glinting on his soft hair. There was amusement at the corners of his lips; it seemed to say that this was a whimsical masquerade which he could drop at any moment. Whatever he might be, he was not a hired-man.

He did not become a hired-man in her eyes, not even when, cajoling his salary in advance from her father, he went over the hills to town and returned wearing stiff new overalls and a blue denim shirt like Will's. Then, more than ever, the impression deepened that he was playing a delicately whimsical and fantastic part. For, in the pocket of those overalls, even while he worked in the fields, he carried a thin-leaved book of poems in a language she did not know. Verlaque, he said, and the syllables on his tongue were full of exotic mystery, hinting dim, vanishing delights beyond her grasp.

In all their encounters in barnyard and wood-shed, in the kitchen or at the milk-house down by the spring, there was a strange, disquieting excitement. His chance appearance quickened her heart-beat, set unknown currents vibrating through her. With his amused unfathomable eyes upon her she stumbled through halting sentences, confused by a new awkwardness. Her world was changing about her, altered by the emphasis he put upon things she had never before noticed.

In the early morning, trudging up the spring-path with a pail of water, she saw him standing, milk-buckets dangling from his arm, gazing at the changing colors of the sky beyond the eastern hills. Pale lavender and green, faint flushes deepening to rose, long blue shadows shortening on the slopes—she had never seen them before. She stood beside him, lost in contemplation of them, while a cool breeze scented with new leaves stirred her hair and brushed her cheeks. Words that she could not say

choked in her throat; she knew herself inarticulate before the glory of the common-place dawn.

"Rosy-fingered Aurora comes opening the gates of the morning," he said, as though quoting some poet she should know.

"Yes," she said shyly. "I—I guess I better hurry breakfast. That's pa calling you."

In the evening, hurrying to bring in the cows because the men could not leave the rush of spring planting to do it, she might come upon him leaning against a tree in the lane, breaking a twig of sassafras in his long fingers and watching the birds settling on the branches overhead. In the nestling silence of the woods their sleepy chirps dropped downward like scattered notes of a song to which she had never listened.

She lingered beside him, while the twilight deepened and cow-bells tinkled from the hills. He spoke again of strange, far-away places he had known, of moon-lit nights in the rice fields of Louisiana when the wild ducks were flying north, of days among the Indians in the Painted Desert, of wild studio-parties in the attics of Greenwich village. For the first time, she saw the world as large and mysterious, filled with beauty and romance, and her own life dwindled to a small, dreary circle of routine. Only the murmuring wind among the trees and the misty light of the stars seemed akin to him, and, through him, to her own new longings.

April went by, trailing her faint colors over fields and forests. The last snow melted from the fence-corners, frail white flowers were blooming in the damp hollows. Maryland felt a new warmth in the brown earth beneath her fingers while she set out tomato plants and sowed long rows of radishes and lettuce in the garden.

May came, bringing violets and dog-wood blossoms. The strawberry beds were sprinkled with star-like blossoms, and the breezes brought perfume from the orchards. Pausing at the mail-box down by the road, amazed by the beauty around her, Maryland heard, beyond the hill, the sound of hammering on the house Will was rebuilding for her. June was coming soon. The vague dream in which she lived was darkened by a creeping shadow to which she gave no name.

She felt sometimes that she saw that shadow in Will's eyes, when they went driving together on Sunday afternoons. He came for her early, shaved and wearing his black suit and stiff collar. They rode away together in the buggy, leaving her father gossiping over the front fence with a neighbor, and the hired-man lying on the grass under the oaks, gazing at the sky through half-shut eyes. She wondered what he was thinking about, lying there motionless, his head resting on the graceful curve of an upflung arm.

Will held the lines with one hand; the other arm was around her shoulders. They talked a little, about crops, and the new house, and the neighbors. Will never was a great talker, she remembered. Familiar hills and fields rolled backward past them. The pins that held her Sunday hat pulled at her hair. They came back to the farmhouse for an early supper, and later she walked down to the front gate with Will and let him kiss her good-night. She loved Will; she was going to marry him. She could not speak to him about the shadow she felt between them. It had no name in her own mind.

Returning to the house, she colored under the quizzical look of the hired-man, who stood yawning for a moment before saying good-night and going to his room above the wood-shed, and she thought there was a coldness in her father's eyes lifted over the edge of the weekly paper.

Her father was more gruff than usual. He hardly spoke at the table; Maryland felt an increasing strain between him and the stranger. He said that hired-men were never any good. These tramps a farmer had to depend on nowadays didn't know what a day's work was; not one of them was worth his salt.

"Well, they're the best we can do," she said, smothering the hot defense that rose to her lips. She, who had been the most careful and thrifty of farm women, did not care how poorly the new hired-man worked. The solid foundations on which she had been building her life were breaking up beneath her feet.

Returning from a last trip to the hen-house one night, she leaned for a long time on the pasture gate, gazing at the star-lit misty sky and the dark hills. Tree-toads were croaking in the branches over the spring, their whirring, throaty calls blended

[Continued on page 42]

POEMS WANTED for publication. Cash paid for those available. Send one short poem today for free examination. IDYL PUB. CO., 189 N. Clark St., Suite 213, CHICAGO

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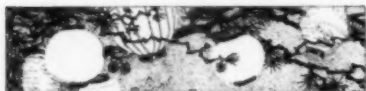
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Uncle Sam's Correspondence Course

The McCall Washington Bureau, 4035 New Hampshire Avenue, Washington, D. C., was established to keep our readers in close touch with the Government. This month we plan to acquaint you with some of the best of the Government booklets and maps. Copies of these booklets may be obtained free direct from the offices mentioned, or we will be pleased to obtain for you, without charge, copies of any of the booklets described below as long as the free edition lasts. Always enclose three one-cent stamps with your request to cover part of the Bureau's expenses.

Tuberculosis Prevention

THE United States Public Health Service has issued a booklet which will be of considerable interest to persons who think they may be infected with tuberculosis. It contains instructions on how to avoid contracting tuberculosis, advice on the care of the sick, and a general discussion of the nature and prevention of this dreaded disease. Get a copy of this booklet while it is available.

Muscadin Grape Uses

IN the southeastern states, large quantities of muscadine grapes are allowed to go to waste every year, chiefly because of the lack of knowledge of ways to prepare them. The Bureau of Plant Industry has prepared a booklet with recipes for making delicious jellies, catsup, preserves, jams, marmalade, mince-meat and flavoring sirup. Get this booklet and utilize your excess grapes.

Edible and Poisonous Mushrooms

MUSHROOMS are highly prized as articles of food by many people. Although their nutritive value is not high, they may be prepared in various ways which will render them very delicious.

Doubtless more people would seek wild mushrooms and other fungi if they were sufficiently informed to distinguish between the edible and the deadly poisonous growths. To assist the novice to make these distinctions, the Bureau of Plant Industry has issued a booklet called "Some Edible and Poisonous Mushrooms."

House Rats and Mice

THE common house mouse and the brown rat are too familiar pests in nearly all parts of the country to need description, and the loss they cause amounts to over \$200,000,000 annually. The Bureau of Biological Survey has issued a booklet on destroying these rodents which will prove decidedly helpful. It contains instructions for rat-proofing, and suggestions for destroying the rodents by the use of traps, poisons, domestic animals, fumigation and rat viruses. Get a copy of this booklet and rid your premises of this pest.

Poultry Diseases

DO you keep poultry? Are they troubled with disease? Nothing is more discouraging or costly than to have disease break out in the flock and not be able to combat it. Most diseases respond favorably to treatment, although some resist all efforts.

This booklet, which is issued by the Bureau of Animal Industry, suggests methods of controlling and treating all important poultry diseases. Get a copy of this booklet and have your flock free from disease this fall.

Poultry Lice

MITEs and lice are two of the most important factors operating to retard the development of poultry-raising. They suck the blood from fowls and breed in the cracks of poultry-houses. Where present in any considerable numbers, both lice and mites reduce egg production and hinder growth. "Poultry Lice," a booklet issued by the Bureau of Entomology, tells of the discovery of a new and cheap insecticide called sodium florid and contains full instructions regarding methods of its application.

A Map of the United States

THIS map of the United States, which is 18 by 28 inches, will prove very helpful to school children. It is printed in three colors and shows the States, principal cities and waterways, and has contour lines showing and indicating the amount of all elevations. Our Washington Bureau will be pleased to purchase and forward a copy of this map for you on receipt of 15 cents and a stamp.



Wives of Doctors Don't Have Corns

Doctors All Know Blue-jay

It is made by a surgical dressing house whose products doctors use.

Doctors' wives use Blue-jay when a corn appears. And they end it at once and forever.

Millions of others now use the same method. In a moment they apply a Blue-jay plaster. The wrapping makes it snug and comfortable, and they forget the corn.

In 48 hours they remove the Blue-jay and the corn is ended. Only a few of the toughest corns need a second application.

The pain is stopped instantly. The corn is ended—and completely—in two days.

Blue-jay has done that for millions of corns. Your corns are not different. It will do it for your corns.

If you have corns and don't prove this you do yourself an injustice.



How Blue-jay Acts

A is a thin, soft, protecting ring which stops the pain by relieving the pressure.

B is the B & B wax centered on the corn to gently undermine it.

C is rubber adhesive. It wraps around the toe and makes the plaster snug and comfortable.

Corns Are Out-of-Date

In the old days corns were common. Nearly everybody had them.

People pared them, padded them, coddled them and kept them.

Nowadays, most people never suffer corns. Yet tight, dainty shoes are more common than ever.

Consider that fact. The reason lies in this scientific Blue-jay.

One user told another, until millions now employ it.

Quit Old Methods

Paring is unsafe and temporary. Padding is unsightly. Old, harsh, mussy treatments have been discredited. These are scientific days.

Try Blue-jay on one corn. Learn that the pain does end. Learn that the corn does disappear.

Learn that these results come in an easy, gentle way.

When you do, your corn troubles are over—all of them, forever.

Try it tonight.

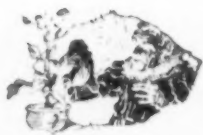
B & B Blue-jay
The Scientific Corn Ender

Stops Pain Instantly—Ends Corns Completely
25 Cents—At Druggists

BAUER & BLACK, Chicago, New York, Toronto

Makers of Sterile Surgical Dressings and Allied Products

He saved the last COFFEE plant-



This is the story of 200 years ago, as befell the gallant French marine—de Clieux. Charged by his King to carry a cargo of coffee plants to the Isle of Martinique, his good ship was becalmed, be-stormed and be-devilled without end. Finally he was forced to share his last precious portion of drinking water with his one last drooping and dying plant. In such manner de Clieux preserved coffee for his King.

FROM this single plant, we are told, were produced the many varieties of coffee now grown in South America. So it happens,—millions of Americans are privileged to enjoy "the nation's most popular and healthful beverage."

Coffee is the most *democratic* of drinks. It appeals alike to rich and poor—to men and women. No home so humble it cannot afford coffee. No mansion so grand it can dispense with it. Everybody drinks *coffee!*

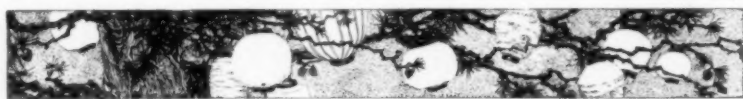
Who can describe the irresistible fragrance of a cup of hot steaming coffee? Its aroma, "its bouquet",—its deliciously delicate, rare, smooth, tempting *piquancy*? There is no other "taste" like that of good coffee.

And who shall say that coffee will not become the social and convivial drink of the future? *Men like it*,—they drink it at breakfast,—at the business luncheon,—at the conference dinner—and at the club banquet.

Soon we shall have "coffee houses"—where men and women, too, may congregate and toast their friends in a cup of rare good coffee. And—it is well!

Coffee—the Universal drink

Copyright 1918 by the Joint Coffee Trade Publicity Committee of the United States.



Strange as Foreign Places

[Continued from page 38]

with soft rustling noises of the spring woods. A wind gently stirred her hair. She felt herself melting into the large, mysterious night, becoming part of the wind and the stars. Pictures formed and dissolved in her mind—herself and Will, barefooted children, catching minnows in the brook; Will, a long-legged boy in overalls, carrying her dinner-pail over the hills to school; her mother's eyes gazing wistfully at her from the pillow before she died. "I'm glad you got Will, he's a good man," her mother had said. Her poor mother, worn and old before her time!

"The land eats us up," Maryland thought. Her mother, her mother's mother, herself, her children when they came, all going the same way—birth and love and marriage and death—and only the earth enduring in its endless cycle of seasons—Her heart ached with a strange, yearning pain. Life should be more than that—she wanted more than that—

She came slowly up the path to the house. On the steps she was shocked back to reality by the sound of her name, spoken harshly in her father's voice.

"—Mar!n. I ain't goin' to have a girl of mine makin' a fool of herself over a hired-man. He'll get off this place tomorrow morning!"

The screen door slammed back against the house, and she stood in the doorway, dazzled by the lamplight. "What's that you say?"

"I say that fellow's goin' right now! You bring him right in with you, and I'll talk to him!" her father answered, rising from his chair. Beyond him she saw Will's face, stern and hard. The light shone on his tight lips and gaunt cheek-bones, his eyes met hers in a long, straight look.

"He isn't here. I don't know where he is," she said.

"Well, he ain't going to be around here after I see him," her father announced grimly. "This thing's gone far enough. I ain't goin' to have a girl of mine makin' a fool of herself over a hired-man that ain't worth the powder to blow him up."

"Pa! What—" She was silenced by Will's voice.

"I guess I got something to say about this. This here's my business—and Mar!n's. As long's I don't object, I guess you haven't any call to interfere. Mar!n's old enough to know her own mind. A girl's got a right to make a free choice. As for me, I aim to tend to this my—own—way."

In the stillness Maryland heard her heart beating thickly. Her father cleared his throat, moved his feet uncertainly. Twice he seemed about to speak, then, "You go on to bed, Mar!n."

She went, holding her head high, feeling the floor uncertain under her feet. For a long time she lay awake. Her pulses raced madly, the pillow was hot to her cheek. A girl did have a right to make a free choice. Had her father and Will seen more than she had seen in the stranger's eyes? Far-off, romantic places shimmered against the darkness. Then a coldness closed around her heart. Will's voice said, through the silence, "I aim to tend to this my—own—way." She had never before been afraid of Will.

Her father said nothing at breakfast, avoiding her eyes. He gave curt directions to the hired-man, as usual, and Howard strode off whistling gaily, a hoe over his shoulder. Maryland swept and dusted, kneaded the bread, weeded in the garden. The sunlight was like wine. A summer's day had strayed into the delicate freshness of spring, and its warmth was intoxicating.

A close, thunderous sultriness came down upon the fields in the afternoon. Maryland's brooding hens struck viciously at her hands, nervous and excited. The sparrows huddled together on the barn eaves, making only short, broken flights; the hens in the clover-fields watched the sky and cried "Crr! Crr!" at every shadow. Clouds massed slowly against the horizon in the west, but the storm did not break.

Maryland, piling the dishes into their pan after supper, felt that the kitchen walls were smothering her. She thought of the Bible story of men possessed by devils; she had become a stranger to herself. The darkness and the rushing wind through the tree-tops called to a wildness within her; she wanted to run, to dance, to shout aloud to the windy sky.

The door was flung open, and the hired-man stood in the doorway, vivid against the darkness, bareheaded, laughing. Their eyes met, and something intangible as an electric spark leaped between them. He held out his hand. "Come!" he said. "Come out into the night and the wind!"

She went with him, without a thought, swept by a current she could not resist.

They ran down the slope together, hand in hand, the wind whipping her hair, her skirt straining backward against her knees. The world around her was a torrent of rushing sound and darkness. She felt herself racing through it, bodiless as the wind; her flying feet seemed not to touch the earth. And suddenly she found herself against his breast, flung there, held there, panting, her lips crushed against his.

The night hung above them, still and heavy. Time and space and all familiar things ceased to be.

They came back upon her at last with the shock of a breaking wave. Shaken by uncontrollable trembling, she heard his low, exultant laugh above her head.

"No—No!" she said, pushing weakly against his tight arms.

"S-sh—don't!" His seeking lips brushed her cheek.

"No!" she said again. "It isn't—please—What's that?" Tense, breathless, they listened.

"It's nothing—the wind— Don't talk. Kiss me!" His voice came through the darkness like the voice of the wind lashing the rooted trees. Wild longings rose within her, answering it. But her strong arms folded against his breast held them apart.

"No—no—you—we mustn't—" She struggled, searching for something she should remember. "It's Will—I got to tell Will, first—"

"You beauty—you beauty—you wonder—my wonderful girl! What does it matter—? You love me. The night—and the wind—and you— Don't spoil it all."

"Wait—please wait—"

"Oh, why—!" His voice was impatient and ironic. His arms relaxed, released her. She stood alone and desolate.

"It's only that—I'm promised to Will. It isn't right—"

"Never mind," he said wearily. "Run on back to the house and your little moralities and cautions and doubts. It might have been beautiful, Maryland—a beautiful, wild, fragrant memory. You don't understand—"

She felt miserably that she did not understand. She had failed, somehow; she was losing something beautiful that she wanted. Overhead the branches still strove against the wind, and the air was full of sound like the roar of a waterfall far away.

"You're so strange—" she said. "I only meant it isn't right— We ought to—"

A shimmer of lightning showed her his face against the blackness, the drawn eyebrows, the angry eyes, the curling lip. Darkness came down with a crash. Earth and sky and air rocked under the shock of thunder as she fled up the slope, stumbling on slippery rocks tearing herself through clutching briars.

Her father was in the kitchen when, panting and wet with the driving rain, she flung herself into the warmth and light. She stood a moment, gasping, seeing him only dimly, vaguely aware that he was saying something she did not hear. Then her bedroom door closed behind her and she was alone in safe, quiet darkness. Lying across her bed, sobbing deep sobs that hurt her throat, she felt the familiar walls about her like living things waiting to comfort her when she was quiet enough to be comforted.

In the gray morning she moved slowly about the kitchen as though in a heavy dream, lighting the fire, putting the coffee on to boil, setting the table as usual. These things must be done; life went on like a machine heedless of small human bewilderments and suffering. Her father, tramping in with the brimming milk-buckets, lifted the wash-basin from the back of the stove.

"Well, we got to get another hired-man," he said.

Her hand went to her throat. "What have you done to him?" she cried.

"I ain't done nothing to him," her father answered mildly, not turning. "He was going down to the main road when I seen him. He said he just thought he'd be moving on. Said some fool thing about looking for something he'd never find. Good riddance to bad rubbish, I say. Them kind of men'll never make a field raise corn."

His voice was very gentle, and he did not look at her while he ate the bread and pie and coffee she managed to set before him. At the door, as he went out, he halted to say that she had better lay down for a spell, he could go over to Robinson's for dinner if she wasn't feeling well. But the cream was raising on the forgotten pails of milk. She rose and strained it and rinsed the strainers before she sat down again at the table and laid her head on her arms.

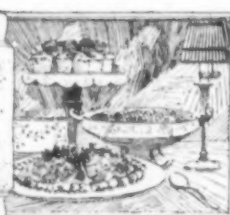
She was still sitting there, dully watching the late morning sunshine moving slowly across the floor, when Will came up the path and opened the door. His brown face

[Continued on page 46]



THE McCALL FOOD BUREAU

FOOD IS WHAT YOU MAKE IT



Hot Breads for Crisp September Days

ONE of the countless lessons that war has taught us is the value of the wheat loaf. Now that we are able to use our wheat for ourselves again, whole wheat bread has come back into its own.

Today the housewife is making or buying her bread once more. If she is within reach of a good bakery, it is better for her to buy her bread, for the bakers nowadays produce a delicious loaf, equal, if not superior, to the home-made one. But even if she does buy most of the bread for her family, every woman likes, once in a while, to do her own baking. Especially does she revel in the making of rolls and fancy bread.

To the inexperienced housewife some suggestions are necessary. First, let us consider the yeast. We must remember that yeast, whether it is compressed or dry, is a plant, and must have constant care for the best growth and the most satisfactory results. It grows more rapidly at body temperature, so if the maker is careful to keep the bread at that point, she will have the greatest success. Too high a temperature will kill it. Often a young housekeeper has put the yeast into scalded milk without first cooling it, and then wondered what had spoiled her bread. Cold is not so destructive. It will retard the growth, and even stop it, but when the material is warm again, the plant will grow once more.

The yeast-plant needs air and moisture the same as any other plant, but unlike most others, it will grow in the dark. It finds its food in the sugar, and later in the flour, which go to make the dough.

Dry yeast should be soaked at least an hour before using. If you are late with your baking and want to hurry your rolls or bread up, say to have them for Sunday supper, and haven't time to commence them early in the day, use two yeast cakes instead of one. In this way, you can easily start your rolls at three in the afternoon and have them at six, light and piping hot.

In baking bread or plain rolls, it is easier to make what is called "straight dough." That is to say, add flour to the dough and knead it before you let it rise at all. If you are making fancy bread or rolls—putting raisins or nuts in them—make a "sponge." To do this, put in a little flour and let them start rising.

The following is the general method to make "straight dough":

Scald the milk, add the sugar, salt and fat while the milk is hot. Cool to lukewarm; add the yeast, which has been softened in a little water, and stir in flour enough to knead, keeping the dough as soft as you can. Knead well, until it is springy to the touch and does not stick to the board. Put in a warm place; wet the top with warm water to keep it from drying, cover with a towel and let it rise until it is double in bulk. If the dough is for bread, knead again until the bubbles are evenly distributed. Put in a well-greased pan and let rise until double in bulk again; then bake. This is important to remember. If for rolls, do not knead the second time, but take out

on the board

and commence forming them at once. After shaping, let double in bulk and then bake 15 to 20 minutes in a moderately hot oven. Bread, of course, should bake much longer. A 12- to 16-ounce loaf should bake from 45 to 60 minutes. Have the oven hot at first and then reduce the temperature. Both bread and rolls should be a light tan brown, not dark.

If you want them to look glossy on the top, brush them over with melted fat, a few minutes before taking them from the oven. Rolls should be placed on a cooling-stand, but bread should be wrapped in a clean linen cloth as soon as it comes out of the oven in order to give it a soft crust. Of course, if you like it "crusty," put it in the air on the stand.

Sour bread is often caused by dirty utensils or by letting the dough rise too long the first time. Remember these facts, follow directions and your success at bread-making is assured.

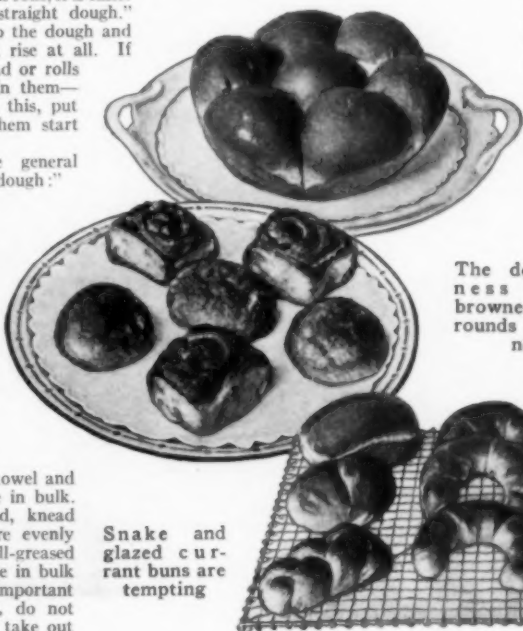
FINGER ROLLS

1 cupful milk
2 tablespoonfuls fat
½ teaspoonful salt
1 teaspoonful sugar
¾ cupfuls flour
White of one egg
¼ to 1 yeast cake

Add the salt, fat and sugar to the scalded milk; cool to lukewarm; add yeast and then the egg white, beaten stiff. Then add the flour. Knead and let rise until double in bulk. Cut into 24 pieces; roll out in finger shapes, using a little or no flour on the board. Let rise until double in bulk; bake.

BREAD STICKS

Proceed as for finger rolls, but roll dough out into a thin stick about 10



The delicious flakiness of delicately browned rolls fittingly rounds out your dinner menu

Snake and glazed currant buns are tempting

By Lilian M. Gunn

Instructor in Foods and Cookery, Columbia University

Photographs by Hal Ellsworth Coates

inches long. Let double in bulk. Bake in a moderate oven; when nearly done, brush with melted fat and sprinkle with salt.

DINNER ROLLS

Use the Parker House recipe until ready to form. Mold into oblong rolls; let rise until double in bulk, and with scissors make 3 small slashes on top of the roll, one in the middle and one near each end. Bake at once. Serve while still crisp and fresh.

BISCUITS

Follow the recipe for Plain Rolls or Parker House Rolls. When ready to form, make into round forms and place in a well-greased pan. Bake almost as long as you would a small loaf of bread. Break apart before serving.

RUSKS

1 cupful milk
3 tablespoonfuls fat
2 tablespoonfuls sugar
½ teaspoonful cinnamon
¾ cupfuls flour
¼ to 1 yeast cake
softened in 2 tablespoonfuls lukewarm water
½ teaspoonful salt

Mix like plain rolls. Cut into 18 pieces; mold into biscuit-shape. Place close together in a pan, after they have doubled in bulk the second time, and bake.

FOR 1 LOAF OF BREAD OR 24 SMALL ROLLS

1 cupful milk or ½ milk and ½ water
1 tablespoonful fat
½ teaspoonful sugar
½ teaspoonful salt
¾ cupfuls flour
¼ to 1 yeast cake, according to the time to be spent
(Soften the yeast in 2 tablespoonfuls lukewarm water)

If the dough is for rolls, use 2 tablespoonfuls fat and 1 tablespoonful sugar. For a braided loaf, after the bread has risen the first time, divide into 3 parts, roll each out in a long piece, and braid. Just before it is done, brush over with melted fat and sprinkle with poppy seeds if desired. The dinner-table is greatly enhanced by the addition of crisp rolls.

These are all rolls, but not just rolls, by any means. In order on the cooling stand, they are dinner rolls, braided, crescent and lady-finger rolls



Raisin, braided, or just plain bread? It's hard to choose when each is crisply warm, straight from the oven

PLAIN RAISIN BREAD

1 cupful milk
2 tablespoonfuls fat
2 tablespoonfuls sugar
½ teaspoonful salt
¾ cupfuls bread flour
½ cupful raisins cut in halves
¼ teaspoonful cinnamon mixed with the sugar
¼ to 1 yeast cake, softened in 2 tablespoonfuls lukewarm water
1 egg yolk

Mix like plain bread; add 1 cupful flour and then the egg yolk beaten light, next the raisins and rest of flour.

SNAKE BUNS

1 cupful milk
2 tablespoonfuls sugar
¼ cupful fat
½ teaspoonful salt
¾ cupfuls flour
¼ to 1 yeast cake
softened in 2 tablespoonfuls water

Mix like rolls and let rise until double in bulk; roll out in a sheet about one-quarter inch thick, sprinkle with sugar mixed with a little cinnamon (¼ teaspoonful cinnamon to 2 tablespoonfuls sugar) and currants. Begin at the end nearest you and roll up tightly like a jelly roll. Cut off slices from the roll about ½ inch thick, turn rolled side up, let double in bulk; bake.

TO SHAPE CRESCENT ROLLS

Roll the dough out into a thin sheet; cut in squares, and cut the squares diagonally in half; commence at the longest side of the triangle, roll up and form crescent. Let double in bulk; bake.

PARKER HOUSE ROLLS

1 cupful milk, scalded, and cooled to lukewarm temperature
1 cake of compressed yeast
¼ cupful scalded and cooled milk
2 cupfuls bread flour
When sponge is light add:
½ teaspoonful salt
1 tablespoonful sugar
¼ cupful melted fat
¼ to 2 cupfuls bread flour

Soften yeast in ¼ cupful milk; add to the cupful milk. Stir in the flour; beat until very smooth. Cover it with a plate and let stand in a temperature of about 70 degrees Fahrenheit until light and puffy. Add the salt, sugar, shortening and flour and mix to a smooth dough. Turn on a floured board and knead until elastic; cover closely and let stand until doubled in bulk. Turn on to a lightly floured sheet with the upper side down, roll into ½-inch thick sheet with the rolling-pin, cut into rounds, brush over one-half of each round with melted butter and fold the other half over the buttered half. Put in buttered pan, double in bulk, bake ½ hour.

AMONG our garden vegetables is one which belongs to the celery family but is grown for its knob-like roots instead of its blanched stalks. This vegetable is known to gardeners as celeriac, but in the market it is called knob or root celery. Its cultivation is the same as celery proper, except for the fact that it does not have to be banked. In these recipes the roots of stalk celery may be substituted for the knob celery, as the two flavors are very similar to each other.

Knob celery is appetizing when creamed, and may be used in salads and soups. For salads or for a separate vegetable, it is best to cook the roots without peeling, so that they may retain their snow-white appearance. Scrub the roots and allow them to boil, until tender, in water to which a little salt and a few drops of vinegar have been added. Peel them, as soon as they are cool enough to handle, and cut in rather large slices, dipping them immediately into a rich cream sauce or white sauce, or serving them

Knob Celery.

By Litta L. Voelchert

in a plain fashion with the simple addition of a little salt and pepper.

Another way to prepare knob celery is to cut the vegetable in balls or dice and cook it in a saucepan with a covering of thick white stock. Season with lemon-juice or mayonnaise sauce if desired. Again, it lends itself to much variety in salads. The vegetable, after being cooked, cooled and cut into slices or cubes, mixed with walnuts and equal parts of stalk celery cubes, and covered with a mayonnaise dressing, makes a delicious salad. One may add dice of apple and serve it in rosy apple-cups, or, it may be dressed with a tomato mayonnaise composed of

two tablespoonfuls of thick chilled tomato purée and one-half pint of mayonnaise. Another attractive celery dish may be had by serving diced pieces with green water-cress, garnished here and there with tiny red peppers; pour over this a French dressing consisting of one tablespoonful of vinegar, three tablespoonfuls of vegetable oil, a dash of salt and paprika. The following recipes also make very palatable dishes:

CELERY AU GRATIN.—Melt two tablespoonfuls of fat and two tablespoonfuls of flour, and when it bubbles, add three-fourths of a pint of milk, to which a

grating of nutmeg, a teaspoonful of salt, and a pinch of cayenne have been added. Cook and slice the celery, arrange in layers, with the sauce, in a greased dish, cover the whole with bread-crumbs which have been mixed with a little melted fat, and place in the oven to brown.

CELERY-AND-EGGS AU GRATIN.—Wash and peel a root of knob celery and cook it in salted water until tender. Drain and force through a sieve into a basin. Add one-fourth pint of thick white sauce, one ounce of good fat, and seasoning of salt, pepper, and nutmeg. Now, grease six china egg-cases or shells and fill them with the prepared celery. Hollow out the center of each cup of celery, enough to accommodate an egg. Put in the contents of the egg, being careful not to pierce the yolk. Lay a small piece of fat on the top of each egg, season with salt and pepper, cover with fine bread-crumbs, and bake for ten minutes in a quick oven.



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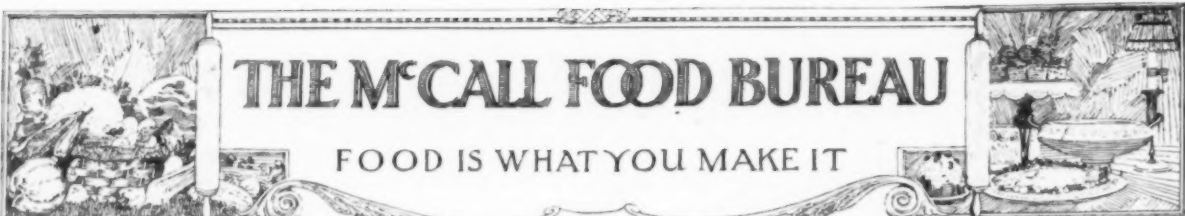


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WHAT fun house-keeping of the light variety can be for brides and the bachelor girls who go about it in the "know how" way! Often the bride lunches wherever she happens to be shopping and the professional girls drop into a tea-room near their studio or office, but at least, each has two meals a day at home.

So many partially prepared and excellent canned foods are in the market, that, with the indispensable chafing-dish, tea-kettle, alcohol lamp, one-burner gas- or oil-stove and a little portable oven, the business of keeping house is simplified.

As a part of the equipment, pretty dishes, little molds and ramekins play important parts. How good food tastes when served attractively! Doilies or table runners, instead of a cloth, are in harmony with dainty glassware. Runners made of Japanese linen won't swell appreciably your "Expenditure for accessories" list, and they are easy to launder at home.

Cutting down large recipes to make just enough for two is hard for a beginner in cookery. The following ones are compiled with just two in mind, but they may be doubled if the unexpected guest arrives.

BREAD

1 cupful milk (or half 1 teaspoonful to 1 ta-
water) 1 teaspoonful shorten-
1 teaspoonful to 1 ta- ing (or none)
1/2 cupful sugar 1/2 teaspoonful salt
3 cupfuls flour 1/4 to 1 cake yeast

Scald milk, add sugar, shortening and salt. Cool to luke-warm. Soften yeast in 2 tablespoonfuls of water; add. Gradually add flour, mixing at first with a spoon and later with a knife. Turn on floured board and knead until smooth. Let rise till double. Shape into a loaf; without adding more flour put in greased loaf pan. When a little more than double in size, bake 45 to 60 minutes.

ENTIRE WHEAT ROLLS

1/2 cupful milk 3 tablespoonfuls mo-
1/2 teaspoonful salt 1/2 cupful sugar
1 1/3 cupful entire 1/2 cupful yeast
wheat flour 1 yeast cake softened in
1 tablespoonful water

Mix as for bread and let rise without kneading. When double in bulk, beat. Put in well-greased muffin tins and let rise until nearly double in bulk. Bake 20 to 30 minutes. This recipe makes 5 rolls.

POPOVERS

1 cupful flour 1 egg
1/4 teaspoonful salt 1 cupful milk

Combine the dry and liquid ingredients, using a Dover egg-beater until the mixture is smooth. Pour into hot buttered popover cups, and bake in a hot oven for the first twenty minutes. Decrease the temperature after the mixture has popped. Bake about 45 minutes. This makes 5 popovers. Popovers are delicious for the person who likes hot bread, crisp and pleasingly brown.



Just Enough for Two

By Lilian M. Gunn

Photographs by Hal Ellsworth Coates

gradually, mixing with a knife until a soft dough is formed that will separate from the bowl. Turn on a slightly-floured board and pat or roll to one-third-inch thickness. Cut with biscuit cutter and place on a cold baking-sheet. Bake about 12 minutes in a hot oven.

CREAM OF PEA OR CORN SOUP

1 cupful peas or corn 1 tablespoonful fat
1 cupful water 1 tablespoonful flour
1 cupful milk 1/4 teaspoonful salt
1 slice onion Little pepper

Cook the vegetables in the water slowly for 10 minutes. Strain and press through as much of the pulp as possible. Scald the milk with the onion. Remove the onion, and make a white sauce of the milk, fat, and flour. Add the seasonings, and combine with the hot vegetable pulp. Serve at once for the best results.

MOLDED VEGETABLES

One-half tablespoonful gelatine soaked in 4 tablespoonfuls cold water. Add 1/2 cupful boiling water, 1 tablespoonful vinegar, 2 teaspoonfuls catsup, 1/4 teaspoonful salt, little pepper, 1/16 teaspoonful celery salt. Set away to cool and when like thick cream, stir in 1/2 or 3/4 cupful of any vegetable or combination of vegetables cut fine. Pour in a flat pan and when hard, cut in squares and serve in ramekins with salad dressing.

RECHAUFFE OF MEAT

Brown 1 tablespoonful fat in a pan and add 3/4 tablespoonful flour. Stir until brown. Add 1/2 cupful tomato and 1 teaspoonful minced green pepper. Season with 1/4 teaspoonful salt and a little pepper. Cook until it commences to thicken. Add 3/4 cupful any kind of meat, minced fine. Cook 3 minutes. Serve in ramekins; garnish with parsley. This makes a delightful main dish for the light supper or luncheon.

With hot water and a tea ball, two may have refreshing tea at a moment's notice



Who could re-
fuse fluffy un-
molded snow
pudding served
in thin sherbet
glasses or re-
chauffe of meat in
fluted ramekins?

MUFFINS

1 cupful flour 1 teaspoonful sugar (or
2 teaspoonfuls baking- none)
powder 1/2 cupful milk
1/4 teaspoonful salt 2 teaspoonfuls melted
butter

Sift flour with dry ingredients and stir the milk gradually into the mixture. Add the melted butter, stir quickly and pour at once into the slightly-greased muffin tins. Bake in a moderate oven for about 20 minutes. Loosen, remove from tins and serve. This makes 6 muffins.

BAKING-POWDER BISCUIT

1 cupful flour 1/4 cupful milk
2 teaspoonfuls baking- 1 teaspoonful salt
powder 1 teaspoonful fat

Sift flour with dry ingredients. Work or chop in the shortening. Add the liquid

COOKED SALAD DRESSING

1 tablespoonful flour 1/2 cupful milk
1/4 teaspoonful sugar 1 egg white
1/4 teaspoonful salt 1 egg yolk
Few grains cayenne 1/4 cupful vinegar
1/4 teaspoonful mustard

Make a white sauce of the first six ingredients. Beat egg white to a stiff froth. Add the egg yolk. Beat again. Stir in the vinegar. Add the white sauce slowly to the egg mixture. Return to the double-boiler, and cook as a soft custard. When cooked, strain. When hot add 2 teaspoonfuls butter or when cold add 2 teaspoonfuls olive oil.

MAYONNAISE DRESSING

1/4 teaspoonful mustard 1/4 cupful oil
1/4 teaspoonful salt 1/2 tablespoonful vine-
gar or lemon juice
1 egg yolk

WAFFLES

2/3 cupful flour 1/6 teaspoonful salt
2/3 teaspoonful baking- 2 teaspoonfuls butter
powder 1 egg
3/4 cupful milk

Mix and sift dry ingredients. Cut in the butter. Add the beaten yolk of the egg to the milk and stir into the dry ingredients. Beat the white until stiff and cut and fold it in. This makes six waffles.

GRIDDLE CAKES

1 cupful flour 1 tablespoonful fat
1/4 teaspoonful salt 1 egg
1 teaspoonful baking- 1/4 cupful milk
powder

Mix and sift the dry ingredients. Add the milk, the beaten egg and last the fat, melted. If too stiff, add more milk. Serve hot with butter and syrup.

Mix the mustard, salt and cayenne, and when blended, add the unbeaten egg. Add a few drops of oil and stir steadily. When one-half of the oil is used, or the dressing becomes very thick, alternate with a few drops of vinegar. Continue in this way until both are used. If the dressing is very thick a small amount of cream may be beaten in just before serving. If it curdles, take the yolk of an egg and gradually add the dressing to it, beating until all is used. The process will be more rapid if utensils and materials are cold.

SNOW PUDDING

1 teaspoonful gelatine White of one egg
2 tablespoonfuls cold Yolk of 1 egg
water 1 1/2 tablespoonfuls sugar
3/4 cupful boiling water Little salt
3/4 cupful lemon juice 1/2 cupful milk
4 drops vanilla

Make a lemon jelly of the first four ingredients. When hardening like thick cream, beat the white of the egg and beat it into the jelly. Pour into molds to harden. Make a custard of the remaining ingredients. Serve around the jelly.

PLAIN CAKES

3/4 cupful fat 1/4 cupful flour
1/2 cupful sugar 1 teaspoonful baking-
1 egg yolk powder
1/4 cupful milk 1 egg white
1/4 teaspoonful flavoring

Mix like any cake. This makes 6 small cakes.

WHITE CAKE

2 2/3 tablespoonfuls 1 cupful flour minus 3
butter tablespoonfuls
1/2 cupful sugar 1 teaspoonful baking-
3 full tablespoonfuls powder
milk 1/12 teaspoonful cream
1/6 teaspoonful almond of tartar
extract 2 egg whites

Cream the butter; add sugar gradually, and continue beating. Mix and sift the flour, baking-powder and cream of tartar, and add alternately with the milk to the first mixture. Add extract. Beat the whites of the eggs until stiff. Add them last.

WATER SPONGE CAKE

1 egg 1/2 teaspoonful baking-
1/3 cupful sugar powder
2 tablespoonfuls water 1/4 teaspoonful vanilla
1/2 cupful flour Few grains salt

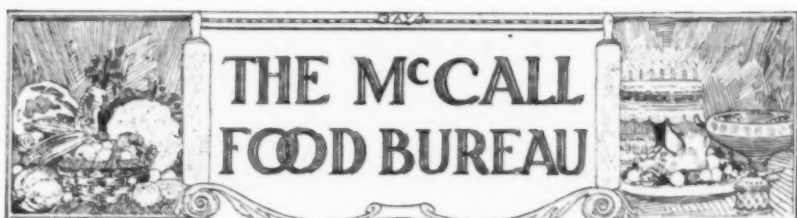
Beat egg whole, add sugar and beat well. Add water, flour, salt and vanilla. Bake 20 minutes in a moderate oven.

CHEESE STRAWS

1 teaspoonful 1/4 cupful grated
butter cheese
1/6 cupful flour 1/16 teaspoonful
1/4 cupful bread- salt
crumbs Pepper
1 tablespoonful milk

Cream butter. Add flour, crumbs, grated cheese, and the seasoning. Mix thoroughly, then add milk. Roll 1/4 inch thick; cut 1/4 inch wide and 6 inches long. Bake in a moderately hot oven. Use fresh bread-crumbs.





Old-Time Southern Cakes

By Margaret B. Foulks

CAKE purchased from the bakery, when compared with the toothsome cakes of our grandmothers, can scarcely be considered at all. Yet home-baked cake seems almost to be a lost art. The old-time recipes were made not to save, but to use bountifully of good materials. The recipes given here have been worked over, making slight changes, which are necessary for the use of flour as now on the markets and substituting cream of tartar baking-powder for the soda and cream of tartar used in the old recipes.

CONFECTION CAKE

White Part.— $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful butter, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cupfuls sugar, 1 cupful sweet milk, 3 cupfuls flour, 4 teaspoonfuls baking-powder, 5 egg whites, 3 drops pistachio flavoring. Cream the butter; add the sugar, a little at a time, and cream the whole until very light. Sift the flour, measure and sift 5 times with the baking-powder. Add to the butter and sugar, alternating with the milk and stiffly-beaten egg whites. Add flavoring; bake in 2 layers in a quick oven.

Dark Part.— $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful white sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ cupful brown sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ cupful butter, 3 egg yolks and 1 white, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cupfuls flour, 3 teaspoonfuls baking-powder, $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful clear coffee, $\frac{1}{2}$ square bitter chocolate, 1 teaspoonful cinnamon, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful each of nutmeg, allspice and cloves. Cream the butter, adding the sugar, a little at a time, then the beaten egg yolks. Beat all together until very light. Sift flour, measure and sift 3 times with spices and baking-powder. Stir this into the first mixture, alternating with the coffee, add melted chocolate, a few drops of vanilla and, when ready to pour into the pan, add the stiffly-beaten white of egg. Bake in quick oven.



A section each of marble and fruit pound cake

Filling.—1 egg white, 2 tablespoonfuls thick cream, 2 tablespoonfuls sweet butter, 3 drops almond extract, 2 cupfuls confectioner's sugar, 1 cupful seeded raisins, 1 cupful broken almond meats. Beat the white until it begins to froth, then add the cream; beat in the sugar, a little at a time. Add the butter and flavoring; set in hot water; beat until perfectly blended, then add the fruit and nuts. Remove from hot water; beat until thick. Cover one of the white layers of cake, place on top the brown layer, cover with the remainder of filling; place on the other white layer and cover the whole with a plain white boiled icing.

OLD-FASHIONED POUND CAKE

One pound butter, 1 pound granulated sugar, 1 pound flour, 1 pound eggs (in the shell), a few drops each of orange and vanilla extracts. Cream the butter until light; add the sugar, a little at a time, until the whole is fluffy. Break 1 egg into this; beat until light. Continue until 4 eggs have been used, then alternate 1 egg and flour, beating after each egg is added until mixture is thoroughly blended. Sift flour 4 times; sift again as you beat it into the batter. Add flavoring last and beat briskly for 10 minutes; pour into a buttered pan and bake in a slow oven.



Delicious is this spice cake from the walnuts to its innermost crumb

MARBLE CAKE

White Part.— $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful butter, 1 cupful sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful sweet milk, $1\frac{1}{4}$ cupfuls flour, 2 teaspoonfuls baking-powder, 3 egg whites, 2 or 3 drops almond extract. Cream butter, then add the sugar; cream very light. Sift flour several times with the baking-powder; stir a little into the butter and sugar. Alternate the milk and flour until all is in, then add the flavoring and stiffly-beaten egg whites. When ready to put into the pan beat for 10 minutes.

Dark Part.— $\frac{1}{4}$ cupful butter, $\frac{3}{4}$ cupful sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful clear strong coffee, 3 egg yolks, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cupfuls flour, 2 teaspoonfuls baking-powder, a few drops vanilla, 1 teaspoonful cinnamon, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful allspice, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful each of nutmeg and cloves. Cream the butter and sugar, add the beaten egg yolks, beat until very light. Add the coffee, alternating with the flour (sifted several times with the baking-powder and spices). Add flavoring, beat 10 minutes. Put the batters into a buttered loaf-cake pan in alternate spoonfuls. Bake in a slow oven; when done, leave in pan 15 minutes, then turn out on a rack and cool. This should not be cut for 24 hours and is better without icing.

SPICE CAKE

One cupful butter, 2 cupfuls sugar, 4 eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful clear black coffee, $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful sweet milk, 3 cupfuls flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful cornstarch, 4 teaspoonfuls baking-powder, 2 teaspoonfuls ground cinnamon, 1 teaspoonful allspice, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful ground cloves and a little vanilla. Cream the butter; add sugar, little at a time, then the beaten egg yolks. Beat until light, combine the coffee and sweet milk; add to the first mixture, alternating with the flour and cornstarch previously sifted 3 times with the baking-powder and spices. Add flavoring, then the stiffly-beaten egg whites. Bake immediately in a moderately hot oven. This cake may be baked in a loaf or two layers and put together with a white icing.

OLD-FASHIONED VELVET SPONGE CAKE

Two cupfuls granulated sugar, 4 eggs, 2 cupfuls flour, 2 teaspoonfuls baking-powder, $\frac{3}{4}$ cupful boiling water, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful grated lemon rind. Beat the yolks of eggs until thick; add the sugar, a little at a time, beating the whole until very light. Sift flour, measure and

Confection cake



Old-fashioned pound cake

sift again with the baking-powder; stir into the first mixture, alternating with the boiling water. Add the lemon rind and the stiffly-beaten egg whites. Bake immediately; invert until cold.

GOLD CAKE

One-half cupful butter, 1 cupful sugar, yolks of 10 eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful sweet milk, $1\frac{1}{4}$ cupfuls flour, 3 teaspoonfuls baking-powder, few drops of orange extract. Cream the butter, adding sugar gradually, then the yolks of eggs, beaten. Sift the flour, measure; sift again with baking-powder, add to first mixture, alternating with milk. Add flavoring; beat until light. Bake; cover with confectioner's frosting.



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Just a few short months ago how little I dreamed that such happiness and good fortune would be mine so soon!

Early in May, Aunt Louise wrote from the East that she, Uncle John and my two cousins were coming to pay us that long-promised visit (we hadn't seen them for nearly ten years). Imagine it!

Mother's income did not enable us to have more than a very moderate living and I began to think, "Lucky we are, that they will not come for a month or so, at least!" Our cozy bungalow, where we had lived happily for so long, seemed to have lost its attractiveness. We needed new furniture, new rugs, new curtains—everything.

Ours is just a fair-sized town, and what we have is as good as the average here. But to think of investing in new furniture, rugs, or china, was out of the question.

It was then that by the luckiest chance I heard of the wonderful offer made by McCall's Magazine, through the Good Luck Club, to girls who need more money. I sent at once for details. They came promptly. The plan was exactly what I wanted and I set to work immediately.

You can imagine how happy I was when, about four weeks later, I counted up what I had earned in the club—fifty dollars! Fifty dollars goes a long way when an economical buyer like

mother does the shopping. A few dollars applied here and there made all the difference in the world, and when we had finished, the house seemed like new, and mother and I had had a good time into the bargain.

Then, in just a few days, Aunt Louise, Uncle John and the girls came. They are still here—and I know from the words of appreciation and praise that they are reluctant to go.

Do you wonder that I'm the happiest girl in the world? Through my own efforts as a member of McCall's money-making club for girls and women, mother and I are having the joy of a most wonderful vacation, with the dearest relatives possible.

I'm delighted with the Good Luck Club pin! No wonder the girls all like it—it's sure to bring the wearer the best of luck.

I wouldn't tell you all this, but I want other girls and women friends of McCall's to know what I did "in a pinch," and I know that any ambitious girl or woman, who wants to earn money, can learn how to do so by writing to Jane Brewster. It doesn't matter what her occupation is, or whether she is young or old—all she needs is a little spare time and the will to succeed. Experience isn't necessary; no one could be less experienced than I was, and I had no trouble in learning to do the work.

If I earned fifty dollars in only a few short weeks through the Good Luck Club plan, which was absolutely new to me, I am positive that any girl who is willing to work can earn as much or more.

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Jane Brewster

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Strange as Foreign Places

[Continued from page 42]

was drawn and tired, but he smiled at her.

"I been planting that summer sweet-corn you like, over in the new garden, Mar'ln," he said quietly, and she saw the tin seed-pail on his arm. "I guess I got enough in to satisfy you. This pail was pretty near full when I started out, and see what's left."

He held the pail beneath her eyes, and she looked, politely. On the corn at the bottom green leaves were spread, and carefully arranged on them she saw a cluster of five ripe strawberries.

"Oh, Will—already!"

"The first ones—from our garden," he said. "I been watching them. It's a new early kind I put in for you." His voice deepened. "I guess maybe I got some surprises for you, too, Mar'ln."

Her quick upward glance showed her a new, heart-shaking look in his eyes. She rose swiftly, her cheeks red. "You—"

"I guess I'm strange, too, Mar'ln." Silence palpitated between them, filled with unsaid things. When he spoke again, his voice was husky.

"I feel you never rightly looked at me till now, Mar'ln. I don't say much, but I got things in me you'd wonder at if I knew how to lay them before you. You always took me for granted, Mar'ln, like I was a tree or a fence you look at so much you don't see it. But there's things in me as strange as foreign places. Some I don't know myself. One is murder, Mar'ln."

"It was you—?"

"It was me. I didn't do anything, Mar'ln, but there was murder in me. I didn't speak to him. He don't know I was there. And now he's gone away. Mar'ln, it's for you to say if you want I should go, too. But if you don't, I'll do my best by you, for there won't ever be any other girl like you are, to me."

The little cry that strangled in her throat answered him, and while she sobbed against his breast and his rough hands smoothed her hair, her tears were relief and not pain. She would never look at him again with eyes so accustomed that she did not see him. There were strange, new things in him for her to discover, and he was real, and hers.

Whom Will You Marry?

[Continued from page 15]

in out-of-the-way places and she will often dine on poor fare. She must be observant, and know how to reach the hearts of the lowly without effort and patronage.

If I had a daughter I would want to be convinced that she was large-minded enough to stand the test, before I would give my consent to her marriage with an engineer. Of course, there are many engineers who lead a very tranquil existence at home, but they are not much in evidence in the scheme of things and are not to be found upon life's highways. One should look for them in the sky-scrapers of the great cities, or holding down jobs as the heads of great corporations. There are a few others whose acquaintance you may make by taking a little flyer in sensational mining-stock.

There are others still, with a talent for finance, who will undertake to raise vast sums for the removal of mountains, and will usually accomplish both. With their

wives we are not concerned, since they would be absurdly out of place as camp-followers of husbands engaged in the great work of the world. To the girl with a great loving heart, to the writer who seeks experience, to the woman who is out for a real adventure with the one man, I can safely recommend an engineer as a husband.

If he cannot afford to take her with him on his travels, she should surely save something from the money he sends her; for no matter how bright his prospects may seem, he is likely to return to her at any time, down and out financially, and perhaps broken in health. It is then she can prove herself his equal by regarding him not as a failure, but rather as a pathfinder who has met with a temporary check.

In the beginning of this article I asked two questions. One I have already answered. Perhaps the best reply to the other is: my second husband is also an engineer.



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Fashions for October

THE VERSATILITY OF FASHION
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MOST INDIVIDUALIZED MODES



Sports Scarf 9135
For small, medium, large

Many Unique Parisian Creations are Offered for the Fall Season

THE whole feminine world is thrilled that Paris is once again back to the routine of pre-war days. French designers in their unsurpassable ingenuity have lifted the curtain on a harmonious pageant of Autumn creations. Complete harmony is restored, and this satisfied state of industrial and economic conditions is reflected in the vital art of costume designing. The leading couturières are showing a host of modes, each one in itself a complete and rare beauty. And in the search for something new, something quite different, a tendency toward shorter, fuller lines has been observed. Some models show a decided inclination toward this type. But the "pencil" silhouette is by no means dead, and there are many attractive models which still adhere to its lines.

The Redingote has claimed a place of insurmountable prestige in the Fall showing. It is nothing short of a compromise between the two prevailing silhouettes. The rather long tight underskirt counterbalances the ample fulness at the hips of the long tunic, and sets up an excellent defense for the opposing silhouette.

A true interpretation of the highest French ideals is the model shown at the lower right developed in black velvet. The front of the waist is extended in panel effect for a short distance below the waistline, and is neatly finished with silk braid. The many gathers are held in about the waist by means of a narrow belt which has its point of starting at either side of the panel. Though extremely simple, one could hardly find a design more chic and pleasing among the more pretentious models. Fortunately is she who may count this dress in her Fall wardrobe. The unusual coat-dress No. 9111 started out with all intentions of being one of those long, narrow affairs, but slightly below the knee the skirt insisted upon being a little different, and most arrogantly grew to wider proportions, then turned deliberately back, and consented to be tightly buttoned for the remaining distance.

Suits for street wear show a decided tendency toward the sartorial. This makes the lines of the suit the cardinal factor for its success, with the material an important subordinate. Coats and wraps follow very closely this policy, and choose as their materials duvetyne, Bolivia cloth, tweed and the new and ultra-smart polo cloth.

The coming winter is one to look forward to with unlimited pleasure. Dancing and dinners will be resumed with all their former gayety, and likewise dancing frocks and dinner gowns will come into their own again. There are distinctly two types of evening gowns. One is the frilly dancing frock, which is usually developed in satin of some pastel shade and combined with tulle or silver lace and trimmed with ostrich; the other is the regal, gorgeous type which favors velvets, heavy brocades, little if any trimming, and reflects in every fold, splendor. The latter may be extreme in cut, for the dignity of its type and material permits of the most daring abandon.



Dress 9140
For 34-46 bust
Embroidery Design No. 863

No. 9135, LADIES' AND MISSES' SPORTS SCARF. Designed for small, 34 to 36; medium, 38 to 40; large, 42 to 44 bust. 36 requires 17½ yards of 54-inch fur cloth and 17½ yards of 36-inch lining.

No. 9140, LADIES' REDINGOTE DRESS; two-piece tunic; one-piece underskirt with back foundation sections. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. 36 requires 5½ yards of 36-inch material. Width, 13½ yards. The long collar and sleeves are trimmed with soutache braid, Design No. 863.

No. 9111, LADIES' ONE-PIECE DRESS; kimono sleeve with underarm inset. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. 36 requires 3¾ yards of 40-inch material for the dress and 5½ yard of 27-inch contrasting for the chemisette. The width around the lower edge is 1¼ yards.

No. 9142, LADIES' DRESS; one-piece straight skirt. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. 36 requires 3¾ yards of 40-inch velvet. The width around the lower edge is 13½ yards. This model features the front of waist and panel in one. The high collar is relieved by a white organdie collar, and the long tight sleeves have turned-back cuff. The dress buttons down the back.



Dress 9111
For 34-46 bust

Dress 9142
For 34-48 bust



9135



9140



9111



9142

Clever Designs Reveal Minutely the Latest Mode

Blouse Dress 8983
For 34-44 bust
Embroidery Design No. 927

Dress 9103
For 34-48 bust

Shirtwaist 9117
For 34-48 bust
Skirt 9129
For 22-36 waist

Waist 8854
For 34-46 bust
Skirt 8769
For 22-36 waist

One Piece Dress 9099
For 34-48 bust

Sports Blouse 9123
For 34-46 bust
Straight Skirt 9095
For 22-32 waist

No. 9123, LADIES' SPORTS BLOUSE; front tucked. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. 36 requires $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 40-inch material. The back of waist is attached to yoke, to which the front is joined.

No. 9095, LADIES' ONE-PIECE STRAIGHT SKIRT; side-front closing. Designed for 22 to 32 waist. 26 requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material. The width around the lower edge is $1\frac{3}{8}$ yards.

No. 9117, LADIES' MANNISH SHIRTWAIST; adjustable collar. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. 36 requires $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 36-inch material. A mannish shirtwaist is always desirable for the woman who is at business.

No. 9129, LADIES' ONE-PIECE SKIRT; with yoke. Designed for 22 to 36 waist. 26 requires 2 yards of 48-inch material. The width around the lower edge is $1\frac{3}{8}$ yards.

No. 9103, LADIES' DRESS, with vest; one-piece straight skirt. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. 36 requires 3 yards of 54-inch material. The width around the lower edge is $1\frac{3}{8}$ yards.

No. 9010, LADIES' DRESS; closing side-front and on shoulder. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. 36 requires $3\frac{7}{8}$ yards of 40-inch material. The width around the lower edge is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards. Embroidery Design No. 863 is used for the braiding.

No. 8995, LADIES' DRESS; closing on shoulder; straight skirt. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. 36 requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch velvet, $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 54-inch serge. The width is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

No. 8983, LADIES' BLOUSE DRESS; belt at low waistline; three-piece foundation lengthened by straight section attached to lining. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. 36 requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 42-inch material for the dress and $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of 27-inch contrasting for vest. Width, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards. The tunic is embroidered with a simple darning-stitch, Design No. 927.

COSTUME NOS. 8854-8769.—36 requires $5\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch figured material and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 40-inch plain.

No. 8854, LADIES' WAIST. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. 36 requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch figured material and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 40-inch plain.

No. 8769, LADIES' THREE-PIECE SKIRT. Designed for 22 to 36 waist. 26 requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 54-inch material. The width around the lower edge is 2 yards.

No. 9099, LADIES' ONE-PIECE DRESS; kimono sleeves with underarm sections; side-front closing. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. 36 requires $4\frac{5}{8}$ yards of 36-inch material and $\frac{5}{8}$ yard of 40-inch contrasting for the collar. The width around the lower edge is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

Dress 9019
For 34-46 bust
Embroidery Design No. 862

Dress 8995
For 34-44 bust

Styles Noted for Originality and Smartness

8367
Waist 8367
For 34-44 bust
Skirt 9113
For 22-36 waist

9113
No. 9113, LADIES' ONE-PIECE SKIRT; side pocket sections; high waistline. Designed for 22 to 36 waist. 26 requires 2 yards of 48-inch material. The width is 1½ yards.

9121
No. 9121, LADIES' CUIRASS WAIST. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. 36 requires 2 yards of 40-inch Georgette and 1½ yards of 36-inch satin.

9006
No. 9006, LADIES' SKIRT; one-piece straight overskirt; one-piece foundation lengthened by straight section. Designed for 22 to 32 waist. 26 requires 2½ yards of 40-inch material for the overskirt and ¾ yard of 36-inch contrasting. Width, 1½ yards.

9127
No. 9127, LADIES' RAGLAN WAIST. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. 36 requires 2½ yards of 40-inch material. An unusual line is attained by the set-in raglan sleeves and the soft pleats at the front.

9138
No. 9138, LADIES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT; high waistline. Designed for 22 to 34 waist. 26 requires 1½ yards of 54-inch plaid material. The width around the lower edge is 1½ yards.

9122
No. 9122, LADIES' BLOUSE; panel effect. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. 36 requires 1½ yards of 40-inch material.

8965
No. 8965, LADIES' ONE-PIECE SKIRT. Designed for 22 to 32 waist. 26 requires 2½ yards of 36-inch material and 1½ yards of 27-inch for belt. Width, 1½ yards.

9109
No. 9109, LADIES' DRESS; with tunics. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. 36 requires 4 yards of 40-inch material and ½ yard of 40-inch contrasting. Width, 1½ yards. A pleasing trimming is obtained by use of soutache braid, Design No. 863.

9101
No. 9101, LADIES' DRESS; adjustable collar; two-piece skirt attached to waist at hip line. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. 36 requires 4½ yards of 36-inch material and ¾ yard of 36-inch contrasting. Width, 1½ yards. This trig tailored model is developed in serge.

8987
No. 8987, LADIES' BLOUSE DRESS; two-piece skirt. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. 36 requires 3¾ yards of 40-inch material, and ¾ yard of 27-inch contrasting for vest. Width, 1½ yards.

9124
No. 9124, LADIES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT; high waistline. Designed for 22 to 34 waist. 26 requires 2¾ yards of 50-inch material. The width around the lower edge is 1½ yards.

9100
No. 9100, LADIES' WAIST. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. 36 requires 1¾ yards of 40-inch Georgette and 1¾ yards of pleating. Beads of contrasting color trim the blouse, Design No. 884.

9101
No. 9101, LADIES' DRESS; adjustable collar; two-piece skirt attached to waist at hip line. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. 36 requires 4½ yards of 36-inch material and ¾ yard of 36-inch contrasting. Width, 1½ yards. This trig tailored model is developed in serge.

9122
Blouse 9122
For 34-46 bust
Skirt 8965
For 22-32 waist

8965
No. 8965, LADIES' ONE-PIECE SKIRT. Designed for 22 to 32 waist. 26 requires 2½ yards of 36-inch material and 1½ yards of 27-inch for belt. Width, 1½ yards.

9109
Dress 9109
For 34-48 bust
Embroidery Design No. 863

9124
Waist 8967 Skirt 9124
For 34-48 bust For 22-34 waist
Embroidery Design No. 884

9101
Dress 9101
For 34-44 bust

9124
No. 9124, LADIES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT; high waistline. Designed for 22 to 34 waist. 26 requires 2¾ yards of 50-inch material. The width around the lower edge is 1½ yards.

9101
No. 9101, LADIES' DRESS; adjustable collar; two-piece skirt attached to waist at hip line. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. 36 requires 4½ yards of 36-inch material and ¾ yard of 36-inch contrasting. Width, 1½ yards. This trig tailored model is developed in serge.

Coats and Wraps of Distinction

No. 9131, LADIES' COAT; gathered side sections, adjustable collar, 50-inch length. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. 36 requires 37½ yards of 48-inch material and 4½ yards of 36-inch lining.

No. 9077, LADIES' CONVERTIBLE CAPE; 27-inch length. Designed for small, 34 to 36; medium, 38 to 40; large, 42 to 44 bust. 36 requires 2¼ yards of 54-inch fur cloth and 1¾ yards of 36-inch lining.

No. 8937, LADIES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT; cuff at lower edge. Designed for 22 to 36 waist. 26 requires 27½ yards of 36-inch material. The width around the lower edge is 1½ yards.

No. 9125, LADIES' AND MISSES' CAPE COAT; sleeveless, adjustable collar, 48-inch length. Designed for small, 34 to 36; medium, 38 to 40; large, 42 to 44 bust. 36 requires 4¾ yards of 48-inch material.

No. 9098, LADIES' COAT SUIT; two-piece skirt, high waistline. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. 36 requires 4¾ yards of 48-inch material and 27½ yards of 36-inch lining. The width around the lower edge is 1¾ yards.

No. 9119, LADIES' DIRECTOIRE COAT SUIT; coat in 40-inch length; two-piece skirt, high waistline. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. 36 requires 4 yards of 48-inch material and 1½ yard of 27-inch contrasting. Width, 1½ yards.

No. 9133, LADIES' COAT; adjustable collar. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. 36 requires 2¾ yards of 54-inch broadcloth and 3 yards of 36-inch lining. The skirt section overlaps in tab effect.

No. 9107, LADIES' AND MISSES' WRAP; adjustable collar. Designed for small, 32 to 34; medium, 36 to 38; large, 40 to 42 bust. 36 requires 4¾ yards of 48-inch material and 4¾ yards of 36-inch lining.

No. 9141, LADIES' COAT; adjustable collar. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. 36 requires 3½ yards of 48-inch material and 3½ yards of 36-inch lining. Suitable for motoring or traveling.



Coat 9131
For 34-46 bust

Cape 9077
For small,
medium, large
Skirt 8937
For 22-36 waist

Coat Suit 9098
For 34-48 bust

Cape Coat
9125
For small,
medium, large

Wrap 9107
For small, medium, large

Coat Suit 9119
For 34-48 bust

Coat 9133
For 34-46 bust

Coat 9141
For 34-48 bust



Semi-Fitted Dress 8791
For 34-44 bust

Dress 8985
For 34-50 bust

Dress 9091
For 34-46 bust

Evening Dress
9089
For 34-48 bust

Dress 9097
For 34-48 bust

No. 8791, LADIES' SEMI-FITTED DRESS; minaret tunic in one piece; one-piece foundation lengthened by straight section; instep length. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. 36 requires $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material and $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards 10-inch lace. Width, $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards.

No. 8985, LADIES' DRESS; surplice closing; straight tunic; two-piece foundation lengthened by straight section; 40-inch length. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. 36 requires $4\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 40-inch material. The width around the lower edge is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

No. 9091, LADIES' EVENING DRESS; one-piece draped skirt. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. 36 requires 3 yards of 45-inch figured material for the dress and $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 10-inch plain for the under-bodice. The waist is draped about the front and fastens at the side back.

No. 9089, LADIES' EVENING DRESS; two-piece skirt; tunic and front gore in one, attached to side foundation section; 40-inch length. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. 36 requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch plain material and $1\frac{7}{8}$ yards of 40-inch contrasting for the bodice drapery and back gore. Featuring an unusual treatment of the popular tunic.

No. 9097, LADIES' DRESS; body and sleeve in one; one-piece skirt. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. 36 requires 6 yards of 40-inch material. The width around the lower edge is $1\frac{3}{8}$ yards. The four-gored tunic gives a panel effect which is accomplished by the deep tucks in the side gores and the back and front gore left plain.

No. 8841, LADIES' SEMI-FITTED DRESS; straight tunic with gathered tucks; two-piece foundation skirt with one-piece lower section; instep length. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. 36 requires $5\frac{5}{8}$ yards of 40-inch material for the dress and $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 40-inch contrasting for the cuffs. The width around the lower edge is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

Semi-Fitted Dress 8841
For 34-44 bust

Dress 8767
For 34-46 bust

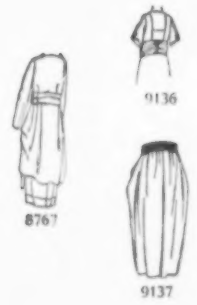
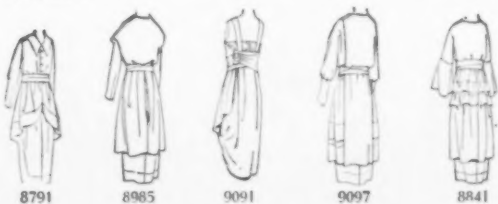
Waist 9136
For 34-46 bust
Three Piece Skirt 9137
For 24-36 waist

COSTUME Nos. 9136-9137.—36 requires $4\frac{7}{8}$ yards of 40-inch satin and $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of 36-inch contrasting for the chemisette.

No. 9136, LADIES' EVENING WAIST; with chemisette; cap sleeves. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. 36 requires $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 40-inch material, and $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of 36-inch contrasting for chemisette.

No. 9137, LADIES' THREE-PIECE SKIRT; draped sides, high waistline. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. 26 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material. The width around the lower edge is $1\frac{5}{8}$ yards.

No. 8767, LADIES' SEMI-FITTED DRESS; two-piece straight draped tunic; two-piece foundation lengthened by straight section; instep length. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. 36 requires $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 45-inch figured material and 2 yards of 36-inch plain. The width around the lower edge is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards.



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Interesting in Every Detail

No. 8962, MISSES' BLOUSE-COAT SUIT; suitable for small women; three-piece skirt. Designed for 16 to 20 years. 16 years requires 3 $\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material. The width around the lower edge is 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards. Developed in tricotine, the Russian blouse suit will be the most popular style of suit for fall wear. It is especially suitable for the young girl because of its simple, straight lines, which only the slim youthful figure may wear. The two-piece skirt is sufficiently wide to allow freedom in walking and still retain the narrow silhouette which combines so well with the Russian blouse coat.



Dress 8866
For 14-20 years
Embroidery Design No. 936

Dress 8958
For 16-20 years
Embroidery Design No. 846

Coat Suit 8962
For 16-20 years

Coat Suit 9092
For 14-20 years

No. 8866, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women. Designed for 14 to 20 years. 16 years requires 3 $\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch satin. The width around the lower edge is 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ yards. The tunic is elaborately embroidered in a deep band at the lower edge, Design No. 936.

No. 8958, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women; two-piece skirt. Designed for 16 to 20 years. 16 years requires 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch material for the dress and 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 36-inch contrasting for the vest. The round neck of the vest is daintily embroidered, Design No. 956.

Coat 9120
For 14-20 years

Suit-Coat 9144
For 16-20 years
Two-Piece Skirt 9145
For 16-20 years

No. 8890, MISSES' DRESS. Designed for 16 to 20 years. 16 years requires 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch satin for the dress, 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch chiffon for the panels and tucked sleeve section and 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 40-inch for the collar. Width, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

No. 9092, MISSES' COAT SUIT; suitable for small women; two-piece skirt, high waistline. Designed for 14 to 20 years. 16 years requires 3 $\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 54-inch material and 2 yards of 36-inch lining. The width is 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ yards. One could hardly censure this Miss for turning her back upon the world, for her unusual coat suit justifies it.

No. 9120, MISSES' COAT; suitable for small women; raglan sleeves; straight side sections. Designed for 14 to 20 years. 16 years requires 4 $\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 48-inch material and 4 $\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch lining.

COSTUME NOS. 9144-9145—16 years requires 3 $\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 54-inch material.

No. 9144, MISSES' SUIT-COAT. Designed for 16 to 20 years. 16 years requires 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 54-inch material.

No. 9145, MISSES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT; high waistline. Designed for 16 to 20 years. 16 years requires 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material. Width, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards.



Frocks to Wear With This Cape



Cape 9017
For small,
medium, large

Dress 9118
For 16-20 years

Dress 8734
For 14-20 years
Embroidery Design
No. 888

Dress 9112
For 14-20 years

Embroidery
Design
No. 956

Dress 9126
For 14-20 years
Embroidery Design No. 888

Dress 9130
For 14-20 years

Dress 9102
For 14-20 years

No. 9118, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women; one-piece skirt attached to lining. Designed for 16 to 20 years. 16 years requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material for the dress and $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 18-inch contrasting for the vest. The width around the lower edge is $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards. The one-piece straight skirt has pleats at the high waistline.

No. 9017, LADIES' AND MISSES' SHORT CAPE. Designed for small, 32 to 34; medium, 36 to 38; large, 40 to 42 bust. 36 requires $2\frac{7}{8}$ yards of 48-inch fur cloth. The cape is very full at the back by reason of the gathers which give a graceful swing to the lines.

No. 8734, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women; slip-on blouse, body and sleeve in one; one-piece straight skirt. Designed for 14 to 20 years. 16 years requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch satin. The width around the lower edge is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards. The blouse is embroidered with soutache braid, Design No. 888. Slip-on blouse on very simple lines is the feature of this dress. A two-inch casing at waistline with slashes makes it possible to run ribbon through and tie at back.

No. 9112, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women; kimono sleeves with underarm inset; one-piece skirt. Designed for 14 to 20 years. 16 years requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 54-inch material. The width around the lower edge is $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards. The upper part of the skirt is embroidered, Design No. 956.

No. 9126, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women; tie-on vest; one-piece skirt. Designed for 14 to 20 years. 16 years requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch satin. The width around the lower edge is $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards. The vest is embroidered in wool of a contrasting color, Design No. 830. This attractive frock features the new low waistline with tie-on vest. The full sleeve is gathered into a deep gauntlet cuff.

No. 9130, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women. Designed for 14 to 20 years. 16 years requires 4 yards of 36-inch material. The width around the lower edge is $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards. This unusual one-piece dress features trimming straps which are attached at the bustline and caught under at the top of the skirt band.

No. 9102, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women; panel overdress; one-piece foundation skirt lengthened by straight section. Designed for 14 to 20 years. 16 years requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material. The width around the lower edge is $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards. The circular ruffles are in double tunic effect. The back, with round tabs on shoulder, buttons down over the front which is slightly gathered.



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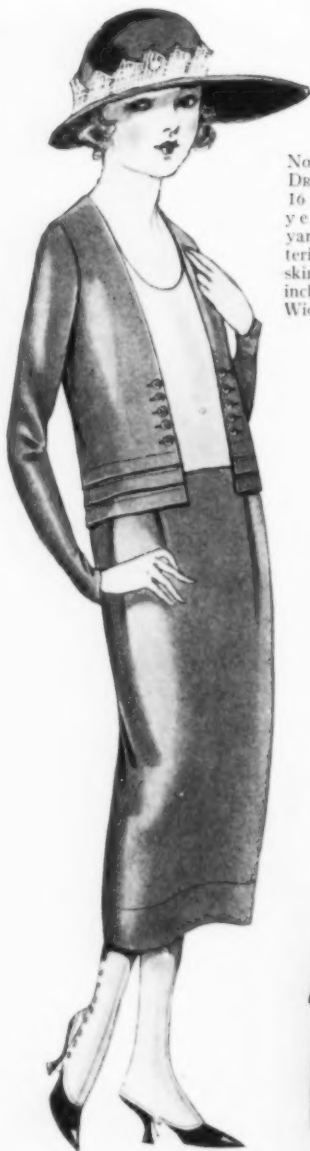
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Dress 8882 For 16-20 years

No. 9094, MISSES' ONE-PIECE DRESS; suitable for small women. Designed for 14 to 20 years. 16 years requires 3 yards of 40-inch serge. The width is 1 1/4 yards. The sleeves and front panel are trimmed with soutache braid. Design No. 924.

No. 8882, MISSES' DRESS. Designed for 16 to 20 years. 16 years requires 2 1/2 yards of 45-inch material for jacket and skirt, 7/8 yard of 36-inch contrasting. Width, 1 3/4 yards.



Dress 9094 For 14-20 years Embroidery Design No. 924



Coat Suit 8616 For 14-20 years

No. 8616, MISSES' COAT SUIT; suitable for small women; straight pleated sections. Designed for 14 to 20 years. 16 years requires 5 yards of 40-inch material for the suit and 3 1/4 yards of 36-inch lining. The width around the lower edge is 1 1/2 yards.

No. 8974, MISSES' TIE-ON DRESS; suitable for small women. Designed for 14 to 20 years. 16 years requires 3 5/8 yards of 40-inch satin for the dress and 1/2 yard of 36-inch contrasting. The width is 1 1/2 yards.

No. 9000, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women. Designed for 16 to 20 years. 16 years requires 2 1/4 yards of 40-inch material for dress and 3/4 yard of 36-inch for sleeves. Width, 1 1/4 yards. Embroidery is used as trimming. Design No. 863.

No. 9016, MISSES' SAILOR DRESS; suitable for small women. Designed for 14 to 20 years. 16 years requires 3 5/8 yards of 40-inch material for the dress and 1/4 yard of 36-inch for collar. The width at lower edge is 1 7/8 yards.

No. 8618, MISSES' EMPIRE COAT; suitable for small women; detachable collar; three-piece skirt section. Designed for 14 to 20 years. 16 years requires 3 1/4 yards of 54-inch material for the coat and 3 5/8 yards of 36-inch lining.



Dress 9000 For 16-20 years Embroidery Design No. 863



Tie-On Dress 8974 For 14-20 years



Sailor Dress 9016 For 14-20 years

Empire Coat 8618 For 14-20 years



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No. 8826, MISSES' CHEMISE DRESS. Designed for 14 to 20 years. 16 years requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material. The width around the lower edge is $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards. The tunic section is embroidered with the new grape Design No. 982.

Dress 8826
For 14-20 years
Embroidery Design
No. 982

No. 8982, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women; to be slipped on over the head. Designed for 14 to 20 years. 16 years requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch serge, and $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of 27-inch for vest. Width, $1\frac{5}{8}$ yards. Band designs of braid make attractive trimming, Design No. 888.



No. 9056, MISSES' CHEMISE DRESS; suitable for small women. Designed for 14 to 20 years. 16 years requires 3 yards of 40-inch material for dress, $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 40-inch contrasting for vest and puff sleeves, and $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of 27-inch for collar. Width, $1\frac{3}{8}$ yards.

Dress 9056
For 14-20 years

No. 8872, MISSES' DRESS. Designed for 16 to 20 years. 16 years requires $3\frac{5}{8}$ yards of 40-inch satin, $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of 40-inch contrasting for the puff sleeves, and $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 5-inch lace edging. Width, $1\frac{3}{8}$ yards.

No. 8560, MISSES' ONE-PIECE COAT; suitable for small women; sleeves set on in kimono effect, no underarm seam. Designed for 14 to 20 years. 16 years requires 2 yards of 54-inch material and $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch lining.

Dress 8982
For 14-20 years
Embroidery Design No. 888



Dress 8872
For 16-20 years

No. 8178, MISSES' COAT SUIT; suitable for small women; two-piece skirt, high waistline. Designed for 14 to 20 years. 16 years requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 54-inch material. The width around the lower edge is $1\frac{5}{8}$ yards.

No. 8988, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women; to be slipped on over the head. Designed for 14 to 20 years. 16 years requires 4 yards of 36-inch material. The width around the lower edge is 2 yards. The unusual yoke is slashed at the center-front and laced with black silk.

Dress 8988
For 14-20 years

Coat Suit 8178
For 14-20 years

Coat 8560
For 14-20 years

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For 6-14 years

Dress 9026
For 6-14 years

Suit 8404
For 2-6 years

Suit 8348
For 2-8 years

Dress 8786
For 1-6 years

Coat 8484
For 4-14 years

Dolman 8784
For small, medium, large

Coat 7400
For 6 months to 3 years
Embroidery Design No. 318

Coat 8808
For 1-10 years

Coat 8732
For 6 months to 3 years

Dress 8836
For 8-14 years

Suit 8942
For 1-4 years

No. 8786, CHILD'S DRESS; body and sleeve in one; two-piece skirt section. Designed for 1 to 6 years. 4 years requires 17 1/8 yards of 36-inch material. The lower part of the dress is in two pieces.

No. 8348, BOY'S SUIT; knee trousers. Designed for 2 to 8 years. 6 years requires 2 1/8 yards of 38-inch material for the suit and 3/8 yard of 27-inch contrasting for the collar.

No. 8498, BOY'S TAPELESS SHIRT BLOUSE. Designed for 4 to 14 years. 8 years requires 17 1/8 yards of 36-inch material.

No. 6330, BOY'S KNICKERBOCKER TROUSERS. Designed for 2 to 14 years. 8 years requires 1 1/8 yards of 44-inch material. Developed in cheviot and excellent for school wear.

No. 9024, GIRL'S DRESS. Designed for 6 to 14 years. 8 years requires 2 yards of 36-inch material for the dress and 1 1/8 yards of 36-inch contrasting.

No. 9026, GIRL'S DRESS; dropped shoulder; four-piece skirt. Designed for 6 to 14 years. 6 years requires 2 3/4 yards of 36-inch material. The side body with dropped shoulder is lengthened by long gathered sleeve.

No. 8404, BOY'S SUIT; shirtwaist, knee trousers. Designed for 2 to 6 years. 4 years requires 1 yard of 36-inch material for the shirtwaist and 3/4 yard of 36-inch for the trousers.

No. 8484, GIRL'S COAT. Designed for 4 to 14 years. 8 years requires 17 1/8 yards of 48-inch material, 3/8 yard of 36-inch contrasting.

No. 8808, CHILD'S COAT; body and sleeve in one. Designed for 1 to 10 years. 6 years requires 2 1/8 yards of 54-inch material for the coat and 3/8 yard of 36-inch for collar.

No. 7400, CHILD'S COAT. Designed for 6 months to 3 years. 1 year requires 13 1/8 yards of 44-inch material. The collar is daintily scalloped, Design No. 318.

No. 8784, GIRL'S DOLMAN. Designed for small, 4 to 6; medium, 8 to 10; large, 12 to 14 years. 12 years requires 4 3/8 yards of 30-inch material.

No. 8732, BOY'S SET OF FIRST SHORT CLOTHES; dress, coat and romper. Designed for 6 months to 3 years. 3 years requires 1 1/8 yards of 48-inch material for the coat and 1/2 yard of 27-inch for the collar.

No. 8836, GIRL'S DRESS. Designed for 8 to 14 years. 12 years requires 1 1/4 yards of 40-inch material for the waist and 1 5/8 yards of 26-inch flouncing for the skirt.

No. 8874, GIRL'S DRESS; straight gathered skirt. Designed for 4 to 12 years. 8 years requires 1 5/8 yards of 40-inch material.

No. 8878, BOY'S SUIT; knee trousers attached to underbody; dropped back. Designed for 1 to 4 years. 4 years requires 1 3/8 yards of 40-inch material for the suit and 3/8 yard of 36-inch contrasting for the vest.

No. 8922, LITTLE BOY'S SUIT. Designed for 1 to 4 years. 3 years requires 7/8 yard of 32-inch material for the waist and 1 yard of 32-inch contrasting for the trousers and collar.



8836 8874 6330 8878 8922 8784 8808 8484 7400 8732 8786 8498 8348 8404 9024 9026

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No. 9096, GIRL'S ONE-PIECE DRESS; kimono sleeve. Designed for 4 to 14 years. 12 years requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch material and $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of 27-inch contrasting.

No. 9134, CHILD'S RAGLAN COAT. Designed for 2 to 10 years. 6 years requires $1\frac{5}{8}$ yards of 54-inch material.

No. 9104, CHILD'S ROMPER; smocked or shirred; dropped back. Designed for 6 months to 6 years. 4 years requires $1\frac{7}{8}$ yards of 36-inch material and $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 27-inch contrasting.

No. 8122, MACKINAW COAT. Designed for 4 to 14 years. 8 years requires $1\frac{7}{8}$ yards of 54-inch material.

No. 9116, BOY'S NORFOLK SUIT; coat cut through at waistline; knee trousers. Designed for 4 to 12 years. 12 years requires $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards of 44-inch serge.

No. 9108, CHILD'S DRESS. Designed for 2 to 10 years. 4 years requires $1\frac{5}{8}$ yards of 32-inch material and $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of 27-inch.

No. 9106, CHILD'S EMPIRE DRESS; body and sleeve in one. Designed for 6 months to 6 years. 4 years requires $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material. The shoulder straps are embroidered, Design No. 884.

No. 9143, GIRL'S DRESS. Designed for 6 to 14 years. 8 years, $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material and $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of 36-inch contrasting.

No. 9110, CHILD'S DRESS. Designed for 2 to 10 years. 6 years requires $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards of 36-inch material, $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of 27-inch contrasting.

No. 9100, CHILD'S DRESS. Designed for 2 to 10 years. 4 years requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch striped and $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 32-inch plain.

No. 8806, GIRL'S DRESS. Designed for 6 to 14 years. 8 years requires $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 36-inch. The waist is embroidered, Design No. 884.

No. 8720, GIRL'S DRESS. Designed for 6 to 14 years. 10 years, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch, $1\frac{7}{8}$ yards of 36-inch for skirt. Soutache braid trims the neck, Design No. 888.

No. 9132, GIRL'S COAT; adjustable collar. Designed for 4 to 14 years. 10 years requires $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 36-inch satin.

No. 9128, BOY'S RUSSIAN SUIT. Designed for 2 to 6 years. 6 years requires $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 36-inch and $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of 27-inch.

No. 9114, GIRL'S DRESS. Designed for 6 to 14 years. 8 years, $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch, $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of 36-inch contrasting. The skirt is trimmed with braid, Design No. 983.



9100 8806 8720 9132 9128 9114 9108 9106 9143 9110 9096 9134 9104 8122 9116



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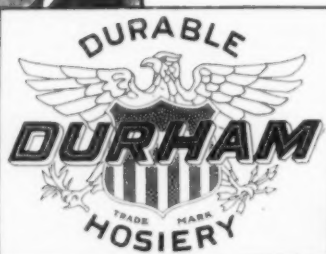
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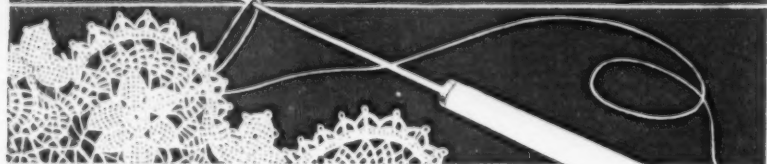
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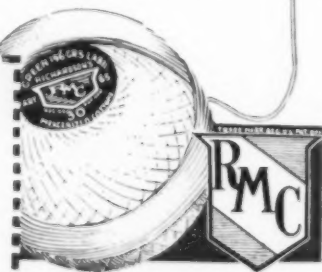
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New and Choice Designs



Negligee 9139
For small, medium, large
View A

Nightgown 9139
For small, medium, large
View B

Maternity Dress 9115
For 34-48 bust

Negligee 9105
For small, medium, large

Combination 8635
For 34-46 bust

9139

9115

9105

8635

No. 9139, LADIES' AND MISSES' NEGLIGENCE; to be slipped on over the head. Designed for small, 32 to 34; medium, 36 to 38; large, 40 to 42 bust. 36 requires, View A, $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch figured material and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 36-inch contrasting.

No. 9139, LADIES' AND MISSES' NIGHTGOWN. Designed for small, 32 to 34; medium, 36 to 38; large, 40 to 42 bust. 36 requires, View B, $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material, and 2 yards of lace for collar. This nightgown features the draped effect at the sides. A full gathered collar is used.

No. 8635, LADIES' COMBINATION; corset cover and open drawers. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. 36 requires 2 yards of 40-inch nainsook. The front-closing corset cover is attached to the open drawers which are plain at the waistline. This simple combination is suitable for daily wear, and when developed in nainsook it will prove to be serviceable and stand the test of frequent laundering. The open drawers, though plain at the waistline, have ample fulness below which insures comfort to the wearer. Both the corset cover and drawers are open at the center-front.

No. 9105, LADIES' NEGLIGENCE; cut from one width of material, instep length. Designed for small, 34 to 36; medium, 38 to 40; large, 42 to 44 bust. 36 requires 3 yards of 40-inch material. The width around the lower edge is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

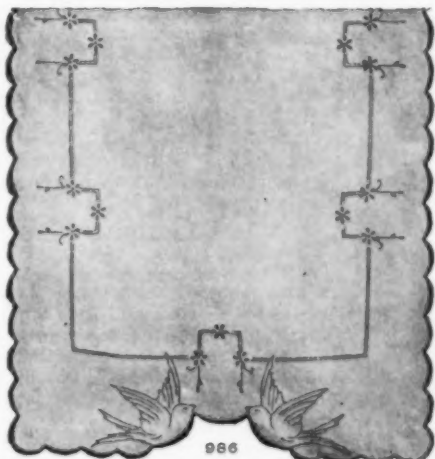
No. 9115, LADIES' MATERNITY DRESS; no outlet required; adjusted to figure by belt. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. 36 requires $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material. The width around the lower edge is $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards. The front of dress is in one from shoulder to hem, and front panels are left open at bust line.

Delft-Blue for Daintiness

By Helen Thomas

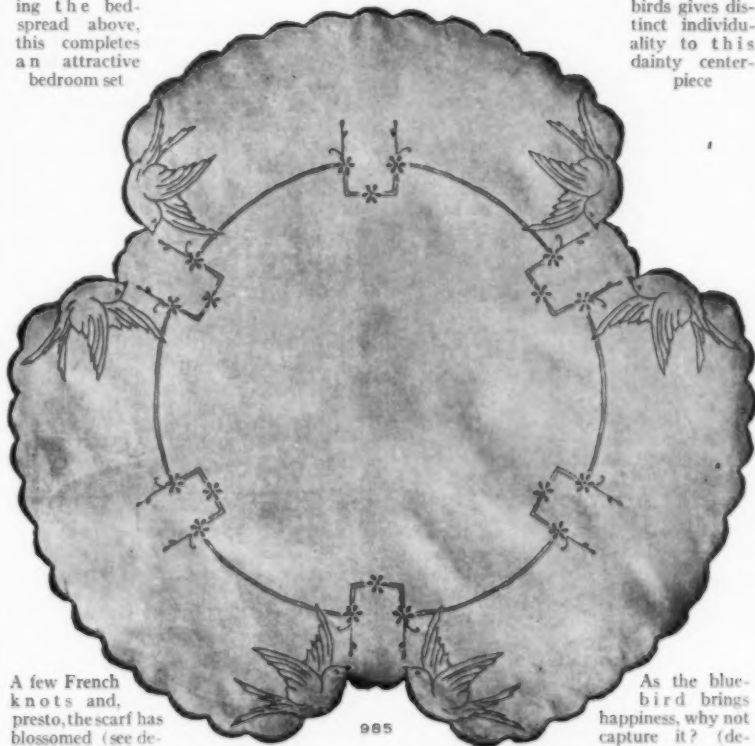


940 — Embroidery Design for Bedspread. Embroidered with heavy delft-blue cotton in French knots these sprays decorate a bedspread in charming fashion. Unbleached muslin gives so quaint an effect that it is much in demand for bedspreads like this. The sprays are 21 inches long



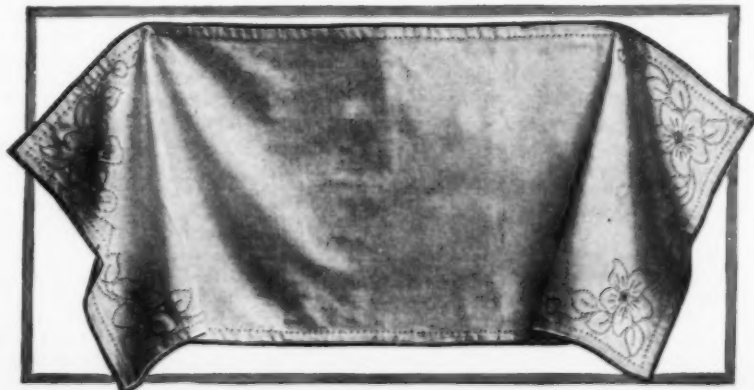
986 — Embroidery Design for Scarf. 54x17½ inches. Whether the bird is a scallop or the scallop a bird the scarf is altogether charming. The embroidery, in satin and outline stitch, is pretty carried out in either white or delft-blue cotton

939 — Embroidery Design for Scarf. Matching the bedspread above, this completes an attractive bedroom set



A few French knots and, presto, the scarf has blossomed (see description above)

As the blue-bird brings happiness, why not capture it? (description above)



Dress Your Boy in Corduroy



Look for this trade-mark in the next suit you buy, the mark of highest quality in boy suit cloth.

Worry about falling?

No: This boy knows it can't hurt his suit because it's made of the new boy-proof fabric—

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CORDUROY

THIS double-duty Corduroy—especially made to stand long wear, by its protection against water damage—is the Corduroy used by the better class manufacturers of boys' suits.

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A Press-ing Need

WE'VE heard of people being born with silver spoons in their mouths. While we have accepted this because we've felt it would not be polite to take issue with grandma's little idiosyncrasies of speech, we have been inclined to class it with that legend about the Indian prince who was born with a retinue of servants and fifty camels. Now along comes Louis Joseph Vance, who has been working night and day, and even during tea-time, on a thrilling mysterious new serial for us. He says he has no time to write us jolly little anecdotes of himself. He hasn't time even to remember whether there are any. He claims every author should be born with a press-agent on the job to attend to these little matters.

Why not? With a press-agent you wouldn't need to bother about silver spoons and camel trains. He'd make them to order at a moment's notice.

Beached!

A LITERARY editor friend of ours entertaining an old lady, unhappily landed on the subject of books. It was dangerous ground, for the old lady reckoned books among life's frivolities, and her knowledge of them was decidedly negligible. Our friend turned the tide of conversation into sturdier channels, until in an absent-minded moment, she swung back into her familiar current and splashed the old



lady with the astonishing query, "How do you like Rex Beach?" There was nothing slow about the old lady. She splashed right back, "I don't know, I've never been there."

Ghoughphtheightteau

LANGUAGE reformers may range themselves with the great revolutionists of the earth. But there are two things we could say to them. One is, that it might be worth while to sacrifice a bit of efficiency for a bit of charm, of flavor, eh what! And the other is, it might be worse. For example, see how the poor potato *could* suffer if we'd only thought of it in time.

gh as P in hiccough
ough " O " dough
phth " T " phthisis
eigh " A " weigh
tte " T " coquette
eau " O " beau

Presto!

Potato

Soothing Sirup

A CHARMINGLY ingenuous Slav chauffeur was consoled by the cook, who had been reprimanded for a watery pudding. "Don't cry," he soothed. "My father died once and I didn't cry."



A Dig

A JUDGE, an energetic and practical man, was disturbed over the bookishness of his son.

"John," said he, "you'll never get anywhere, forever mooning over your Browning and Keats. What you need is to get out and dig in the mud."

The next day the judge discovered his son poring over a large volume in the library. "At it again I see, John. What is it this time?"

"Digging in the mud, sir. I'm reading your last speech before the Bar Association."

A Royal Recipe

IN 1574 King James wrote, for his son Henry, three volumes of weighty, very weighty advice. Here's a bit on literature for the benefit of all of you who ask our taste in verse and prose:



"Use a plaine, shorte but stately stile . . . And if your engine spurre ye to write any workes, either in verse or in prose, I cannot but allow ye to practise it, but take no longsome workes in hand. . . And if ye write in verse remember that it is not the principall parts of a poem to rime righte and flowe well with many pretty words; but the chief recommendation of a poem is, that when the verse shalle be shaken sundry in prose, it shalle be found so rich in quick inventions and poeticke floures and in faire and pertinent comparisons, as it shalle retain the lustre of a poeme although in prose."

High Price of Hatting

FIFTEEN dollars for a hat!" a mother admonished her daughter. "Isn't that rather a high price, my dear?"

"Well, mother, every woman has her pet extravagance. Yours is charities. Mine is hats."

A Smashing Climax

A SETTLEMENT worker visited a school composed almost entirely of Italian, Corsican and Sicilian children. The children performed for her a charming Corsican dance. She was delighted. Immediately it was over the little boys



gathered in a knot and pitched into a terrific battle. When finally the panting little scrappers were separated the reason for the fray was demanded. "Aw," said one little fellow between breaths, "it's part of it. After a dance there's always a fight."

An Accidental Author

WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE tells us that he is an accidental author. If his "Mother-an'-Son Stuff" in this issue is an accident, we shall think seriously of taking out accident insurance and then exposing ourselves ruthlessly to the fiction germ. Only it would probably turn out that the fairies had vaccinated us while young and we'd prove immune.

Mr. Osborne says his first story was accepted by a magazine editor but subsequently returned. The hated word "plagiarism" was nowhere mentioned but the letter intimated, delicately, that a similar story had been done before. A second editor published the story. A Chicago woman immediately protested that the story was hers, that it had been published years before and stolen seven times. Shortly after this Mr. Osborne's story was published, word for word, by a London newspaper, title and name of author only being

changed. The proprietor of the magazine who first refused his story also published a well-known newspaper in New York. In one of its Sunday editions it copied the story, word for word, from the London paper. Ten alleged appropriations!

The fiction germ that Mr. Osborne caught, by accident, must have been the prickly little "boomerang-bug," to judge by the unerring way in which it found its starting point.

Caught Napping

AN American girl was at a reception in London. Inability to move about in the awful crush kept her the companion for the evening of Lady S. Eventually, a man acquaintance got caught in their corner. "How do, Roy," said Lady S. "So glad you turned up. I've been absolutely asleep the entire evening." Out of her astonishment the American girl found herself murmuring, "You certainly talk very well in your sleep."

Pork by the Inch

JO McMAHON, whose greatest responsibility in life is to make jolly pictures for this page, has certain other demands upon his time. As every loyal reader of McCall's knows, he writes fairy stories of distinction for discriminating children; also he's art editor of a magazine; but his second greatest usefulness in life is in his little inventions for the home. For instance, once in the days before magazine editors awoke to his talents, and his pocketbook was so slim and small it would fit into his change pocket, he made an oven. It was designed to be used on top of an oil heater. It was made out of a pound coffee can and a piece of stolen



wire. The wire he twisted into a little stand which held the coffee can at a slight angle. The cover of the can he perforated with a nail, to let the steam out. The little oven would only cook pork, and the roast had to be purchased from the butcher with the aid of a ruler. While the oven was an undeniable household convenience, the ruler somewhat impaired the artist's alibi for sanity among the tradespeople of the community in which he lived (his wife always insisting that he do the marketing himself) and he had to move away from that place.

A Matter of Temperament

A MATRON of Cambridge, Massachusetts, living in a lovely old house, had a new heating system installed. One day, with great pride, she was showing off her shining radiators to a friend, who, perhaps, was more to be commended for her ardor than her nice discrimination in speech. "O, Mrs. Smith," she exclaimed, "how delightful it is to have the house the same temperament all over."

A Dark Misunderstanding

MATTIE LOU BLACK, of ebony skin and great brown eyes, applied for a reader's card at the circulation desk in the children's room of a public library. She was given an application blank for the signature of her parents. Next day she came back proud and smiling, and handed over the signed application. It was one of the rules in this library to write the surname first when the reader's card was made out. The librarian entered the child's name, and handed the card over. It read: Black, Mattie Lou. Smiles turned into tears. "O-o-o-h," she wailed, "I know I'se black, but please don't say it dat way on de card."

Bon Ami

—for mirrors



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To make mirrors crystal-clear, nothing equals Bon Ami. Put it on in a thin soapy lather. It will dry in a minute to a soft light powder, absorbing the dust and smears and finger-marks as it dries.

Wipe off this powder with a soft cloth and the high polish of the mirror will be left, clear and shining, without a trace of fog or a speck of lint.

Made in both cake
and powder form

"Hasn't scratched yet!"



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